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UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

'He always maintained he was born on the battlefield, an' that's where I reckon he'd want his story to commence,' the postmaster said, as he hunched his lank young body up on a high stool, waving the reporter politely to the rocking-chair.

News of an old Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge, and of a vow that a whole countryside had taken, had got into the papers, and one of the big dailies sent a reporter down to the little village of Newton, tucked away among its Southern mountains, to see if there was a story in it for its Sunday edition. At the post-office, where the reporter made inquiries, the postmaster, Blair Rogers, looked out at him through his little window for a scrutinizing moment, and then invited him into the back office.

'I'm glad you came to me first,' he confided. 'I'd rather you got the story from me than anybody else, unless it would be Andrew Mason. The two of us, Andy an' me, knew our old Uncle Sam better'n anyone else, I reckon. We were particular friends of his boy, young Sam, an' when he left for the trainin'-camp, we promised to look out for the old man. But I reckon we both fell down on the job,' he added sorrowfully. 'Oh, doggone it!' he burst

out, 'this is a damned lonesome world sometimes!'

He fell into a moody silence, staring unseeingly at the screen of letter-boxes that divided the post-office in two. It appeared to be a slack time, and except for a few people who came in now and then to ask for mail, or buy stamps, the two men had the little back office to themselves, with its safe, its desk cluttered with post-office paraphernalia, its big ugly stove, and its general smell of newspapers and stamping ink.

'I want to tell you Uncle Sam's story as near as I can from the way he'd look at it,' the postmaster resumed; 'an' I know he'd say it began with his father's bein' killed in the Civil War. That was the first *big* thing that happened to him, an' was what always made him say he was born on the battlefield. He was just a kid then, not near old enough to fight. But his father was fightin' on the Union side, an' he ran away an' got to him somehow, just before the battle of Cedar Creek, where his father was killed. Sometimes — not often — he'd tell us boys, young Sam an' Andy Mason an' me, about it: how when the fightin' was over, he got out on the battlefield lookin' for his father, an' how he found his dead body an' stayed by it all night.

He never forgot that night, him watchin' by his father, lonesome an' scared, cryin' off an' on, an' shiverin'; the big sky overhead, an' on the ground some men lyin' still forever, an' some alive an' sufferin', an' every now an' then lanterns winkin' by with a buryin' party.

'Well, along just before day, he was so tired out, he curled up like a little stray dog, I reckon, an' whimpered himself off to sleep with his head on his father's breast. An' when he woke up he was different. He never could exactly say what had happened to him, whether he'd had a kind of a vision or what, but he had a notion, sleepin' like that against his father's breast, that what was in that dead man's heart, what he'd volunteered for, an' died for, had been sort of passed on to him. When he woke up, he was n't just a little scared boy any more, he was a member of somethin' bigger, and that somethin' was his country. And it was all sort of mixed up with his religion. I don't b'lieve the old man ever *did* know where his country stopped an' his God began. He never exactly put into words what had come to him, but he did n't have to; the way he *looked* when he told about it was enough for us boys. His eyes would blaze, an' his face take on a kind of holy look, like it was lighted up from inside. It always kind of lighted us up to see him.

'Well, after the war, him an' his mother moved here to Newton, an' settled up there on what they named Freedom Ridge. You can see it from here,' he added, waving his hand toward a high ridge in the distance, standing out clear and sharp against the early spring sky. 'I've heard the old folks say he flew the United States flag up there when that flag was mighty unpopular round here, most of the Newton men havin' fought for the South, an' when he stood a right good show to be shot for doin' it. But he would n't have

cared for that. I don't reckon there was ever a day in his life — young man or old one — when he would n't have been glad an' proud to die for that flag.

'Well,' the postmaster paused reflectively, 'I guess he'd say the next big thing that happened to him was the birth of young Sam, and the death of his wife. He did n't marry until right late in life, an' his wife died the second year and left him with a little young baby. All the folks thought he ought to put the baby with some woman to raise. But he did n't. He raised him himself, right up there on the Ridge, an' I reckon everybody round here would say he did the job all right. We never had a finer, straighter young feller to grow up in this county. Him an' Andy Mason an' me were all of an age, an' extra special friends. Why some of the best times I ever had were out there on the Ridge, squirrel an' rabbit huntin' in the fall, an' helpin' with the sugar in the spring. An' there never was a kinder old man. He had a sort of understandin' way that would make a boy go to him if he was in trouble almost as quick as he'd go to his own mother.

'I can't remember when everybody did n't call him Uncle Sam. His first name *was* Sam, but that was n't the reason. It was because he looked just exactly like Uncle Sam. His hair was white and kind of long, an' he had the same little chin beard, an' a lean jaw, an' eyes right far back in his head, that usually looked pleasant and friendly, but could look mighty stern if he caught anybody bein' mean or tricky. Why, he looked so like Uncle Sam, that when I was real little I always thought the pictures in the papers was just photographs of our Uncle Sam.

II

'Well, then the Big War came, an' the day after America went in, young

Sam volunteered. Anybody would 've known he would, raised like he'd been. Andy Mason an' me tried to get in, too, but they turned us both down — him on account of his eyes, an' me for flat-foot, doggone it!

'There was a big crowd of us up at the station when young Sam left for camp. An' you never saw anybody look so lifted up an' proud as the old man did. He kept it up, too, right to the moment that the train pulled out of sight round the bend; an' then all of a sudden somethin' seemed to snap in him, all the lights went out, an' he got out of the crowd in a hurry. That boy was all he had in the world, an' they'd never spent a night away from each other in all his life.

'Andy an' me followed the old man, an' unhitched his team for him; an' when he got up on the drivin'-seat, we both tumbled into the wagon-bed behind, plannin' to go up an' spend the evenin' with him, an' sort of jolly him along. But at the forks where the left-hand turn of the road goes up to Freedom Ridge, he pulled up, and says, "I'll let you boys out here"; an' of course there was n't anythin' for us to do but to get out. He was up against somethin' bigger than we had anythin' to do with. He set his jaw, an' drove on, not lookin' to either side; but I can see the straight, lonesome look of his old back now.

'He faced it out all by himself up there on the Ridge that night. The next day he came down to the village as usual, an' though he looked like he'd had a spell of sickness, he was perfectly satisfied an' calm. I reckon the love of his country an' of his boy had sort of melted together in his heart, an' so he'd found himself all right. Some folks tried to sympathize with him, but he would n't stand for any pity. 'He's the best I've got,' he'd say, 'but he's none too good if his country wants him,

an' he's fightin' to end war, an' bring the nations together once for all; an' that's the finest cause ever a man put gun to shoulder for.

'An' he believed that, too. He believed America went into the war with the highest motives, an' he never doubted but that she'd carry 'em on right to the end. His country answered to the highest thing that was in him; an' when he saw her kind of consecrated, an' goin' the high way she did go in 1917 and 1918, why, his old heart was right down on its knees to her all the time. An' I wish you could have seen him when the different drives for the Red Cross and the Liberty Loans an' all began. He was in every parade we had, an' always dressed as a regular Uncle Sam. The ladies of the Red Cross rigged him up that way for their first drive, an' he made such a tearin' down hit, folks got him to do it for every drive afterwards. He was the most wonderful Uncle Sam you ever saw — nothin' funny or cheap about *him*. He might be goin' around in his overalls and shirt-sleeves, lookin' ordinary enough; but the minute he put on his Uncle Sam outfit, he was more than himself, he was the noblest spirit of his country, solemn an' dignified, an' lifted up, with a kind of holy look on his face. It was owin' to him that our district was always the first in the county, an' right often in the state, too, to go over the top in every drive. They got into the way of borrowin' him to help out all over this county, an' into the next two counties as well. But we never loaned him till we were over the top ourselves.

'Well,' — the postmaster paused, staring away out of the window. 'Well, then young Sam was killed over in France — Château-Thierry,' he said. 'Andy Mason was up at the telegraph tower when the message came through from the War Office, and the telegraph

operator gave it to him to take out to Uncle Sam. Andy stopped by the post-office lookin' awful an' white, an' just as we were wonderin' how we were ever goin' to break it to the old man, we saw him comin' in. We were havin' a rally that day for one of the Liberty Loans, an' he was all dressed and proud-lookin' in his stars and stripes.

We hustled everybody out of the back part of the office, so when he came in there was n't anybody here but just Andy and me. But he saw quick enough somethin' was wrong.

"What's the trouble, Buddies?" he says, lookin' so kind an' affectionate, an' concerned for us, an' callin' us Buddy, like he always did when we were kids an' had got hurt.

'Well,' said the postmaster, speaking with difficulty, 'well, that just made it so I could n't have spoken a word to save my life; but Andy — he's got more to him 'n I have — he put his arm round the old man, an' managed to get out what had happened.

'We thought he was goin' to faint, he turned so white an' shaky, an' we got him quick into that chair where you're sittin'. But he did n't; he just sat there lookin' like the world had dropped from under him, an' sayin' right soft to himself, "Sam's dead — my boy's dead." Andy gave him the telegram, an' he spread it out on his knee, an' looked an' looked at it. I don't believe he read it, but he kept spreadin' it out an' spreadin' it out with his shakin' old hands, an' looking at it. We could n't keep the tears back seein' him so lost like, an' anyhow, young Sam was just like a brother to us both.

'An' then, all at once, the old man caught sight of his red-an'-white-striped pants leg, an' a change came over him. That seemed to jerk him back to himself again. He took up a pinch of the stuff, an' looked at it like it was the only real thing left in the world to him.

Then he says, sort of feelin' his way out of the dark, "Sam's dead — but *Uncle Sam's* alive." After that he bowed his head down on his hands an' shut his eyes, but I don't know whether he was praying to God or his country. And *then*, if you'll believe me, he got to his feet an' threw back his shoulders straight an' proud like, an' says, "Well, boys, I promised to help 'em with the Liberty Loan this afternoon, an' it's time I was over at the courthouse now." And with that he put his Uncle Sam's hat on, an' his head up in the air, an' marched on out of the post-office, an' — an' — said the postmaster brokenly, 'if there was n't bugles blowin' somewhere for that old man then, why, there ought to have been.

'Well, of course, word had got about that young Sam was killed, an' nobody looked to see the old man at the meetin'; an' when he came marchin' in in all his regalia, an' took his place up on the platform, just as proud as ever, I tell you that meetin' pretty near came to an end. Judge Braxton, who was makin' the openin' address, could n't hardly finish. He got through somehow, though, an' then he called for the Star-Spangled Banner; an' when everybody stood up, the judge sort of pushed Uncle Sam to the front of the platform an' stood behind him with his hand on his shoulder, not sayin' anythin', just showin' him off to the crowd. The tears kept tricklin' down the judge's cheeks, but there was n't any tears on the old man's face. He just stood up there wrapped up in that proud *carried-away* look of his, and that was enough for the crowd. Nobody had to make any appeal; the folks just looked at Uncle Sam, with his boy dead over there in France, and our quota for that Liberty Loan went over the top like a scared rabbit.

'But the old man never dreamed it

was done for him. He always did sort of lose his own identity when he was Uncle Sam, an' he supposed, of course, they were payin' tribute to their country. He was too humble-minded ever to take anything to himself.

'But when it was all over, an' he could quit bein' Uncle Sam, an' be himself again, he turned round to Andrew Mason, an' says, "Take me home now, Andy," all broken up an' pitiful; and then he says, "Where's Blair?" So I got somebody to stay in the post-office, an' Andy an' me went up on the Ridge an' spent the night with him an' helped him through as best we could.

'But he never gave up. He kept on goin', an' if there was any call for a patriotic rally, he was always right there in his Uncle Sam clothes that might have looked so foolish on anybody else, but always looked so grand and dignified on him. An' if anybody condoled with him about his boy, he'd just say, "He died to end war, an' to bring a new fellowship into the world, an' it takes the best we've got for that, I reckon."

'Oh, those were the great days!' the postmaster sighed. 'I guess all of us were bigger then than we ever had been before or since. We sort of tapped into somethin' larger than our everyday selves, an' all pulled together for a big end. An' we were mighty proud of our country. We knew our men were doin' fine work over there an' holdin' up our end of the job, an' we were right behind 'em, backin' 'em up for all we were worth. It was the same, I reckon, all over the country; but here in Newton, 'most any day we could look at our old Uncle Sam an' see shinin' right on his face what the rest of us felt in our hearts. It was like havin' the finest spirit in the country an' the finest spirit in yourself, too, come to life an' go walkin' about right before you.

'An' so it kep' up to the grand climax of the Armistice. We had a big bonfire

up on Freedom Ridge to celebrate it. It seemed the right place to have it, up there on Uncle Sam's ridge, where young Sam — the only one of our Newton men to be killed — was born an' raised. We had it fixed, too, that the old man was to touch the bonfire off. There was a big crowd of us up there, an' when it got good and dark, we made a kind of lane of people for him to come through, an' all began to sing "America." He came forward, his hat held against his star-covered vest with one hand, an' his lighted torch in the other, an' lookin' — well, I tell you, when he stuck his torch into that pile of brush, an' the sparks an' flames began to leap out, an' he turned his face up to the sky, if the heavens had broken open, an' a flight of angels come down, it would n't have surprised me — they'd just have matched what was on that old man's face. He was offerin' that bonfire up in celebration for what his boy an' all our men had died for over there; an' if he did n't actually see his son's spirit that night, he came so close to it that he did n't have to bother with any seein'.

'We were all kind of exalted, carried off our feet, an' I recollect feelin' that that was just the way I'd always like to think of America — a noble, consecrated Uncle Sam like that, his hat off, his face turned up to the sky, and a flamin' torch in his hand. The Episcopal minister was standin' next to me, an' I heard him say half out loud, to himself like, "Lord, now letteth Thou thy servant depart in peace."

III

The postmaster got down to answer the demands of an inquirer at the window, and to say absently, 'No, nothin' for your folks to-day,' and then came back to the reporter, whose pencil had been rustling hastily over his pad.

'Well,' he resumed, 'that was just what the Lord did n't do. He did n't let that old man depart in peace. That night, I guess, was the high-water mark all over the country. After that the tide commenced to turn. We all said the Kaiser was licked all right now. America'd see to it that there'd be some sort of arrangement to put a stop to all this everlastin' foolishness of war; an' so we all settled back again into our ordinary ways of every man for himself. An' plenty of us was glad enough to get back to 'em.

'But the trouble with the old man was, he did n't turn with the tide. He stayed sort of stranded up there on the heights. I don't believe he had it in him to come down. It'd all meant more to him than to most of us, carin' about his country like he did, and losin' his boy. He just naturally *could n't* settle back into the little old ways. He could n't do it, I tell you. The war had raised up somethin' too big in him to be squeezed back again into the everyday kind of mean times. Bein' Uncle Sam like that so often, I just b'lieve, 'pon my soul, he'd kind of melted into the spirit of his country, — its highest spirit, you know, — an' when the rest of us hustled on down to the low grounds again, he stayed, like I said, up there on the heights like the Ark on Ararat when the waters receded.

'Still, everythin' went along well enough with him till the Senate threw down the treaty in November. For all their talk he'd just never dreamed such a thing *could* happen. An' when it did — well, it just about destroyed him. He could n't believe it. It seemed to cut the ground right from under him, an' leave him all sort of bewildered. He looked to see the whole country fly up in a tearin' rage over it. An' when it did n't, when folks just wrote letters to the papers, an' signed a few protests, instead of stampedin' on Washington

in a body an' yankin' the Senate up to stand by our allies, an' what our men had died for, why, somethin' died in that old man, an' it was *then* — not when he was killed, mind you, but then — that his heart broke over Sam's death.

'After that he began to act kind of queer. All the light went out of his face, an' you'd catch him mumblin' things over to himself — and his eyes always lookin' so shamed. People commenced to say they b'lieved Uncle Sam was losin' his mind, and they did n't want him about. But I don't b'lieve it was really because they thought he was goin' crazy that they did n't like to see him: I b'lieve it was because he made them uncomfortable an' kind of pricked their consciences. He was a kind of left-over from the war, an' from the big way we'd all felt, but wanted to forget now, an' get on back to our little old jobs of makin' money, an' gettin' ahead. Oh! you know how you want to kick a dog if he sits an' looks at you too trustin'? It makes you mad with yourself to have him think so much of you when you know how no-account you are. In the same way, it irritated folks to have that old man around lookin' so hurt an' reproachful, an' remindin' 'em of all the big things we'd stood for. We were n't big any longer. An' it made us kind of sick to remember, an' it was n't just that somethin' fine in the country was gone — it was worse'n that; somethin' fine was gone right out of your own self, an' you were ashamed to think of it. An' so, instead of lookin' at him, we were satisfied to listen to all the rotten talk in Washington, that kind of got us balled up an' confused, an' rocked our ideals to sleep, so's we got to thinkin' maybe it was all right, after all, to go back on our friends and let the rest of the world go to hell so long as *we* were tucked safe into our little home bed, with the Atlantic Ocean pulled over our ears. That is, it

was all right if the Republican or Democratic party — whichever one you happened to belong to — did n't get blamed for it. Good God! what was the matter with us!

'But you could n't rock Uncle Sam to sleep with any now-I-lay-me like that. He showed us how *he* felt plain enough when they asked him to be Uncle Sam in some tableaux they was gettin' up for a church benefit. He said first he would n't, an' then all at once he said, "All right, I'll be there." A crowd of us was over at the hall havin' a dress rehearsal when in walked the old man. He was dressed as Uncle Sam, all right, but he held his hands like they was tied behind his back, an' a dirty old rope was twisted round his neck an' arms; his head was bowed on his breast, an' he would n't look anybody in the eye.

'Well, at first some of the crowd started in to laugh; but he did n't say a word, but just stood there; an' after they'd looked at him a spell, all the laugh dried up. Well, of course, the committee would n't stand for an Uncle Sam in the tableaux like that, an' so they told him.

'He jerked his head up quick enough then, his old eyes blazin'. "No!" he cried. "No, you're ashamed to show Uncle Sam like this here in this little lost place, but you're willin' enough to have him stand disgraced and dishonored in the face of the whole world! Bound hand and foot with a rope of everlastin' talk; desertin' his Allies who looked to him, an' betrayin' everythin' our sons have died for!"

'There he stopped dead, like his own words had hit him slap in the face. "What our sons have died for," he said over again; an' then like that had pulled the cork right out of his heart, and let all his grief loose, he did somethin' I never looked to see *him* do — he — he just burst right out cryin' before us

all. "O my boys! my boys! My sons, who are dead!" He kept sobbin', and chokin' over an' over. It made you feel awful to see him, kind of sick an' ashamed, an' you hated yourself for bein' glad when he turned an' stumbled out of the door.

'An' if you'll notice, he did n't say "*my son*," like you'd expect, but "*my sons*." An' I b'lieve, upon my soul, he thought then he was Uncle Sam himself.

'Oh, damn it all! It's been a *rotten* winter!' the postmaster burst out. 'What with the old man bein' killed by inches, an' all the high-mindedness an' good-will of the country overlaid, an' the two parties manœuvrin' round, watchin' each other an' ready to spring like a couple of wild cats. — No!' he corrected himself bitterly, 'no wild cats about them — dirty alley cats, spittin' at each other on a back fence, and the country's honor on the dump-heap!

'An' as if there was n't enough mean political work goin' on, Andy Mason and me had to have a fight. Oh, yes, we did!' he affirmed in response to the reporter's look of surprise. 'An' about nothin' better than this measly old post-office. He's a Republican an' I'm Democrat, an' some of his party friends put him up to thinkin' he'd make a good postmaster if the Republicans came in next fall. An' he began to look ahead, an' sort of get things fixed up, in a way I did n't think was on the level. I told him so straight, an' with that he called me — Well, it ended in our jumpin' on one another right here in the post-office, an' the other fellers havin' to pry us apart. Good Lord! *Andy an' me!*

'Well, the old man got to stayin' more an' more to himself, an' not comin' down off the Ridge oftener 'n once or twice a week for supplies. Every time he did, he'd come into the post-office after the daily papers was in, an' he'd say, "Have they ratified yet, Blair?" An' every time, of course, I had to tell

him no; an' he'd turn round without a word an' go on back to the Ridge. An' I will say, he did get to look right crazy.

IV

'An' that was the way things went until the 20th of March, when there was a right big crowd here in the post-office waiting for the Eastern mail to see what the Senate had done about the treaty, knowin' they were to vote on it the day before. The old man was here, too, not sayin' anythin' to anybody, just sittin' there with that burnin' miserable look in his eyes. He was all muffled up in an old coat that had belonged to young Sam an' was so big for him, it covered him down to the heels. An' for some reason he would n't take it off, though I tried to get him to.

'Well, while we were waitin', we all got to laughin' about a letter from some crazy feller — at least we said he must be crazy — that had come out in the papers a week or so before. Maybe you saw it at the time. It was n't signed, an' it was written to several of the Senators on both sides. The writer threatened to kill himself if the treaty was n't ratified. He seemed to have some wild notion about what he called an atonement, an' he said if the treaty was thrown down, it would be such an everlastin' stain on the country's honor that only a blood sacrifice could wash it out. It was a crazy enough letter, an' of course the papers made a good deal of fun of it, an' so did we.

'Well, then the mail came in, an' I unlocked the bag, an' emptyin' it on to the sortin'-shelf, grabbed out the first paper came to hand. "What's the news, Blair?" they all shouted, an' I just turned round an' held the paper up in front of 'em with its black headlines, —

SENATE KILLS TREATY

'The old man jumped to his feet to look, an' then fell back in his chair with a kind of groan, an' put his face down in his hands. Nobody paid much attention to him, — because we all knew that was the way he'd take it, — but went on discussin' the news, an' wonderin' what they'd do next in Washington. An' after a little bit the crowd thinned out. Just before he left, Tom Willis laughed an' says, "Well, that crazy old fool that said he'd kill himself if the treaty was killed did n't do much good, did he?" An' Ed Lamson says, "Of course he did n't. He might 've known they ain't lookin' at anythin' in Washington beyond their political fences. An' anyhow, he's a darned fool to think any treaty's worth dyin' for. An' what did he mean by an atonement?" he says.

'An so him and Tom went off together, tryin' to fix in their minds what an atonement was. An' then there was n't anybody in the back office here but just me and the old man.

'He got up an' came over an' stood beside me for a long time, not sayin' anything, just standin' there, while I sorted the mail an' stamped the letters. It kind of set me wild to have him stand there, like that, me knowin' how hurt he was; but I did n't say anythin'. I just kep' on pullin' down letters out of the pile with one hand, an' stampin' 'em with the other. An' at last he said, kind of low an' wistful, "Buddy, do *you* think the man who wrote that letter's a fool?"

The look on his face made me want to cry; an' just because it did, I answered sharp an' crosslike. "Of course he's a fool," I said. "Anybody's a darned fool who thinks this rotten country's got any ideals worth dyin' for."

'An' then I could have bitten my tongue out, thinkin' of young Sam an' how *he'd* died. I wanted to turn round an' take that ol' man in my arms, an'

say that of course the United States was worth his boy's death; that the country was all right underneath; she'd just got balled up an' led astray by too much talk; but of *course* she'd pull out all right in the end, an' see straight an' take her place where she belonged. Maybe if I'd been a woman I could 've said it; but as it was, I just went on sortin' out the mail. Oh, it's a lonesome world, all right!

'He stood an' looked at me a while longer, an' then he turned away. "Well, good-bye, Buddy," he said, kind of quiet an' affectionate. I b'lieve he knew all right I did n't mean what I said. An' then he went on out. An' when he went past the window, I was surprised to see he was walkin' with that kind of holy look he used to have. I could n't think what he had to look like that for *now*, but it made me feel good to see him. It made you feel as though out of all his confusion an' misery he'd come into harbor at last. It took some of the bitterness out of of me, too, an' I said to myself, "Well, it can't be such a rotten country if the old men can look like that."

'An' just then, the wind blew his long coat open, an' I saw he had on his Uncle Sam clothes. I reckon it was because I was busy givin' out the mail that that did n't get right home to me until just as I was lockin' up to go to supper, an' then the remembrance of it jumped at me an' scared me. What in thunder was he dressed like Uncle Sam for now? I tell you I slammed the safe shut, an' locked the door in a hurry.

'Just outside the post-office I found Andy Mason. Him an' me were n't speakin' to one another, but he was the only man I wanted then, an' I broke through an' said, "Come on up to the Ridge. I'm scared about Uncle Sam."

'He did n't ask any questions, — I reckon it was as hard for him to speak to me as it was for me to speak to him,

— but he turned right quick and came with me. The more I thought things over, the more scared I got and the faster I walked. An' when I struck the level of the ridge top, and caught sight of the old man's cabin all lighted up, I broke into a run, an' Andy ran too. But — but we got there too late. When we burst into the cabin all I could see at first was a heap of red-and-white bunting, — stars an' stripes piled up there on the floor, — an' then like a flash I made out Uncle Sam all tangled up in the flag, an' dead, with a bullet-hole in his breast.

'The room was all swept out nice an' clean an' lighted up with every lamp he had, like for a festival. Young Sam's picture — the one in his uniform — was on the mantelshef, an' that old man had got out his big flag, an' holding it in his left hand, an' standin' before his boy's picture, he'd put a pistol ball through his heart — the place where his grief an' shame for his country hurt him most, I reckon. An' — an', — the postmaster's voice faltered, — 'he *thought* he was offerin' himself up as an atonement for his country, an' for what he thought was the dishonor to his son — an' not just for his own boy — but for all our men killed in the war. It was like I said: there were times when he'd get confused an' think he really was Uncle Sam. That was one of the times, I reckon, for we found a scrap of paper where he'd written, "Accept, O Lord, I beseech Thee, the blood of Uncle Sam for the washing-away of the country's sins, and for an atonement to my dead sons." And, of course, it was him, too, — if we had n't all been fools we'd have known it, — who'd written that letter to the senators — the one we all laughed at, God forgive us! We found a copy of it among his papers.

'Oh, maybe he was cracked all right, him thinkin' he was really Uncle Sam,

an' makin' his blood sacrifice; but — but it would n't be a bad thing if there was more of us cracked the same way. And he did n't *look* crazy. When Andy an' me had lifted him up an' laid him on his cot bed, closin' his eyes, an' foldin' his hands over the place in his breast, he did n't look like anythin' I'd ever seen before. He did n't scarcely look human; he looked — he *looked* like the highest thing you've ever *felt* — like — like the way a man *feels* when he gets religion, I guess. He just lay there so dignified an' beautiful, an' so sort of *complete*, havin' surrendered up all he had because his heart was broken for his country.

'Andy an' me stood a long time, on either side of the bed, just lookin' down at him, an' not sayin' anythin'. You could sort of feel yourself shiftin' into deeper an' deeper levels. An' I felt like all that was mean an' little in me had been taken out an' hung up right there before my eyes. An' that mean self had killed the best that was in me. There was old Uncle Sam lyin' there, dead and beautiful. An' there was Andy an' me fightin' over politics an' a dirty little post-office. An' then I looked across at him, an' I says, "Andy —"

'Well, with that he just broke all to pieces. "Don't say it, Blair! for God's sake, don't say it — I understand," he cried. An' he reached out to me, an' we caught hands over that old dead Uncle Sam. An' then Andy knelt down an' just cried like a child. You — you could n't look at that old man an' not — an' not —'

The postmaster slipped abruptly off his stool, and turning his back, went over to his little window, through which he stared, though there was no one in the outer office.

'Well,' he resumed, coming back in a moment, 'it was then Andy took his vow. He got up off his knees, an'

speakin' like he was speakin' right to the old man, he said, —

"Uncle Sam, I've been playin' a dirty game, God forgive me! But after this I'll live as straight an' clean and as high-minded to my country as — as *you'd* have every American live, so help me God." And then he kissed the old man's hands where they were folded over the bullet-hole in his breast.

'The words sounded good to me, an' were what I needed, an' so I took the vow too.

'After that I went down an' fetched Judge Braxton. An' when we'd told him everythin', — about the old man's atonement an' all, — an' after he'd looked at him a spell, he said, all broken up, "Boys, we've killed him. We've all helped to murder the noblest spirit we've ever seen. Uncle Sam is dead. We must take him down to the courthouse so that people can see what they've done — An' God forgive *me* for what *I've* done!" he said sort of low to himself.

'I don't know what was hurtin' the judge, but he's been a dyed-in-the-wool party man, an' people have said he'd throw down the country's honor every time so long as the party was saved.

'So we took him down to the courthouse, an' the boys that had been overseas put on their uniforms again an' took turns standin' guard over him. But Andy, — he was pretty near distracted over Uncle Sam's death, — he swore there should n't a one of 'em come near the old man, who would n't take the vow him an' me had taken. But the men were hot enough to take it. You could n't see that old man's face, with that look on it, an' not want to take some sort of a pledge an' make a fresh start with your country, and yourself.

'So, with his guard of honor, Uncle Sam laid in state at the courthouse, all dressed up in his stars an' stripes, his hands folded an' done with the world,

an' his face turned up to bigger things than we knew. An' word went out how Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge had died, an' that he was layin' in state at Newton courthouse; an' folks who remembered what he'd been in the war, came by train, an' by automobile from all over the three counties. It got to be like a kind of a pilgrimage. An' there was mighty few who could look at him any time, an' not come face to face with their own meanness. He *looked* just like Uncle Sam, an' I tell you he *was* Uncle Sam — the country's noblest an' highest spirit — an' he was dead.

'It was more too than just him bein' dead — it was somethin' high and fine that had died right in your own heart — an' you'd killed it yourself. An' it was a funny thing — there was a curious kind of password got started, nobody knew how it commenced, but the first thing we knew, we was all sayin' it. One person'd meet another an' say, "Uncle Sam is dead," an' the other'd answer, "Yes, an' I killed him." Oh, it was a sight what that old man made people feel! *He* did n't accuse anybody, nor demand anythin' — he did n't even ask it. He just lay there dead, an' folks wanted to take their hearts out, an' give 'em over to him.

'An' when the day of the funeral came, the crowd was so big there was n't any church here could hold 'em all, so we just had it right out of doors in the open. Judge Braxton made the address. He's used to public speakin' all right an' got a good nerve, but all the same that day there were times when he could n't hardly keep his voice steady. An' when he went back over Uncle Sam's life, an' reminded us of what he'd always stood for, an' how proud an' carried away it had always made us feel just to look at him durin' the war; an' then how he'd acted when young Sam was killed, why, hardly anybody could keep the tears back.

'An' then he says right solemn an' slow, "But now that noble old man is dead — crazy and heartbroken by what has happened. Oh, don't blame Washington for it!" he cries out. "Blame yourself! Let us take the fact right home into our own hearts, an' lay the responsibility there, where it belongs — for it is our own smug selfishness an' indifference to our country's honor that has brought about this great tragedy — the death of Uncle Sam. But, my friends," he went on again presently, "when that broken-hearted old man put the pistol ball through his breast, I solemnly believe that all the love and loyalty to his country, an' all the agony of shame that was stored there, spilled itself out an' has run like the gospel Pentecost into the hearts of all his friends. His atonement has not been in vain. There are some already," he says, "who have taken a vow; an' I ask all of you here present, who knew an' gloried in Uncle Sam durin' the war, an' who desire a rebirth of that consecrated spirit in their own hearts, an' in the heart of the nation, to repeat these words with me."

'And with that he put his hand up very solemn, an' said over Andy's vow — only he'd dressed it up and changed it a little bit.

'Well, I don't know where the old man's spirit was, but I hope it was n't too far off to see those hands go up an' read the look on folks' faces when they dedicated themselves to that vow.

'Oh, maybe it won't make any difference to the rest of the country that Uncle Sam is dead, but it made a difference to *us*! An' right down here in Newton he's had his resurrection all right. I tell you," he said, his voice falling to awed tones, "it was just like I said: he did n't look *human*. It was like — like *God Almighty* lookin' out of that old man's face an' starin' straight at every one of us.'

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

I. THE BOY AND THE BAWBEE

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE old gentleman claims that many years ago his name was Rubie. And that this was not at all a romantic name, but just a nickname. And that he, who dresses like any other decent body nowadays, did the same in the fifties. He wore a kilt, a wee bit shirt, a velveteen jacket, and a Glengarry bonnet. His galluses were latched to his kilts with a wooden pin. There were pockets to his jacket, and into one of these he put a bawbee when he had one. And the first bawbee ever he had, he found in the dust of a long summer day.

You would never guess, unless the old gentleman told you, how the Highlands of Scotland are continually bathed in summer. They are like those happy countries you may see from the peep end of an Easter egg. And more than anywhere the long summer day hangs upon the coast of the North Sea and about the neighborhood of the Moray Firth. Yes, that is the sort of day they have, and in the last light of any one of them you may see little boys drifting home from golden adventures to their beds in the villages of Ross and Cromarty.

On a Saturday afternoon the boys have been, as like as not, to Jerry's Den. It was there that the bawbee of which we are told was found in the dust. A bawbee is a halfpenny, so called because, when Mary Queen of Scots came to the throne as a baby, — or what the Scotch in their own tongue call

a 'bawbee,' — a coin of that value was struck with her image. And between a little Scotch boy and a bawbee there is to this day a thrilling affinity. There is in this matter a permanent devotion, a quest and a recurrent adventure. Some little boys achieve bawbees and some have these thrust upon them, but I will tell you at once that the best bawbees are found. If on the coach road, says the old gentleman, you find a snail's trail in the dust, you follow that silver lead into the grass where you find the snail, and then you twirl it three times about your head. This is a charm with intent to find presently a bawbee.

But on this long summer day the bawbee just came to hand without aid of snail or other magic. And it did not at first seem, says the old gentleman, to be his own. He put it in the pocket of his jacket, provisionally, and not meaning to use it; but — in tumbling — out it fell upon the ground, and there was another boy shouting that 'Rubie has a bawbee and will buy the sweeties'; which he then did. This was the beginning of a beneficent custom always encouraged by his hangers-on, and instituted, as I now see, with his first fortune.

His second fortune was earned, and in foreign parts. A sister took him across the Cromarty Firth to see his granny. The most gilded climate is not flawless, and there came a storm upon

that little boat in that narrow sea-way. The old gentleman remembers that he then made his first prayer: 'O Lord God of Israel!' he prayed, — neither more nor less, — and came safe to the other side.

Here among the hills was a sheiling where his granny lived. There were three rooms in this cabin, — a bit and a ben and a room atween, — and oh, such cosy windows! Very wee they were, because windows were taxed; but the chimney was not taxed at all, and that was big and with an ingle.

His granny was in bed; she wore a white mutch, and if you will believe it, she did not know his name! He could read, which she could not. She asked her daughter in Gaelic, could he repeat the Twenty-third Psalm; and this he did for her in the English tongue. Whereupon from under her pillow she took a knotted handkerchief, and from this with her old hands she took a white shilling.

Lord God of Israel! A fortune, and all earned in the high way of Religion. But there is this sad difference between a bawbee and a shilling: you buy sweeties with the one, but you take the other to your mither.

Rubie's mother was from Forres way. She taught her little boy to write with the sharpened handle of a pewter spoon, and this she did that he might write her letters to his father, who was away at work in the North. He was a millwright. This was the time of the Corn Laws and the Irish Famine and Richard Cobden. The old gentleman tends to wander from Rubie at this point; he grows historical and geographical and pedantic, until we drag him back to the day when there was no dinner. We remind him that once he came home from the Dame's school and 'there'll be no dinner the day,' says his mother. Rubie takes what measures he may — he lies face down across a chair, on the

principle and for the reason that a hungry man tightens his belt. The clock strikes two and Rubie looks it in the face. 'What's the use of striking two,' he asks of that mechanical perfection, 'when there is no dinner?' And I suppose he wrote his father on that day with a clean, clean pewter spoon.

Other letters he wrote, coming on to be eight years old, for other women to other men, and for each he was paid tuppence. The serving maids in the farms round about would send for little Rubie, and on a Saturday — a lang simmer day — he would be writing letters for one and another in garret rooms under the eaves. The service-bell would ring, and the maid would run to answer; the scribe would be left to wait, and to look about that little room. I fear he fingered what he saw, for he has a most exact remembrance of a maid who had a pot of pomatum on her dresser, — 'Cream of Roses,' it was, — and the scent of it, the first scent ever he savored, was as fine as the name. There was, besides, a bottle of hair-oil, scented too. Tuppence he was paid for the letter he wrote on that day, and he claims that he can see the young girl speaking, after these more than sixty years, and that he can feel himself writing: 'I send you my love and if I was writing myself I would say much more.'

He claims further that his next job brought him in sixpence a day, his board, and a pair of rubber boots. In those lang simmer days he herded cattle and silly sheep on the flanks of the Soutars of Cromarty, among the prickles of the whins where a little lad might well prize his rubber boots. A sixpence a day we think to have been an excessive wage, but he holds to it and pretends to have had butter to his bread — that was an oat-cake or a disk of barley baked and rolled up. Some days there would be a Swedish turnip,

and, in their season, wild berries, and — oh, sweetest bite! — a potato baked in the embers of a little fire among the whins or the heather, and none the worse for the ashes.

The luck of some folk is too much for lesser folk to bear, and this little boy with his bit fire and his spud in the ashes and his buttered oat-cake, and his wild honey from the ground and his whistle that he made from willow, — and all among the golden whins of the lang simmer day, — how we envy him! We cannot rob him of one hour but we take away the sixpence. Sixpence, we say, can never have been paid to a silly little shepherd in rubber boots, so long ago and so far away. The wage, we say, is excessive. The buttered cake, the whistle he brags of, and the honey stolen from the ground — who are we to know the makings of these? But a sixpence we know, and how it is made. A sixpence a week we will allow him, and no more. That is silver enough for a lad who, by his own count, has every other sort of fortune.

But, he argues, all the other shepherds get the sixpence! For there are more little shepherds lolling about in the heather on the hillsides — a whole union of them — who will not work for less than sixpence, who will not work indeed at all, but who eat their honey and pipe upon their whistles and read the *Leather-Stocking Tales* and *The King's Own* — and some of whom will come, long after, to fall from the ranks of that same regiment into Egyptian graves.

Yet here they all are in the lang simmer day, at a sixpence apiece! For a drink of milk they will bless you: 'God bless your cows, goodwife, and would you be giving us a drink of water?' 'Bide a wee,' says the goodwife; and they bide a wee, the rascals, till she comes from ben the house with a pitcher of milk.

The old gentleman claims to have invented this blessing himself, so you see how clever he was at a sixpence a day.

Yes, he was clever, terrible clever; do not think to keep up with him, for now he is a tutor. From being a piping shepherd, he has become a tutor and has the Latin. That's him, with the Latin, going through the snow to the shepherd's cabin in the hills. Thirteen years he is now, and terrible wee he is, too, but there is no help for that. He must just face the driving snow in the morning moonlight, and keep close on the heels of the old shepherd, whose body is a wall against the stour, until they come to the sheiling where the children are just longing for their tutor with the Latin.

There were four of these, and a great girl who had for her own the wisest of collies. Aye, after many a year we remember that girl and that dog — the one whistling her orders from her father's door to the other across the valley, where he stood upon a rock among the heather — whence he sprang away to herd the straying sheep he could not see. Wise as Solomon, he was, that dog!

They were great dancers in that house. By the firelight and the light of a little pear-shaped iron lamp that hung from the lintel of the fireplace, its wick of rushes fed with whale oil, they danced to the piping of one of themselves. And all those nights of dancing — there were three winter months of them — were embittered for the little tutor by this: there was a tear in his jacket. A many a time in my life he has told me of this tear; that it ran down the front of his coat; that he was always mending it with a pin he had; that whenever he swung about in the fling of the dance the rent part of the coat stood out at right angles. He was never so ashamed in his life, he says. There is nothing for

it now, I know, but to let it go at that; but I ask about the big young shepherdess and the other women of that family — could they not have mended up their little tutor and so have saved his freckled face? 'They were ungracious,' says the old gentleman with reluctance, and upon revisiting in his mind that group under the whale-oil lamp.

And presently, he tells me, they would have prayers after the dancing, in Gaelic, each child reading in turn his verse. And then to bed in bunks under the eaves, with warm blankets and feather pillows. So the torn jacket is forgotten until another evening. And never to be forgotten, as you see for yourself; always to be hanging where we would come upon it now and again, and remember the piping and the dancing and the 'Hieland pride' of a little homesick boy.

Fifteen shillings were the three-months' wage, and the little tutor took them to his father. He came down from the hills to the village where his father was working at his trade. There was himself at the bench, in his long linen apron. I know that his nickname was Winter, but it was not his children who gave him that name. On this day when he saw the fortune of white shillings in that little fist, he met the unique

hour with an uncommon grace. Deliberately he sat himself upon his bench; he threw his apron over his shoulder that he might come the more easily at the pocket in his waistcoat; he thrust his fingers into that pocket, and he brought out his snuff-box. A pinch of snuff he took himself and then, as man to man, he offered the box and the quill to his boy. As if that little tutor were Hugh Miller or any other of his father's honored cronies. This incredible condescension was not marred by any words.

And I will tell you about the son of wise old Winter, that he ripened more in that silence than in a month of summers. Not a long silence it was, with fifteen shillings on the bench between them, needing care. A sixpence was for Rubie, and 'the rest you'll take to your mither.'

Which he did. And many a bawbee of his own earning has slipped through his fingers since then. An inveterate giver-away he is, in the manner of old Lear. But the snuff-box he has not given away; no beggar of all his begging children has begged of him the snuff-box. It is on the chimneypiece of his house; and I think it is for him and for them a kind of symbol of a happy sacramental hour, or the instrument of a humble accolade.

(To be continued)

THE SOULFUL SEX

BY WILSON FOLLETT

[SOUL, *n.* A spiritual entity concerning which there hath been brave disputation. Plato held that those souls which in a previous state of existence (antedating Athens) had obtained the clearest glimpses of eternal truth entered into the bodies of persons who became philosophers. Plato was himself a philosopher. The souls that had least contemplated divine truth animated the bodies of usurpers and despots. Dionysius I, who had threatened to decapitate the broad-browed philosopher, was a usurper and despot. Plato, doubtless, was not the first to construct a system of philosophy that could be quoted against his enemies; certainly he was not the last. — *The Devil's Dictionary.*]

I

'I EXPECT that woman will be the last thing civilized by man,' wrote Sir Austin Feverel, in the most brilliant of the imaginary books in our language. It is an utterance with which there are sundry ways of agreeing, from the complacent egoistic way of the sex represented by Sir Austin, to the amusedly scornful way of the newest New Woman, who turns her critic's weapon upon himself as, with supercilious brows, she murmurs, 'Indeed, I should hope and suppose so!' By which she means that to submit to man's administration of the civilizing process were a reversion toward barbarism.

Meanwhile, it is certain that any tolerably wide reader will have seen the remark attributed, from a dozen to fifty times, to Meredith, the author of Sir Austin, instead of to its actual originator, Sir Austin, the author of *The Pilgrim's Scrip*. It occurs on the first page of the first chapter of Meredith's first considerable book. This is a disheartening, yet not grossly unrepresentative, example of how readers read.

For the epigram is, of course, a starkly anti-Meredithian utterance. Sir Austin, a cynic and misogynist self-confessed, exists to represent cynicism and misogyny. He embodies the reactions of the disillusioned, embittered male of the species — of the lover and father who has given hostages to life, has been made to suffer through having done so, and thereafter has withdrawn behind the rampart of pessimism which he has thrown up as a safeguard against ever being hurt again in the same way. Now, that is an essentially immature pessimism, declarative at best of the burnt child's timidity. It is sustained and nourished by such lean fodder as Sir Austin's aloofness from life and his assumption — a dry husk, even as logic — that as one woman was, so all women probably are. Meredith created the point of view, and the famous system which Sir Austin evolved from it, expressly that both might in the upshot be broken upon the great rock of some facts of human nature — including, as the most momentous part of the exhibit, the fact of one woman's nobility. Meredith's answer to Sir Austin is, in short, that man is going to be the last thing civilized by woman, and that his ultimate well-being rests on his consenting so to be civilized.

What is the matter with woman? is of course the burning question of the ages, at least so far as men are concerned; and will continue to be, so long as the difference of the sexes persists. For each sex unconsciously standardizes its own limitations, and bedevils

the other for not having the will or the wit to measure down to them. And since this myopic egotism works in individual human nature as truly as in the group, it may fairly be supposed capable of surviving any conceivable breakdown of such differentiations as nationality, class, and sex itself. The differentiation of sex, at least, would seem to be fairly permanent; yet — so great is what we may call the dynamic inertia of human nature — if some unforeseen biological tendency of the future should entirely reverse the functions of the sexes, leaving each precisely as the other now is, we should hear that part of the population which considered itself masculine still chanting the immemorial question, What is the matter with woman?

As a fact, it is my present wish to suggest in all seriousness that almost exactly this reversal of traditionary functions has already taken place, or is now taking place, in the moral and intellectual attributes of the sexes and in the social forms and movements whereby those attributes express themselves. As women were, men are; as men were, so women are in process of becoming. The New Eve — she is a fulfilled fact or a future certainty, according as you regard her advent with self-congratulation or dread — is to an amazing extent simply the Old Adam (this in a purely social and historical sense, not the old theological one).

Man does not, to be sure, recognize her as the reincarnation, with modern improvements, of his former self. He does not recognize her, because he has evolved away from his former self too far to remember it very clearly. He has evolved into the woman of yesterday, and remains the world's most distressing case of arrested development. Against the portent of the New Woman he rebels as old-fashioned woman

herself does, and for the same reasons. He is old-fashioned woman.

The question, What is the matter with woman? is now most intelligibly studied and answered, then, as a question about what woman everywhere in the world is rapidly ceasing to be, which is the same thing that man has lately become — whether curably or no, it is not within the province of this essay to unriddle.

If these be dark sayings, it is not difficult to shed a gentle lucency upon them from some angles of social history; as indeed it is hereinafter attempted to do.

II

Trace, from its genesis through most of its stages, the world's adverse criticism of woman, and you find that, from a prehistoric era straight down to the Early Victorian time of Sir Austin Feverel, such criticism has always related itself to woman's lack, or supposed lack, of anything approximating a soul. The great historic religions have pretty thoroughly integrated themselves with the notion that a woman is not a person at all, and that she can become one only by merging her destiny in that of some masculine being through whom she wins a reflected, incidental salvation. It is an idea of which every great cultus has probably contained, at one period or another, more than a suspicion. There exists a vestigial remnant of it in the present attitude of Christian society, and in the very recent attitude of Christian common law, toward the unwedded mother and the illegitimate by birth.

It would be slightly more accurate to say that the assumption of woman's soullessness has taken two historic forms, a positive and a negative. It has taken them, not only in different periods and differently constituted societies, but sometimes even in the

same society at the same period. The negative view, that woman perfectly lacks the vital spark and, lacking it, is on a parity with the beasts that perish, impels straight toward polygamy and concubinage. The positive view endows woman with the opposite of a vital spark, — a lethal and phosphorescent flame kindled in hell, — in short, an anti-soul. This version puts woman on a parity with the evil angels. It is the theory of woman as a witch or a vampire. It survives in the usage which refers to a coquette as 'soulless' (the truth being, as ever, remote from the catchword for it: a coquette is a woman who has too much soul, or too many), and also in many a trite joke about the innate diabolism of the sex. Just as the negative view leads to the institution of plural marriage in one form or another, so the positive view leads to asceticism. Or, if not that, then — by perversion in some pagan and mediæval societies — to the esoteric cults of devil-worship and phallic ceremonial. It can also lead, of course, in an individual case here and there, even during the most scientific age of steam or electricity, to the supreme beauties and despairs of eroticism in the arts. But all such by-products are in some sort logical enough inversions of asceticism.

A study of the periods in which woman passed for a creature without a soul, whether by the negative interpretation or the positive, is slightly disconcerting to one's reverence for the fathers, the prophets, and the sages, and tends to drive one into a cynical determinism in one's reading of religious and social history. For one finds a truly noteworthy coincidence between two sets of facts: on the one side, contempt for woman as woman and universal esteem of her as wife or concubine and mother; on the other side, the economic and military need for

rapid expansion by small and threatened nationalities or sects. The instinct of self-preservation by defense, or the similar instinct of self-development by conquest, leads races and religions to exploit woman as a breeder.

With extraordinary uniformity, it should be added, she seems to have been held lightly wherever she outnumbered man, and reverently wherever she was herself outnumbered. Whether woman were construed as a soulless animal or as a bodiless angel would seem, almost literally, to have depended on the numbers in which she happened to be extant. This is a truth which lends itself readily enough to the flippant conclusion that — if woman is idealized only when she is rare and hence little known — the reality of her nature must be somewhat discouraging to idealism. It also lends itself fully as well to the conclusion that man's idealizing apparatus is woefully infirm and at the disposal of mere accidents of supply and demand. Whatever the conclusion proper to be drawn, there remains the bare fact, as an interesting footnote to the general law by which the exigencies of self-preservation dictate the attitude of either sex toward the other and toward itself. Woman has been conceded the possession of a soul in her own right only when her having one was not seriously prejudicial to any masculine self-interest.

The self-preserving instincts of ascetic and artist are more subtle in their behavior, but they remain none the less self-preserving instincts. He who mortifies the flesh has identified himself with a spiritual good which, for its own continuity, dares admit no compromise with a material and fleshly evil. His own soul must not enter into contact with woman's anti-soul; the union which is creative of life through the body would be the death of his sainthood.

In a way recognizably akin to this of asceticism, the strange obscene cults of the East hinged on the will to self-preservation. The evil nature of woman was assumed as a matter of course, but at the same time it was perceived that her loveliness and seductiveness were irresistible. This perception led naturally to an inverted theology in which the powers of evil, being stronger than those of good, — for was not woman there to prove it? — became the logical object of propitiation.

And the artist, of course, has always known that his self-preservation — as an artist — depends on his consenting to let himself be ravaged, perhaps destroyed in the end, by the fatal gift of beauty to which he humbly dedicates himself. His fate is one more secular fulfillment of the ancient paradox which decrees that whosoever will lose his life for the sake of some extra-personal reality, the same shall find his life and live it more abundantly.

III

Thus some few vagaries of man's age-old insistence on woman's chief lack. No more is needed to signify that the point of departure in man's past reasoning about woman has been his assumption that she was constitutionally deprived of an important organ which man himself possessed — to wit, a soul. Sir Austin quite earnestly meant that women do not have souls, that it will be a long time before they acquire them, and that their lack of souls is chiefly what is the matter with them.

But Sir Austin was less numerously agreed with in his own generation than in any preceding it. For during the short century after 'sensibility' came, first as an experience and then as a cult, denial of the feminine soul began to have a rather reactionary sound.

Women were exposing their souls with a vengeance; even everybody's everyday parlance was aware of it. It took courage to deny the feminine soul when the years of Victoria's reign were few!

And now — it is universally conceded at last that woman has a soul, that she is a person. Whatever is the matter with her, it is not her non-possession of a soul. To the old question various answers are propounded; for it is still widely credited that, of all organisms, woman is the most obdurate against the civilizing process. But most of the answers are a generation wide of the mark now. The true answer is of so astounding a simplicity that hardly anyone sees it at all, or, seeing it, will say so.

The matter with woman — only she is at long last getting over it — is not that she lacks a soul: it is merely that she *has* one. She has had it for a long time, far longer than man has; she is its originator and first possessor.

The fable of the garden, the woman, the serpent, the tree, and the man has been persistently misread throughout these several millennia past. The fable is really, of course, not history, but prophecy, as we can readily enough see now that the prophecy is by way of being fulfilled. It is a fable of the origin of souls. The serpent, whose name is Sentimentalism, accosts the woman — because she is the more curious, the more daring, and vastly the stronger underneath her disarming show of weakness — and seduces her with the promise of a strange new power: the power to have, to do, and to be whatever she wills, by the simple expedient of perfectly believing in her heart that she already has it or does it or is it. In other words, he offers her a soul. Being after all but human, even though woman, she cannot resist such a lure. She partakes of the fruit of the tree, enjoys it in secret, and wields to

her heart's content the extraordinary power which it gives her. Perfect belief in herself has made her omnipotent. Astutely, she never allows her omnipotence to become manifest: she simply uses it.

But — here the curtain falls on a lapse of ages — there comes at length the whisper of another voice in her ear; a voice more subtle than that of Sentimentalism itself. 'Don't you think,' says Irony, 'that all this omnipotence is getting to be a trifle wearisome? Really, now, don't you confess to being the least bit bored with this constant monotony of power? Don't you, sometimes, begin to feel envious of man and wish you could be in his place, instead of having your own way all the time? Consider, now, what a novel and thrilling experience it might be, for a change, to feel yourself weak and helpless, as man is!'

Again she listens, is tempted, and yields. The outcome is of the simplest possible inevitability. She rids herself of her superior power, her ability to make anything whatever true just by believing it — her soul, in fine. She rids herself of it by wishing it upon man. Henceforth it is he who complacently suffers the affliction of a soul, while she becomes as innocent and soulless as when she had just come from the hands of her Maker.

Her first notable attempt to make man a present of the soul of which she had grown weary came about the age of chivalry. It was only a half-hearted attempt: even the timid masculine resistance which followed, in the age of gallantry, sufficed to postpone her success.¹ Her next expedient was more

¹ The argument here confesses that it owes something to Mr. James Branch Cabell, whose various books — notably *Chivalry*, *Gallantry*, *The Line of Love*, *The Certain Hour*, and *Beyond Life* — would still be worth consulting as social philosophy, even if they had much less to do with literature. — THE AUTHOR.

subtly dangerous than the first. It took the form of 'sensibility,' which was at bottom simply an attempt, by parading her soul, exhibiting it in excess, to make man enviously wish to get it away from her. The rise of science spoiled her game this time, as the reaction of gallantry had done before. But there will be no withstanding her third and final attempt — the process of whose triumph the world is now witnessing. For there is nothing subtle about this latest attempt. It has the merit of absolute frankness — as its enemies say, of brazen frankness. Woman has served notice that she is done with souls and illicit powers, and that she purposes henceforth to make a brave and hearty adventure of life, as only the weak can do. She flatly renounces her old omnipotence. If man chooses to take up with souls, that is man's affair; but she will have nothing more to do with them.

Well — our revised version has the merit of reaffirming some notorious facts, besides that of challenging some notorious delusions. Sentimentalism, it justly appears, is the father of all devils. Souls are original and ultimate sin. The time-honored instinct which identifies woman, not man, with the deepest depths of depravity has thus a historic sanction, — woman really was the original sentimentalist, — only the notion has persisted in survival of the facts which justified it. The ancient superstition that woman lacked a soul, whereas man possessed one, appears as the hollow make-believe it really was. Modern woman, as is now generally conceded, is developing the trenchant gift of irony. These considerations are all implicit in the fable.

Finally, our revised version disposes of the shallow guess that modern woman's revolt is a revolt for power. It is a revolt *from* power, and to weakness. The New Eve does not want to rule

the world: that is what she has just become tired of doing. She wants, not to succeed, but to strive; to be the power behind her own actions instead of the power behind the throne. She is simply going to be as man lately was: that is, an ineffectual weak being, playing against enormous odds a game of some seeming importance — and playing it, not with loaded dice or stacked cards, but with a candid recognition of all the hazards incident to it.

Souls are, then, not good things, but evil; in their net effect on modern civilization, the most evil of all possible things. Whatever fosters and encourages them merits destruction. Whatever tends to check their ravages or curtail their power ought to be applauded, hymned in art, subsidized by the state.

Certain of us, even otherwise moderately sane persons, have gone into a panic about Bolshevism. Is there any Bolshevism? Much of the red radicalism, we know, is nothing but yellow journalism. Nearly all of the Bolshevik terrors in America, and a great proportion of those in Europe, exist only in the columns of daily journals, and their sole sustenance is printers' ink and popular timidity. Perhaps — it is a sobering thought — there is no such thing as Bolshevism! The fact is, we squander our time and nervous energy ranting against Bolsheviks when we ought to be ranting against souls.

For no one has any doubt of *their* existence. They are assuredly no figment of newspaperdom. They and their works we have always with us. They swarm about us unchecked and unrebuked, with all their scarlet sins upon them. There is no deliverance save downright annihilation of them — and that can be only through a long, slow growth. Before any such consummation of well-being can have occurred, they may have wrought even greater

disasters than their masterpiece of the years just gone. For souls, whatever their incidental usefulness may have been in times past, are now the great menace. If we as a race want to be saved, the first thing for us to do — this I would not say irreverently — is to pray destruction upon our own souls.

IV

Before we proceed, it is as well to attempt some definition of this primitive organ evolved by womankind, discarded by her at length in the prosecution of her greatest experiment, and now adopted, fatuously, by man.

Its central principle will have been suggested pretty explicitly in the foregoing. A soul is the power to substitute one's own hopes and wishes for objective fact; to live among them and work with them and make them produce substantial consequences just as if they *were* objective fact. It has a kinship with the hypocrisy which deceives, not others, but one's self; it has likewise a kinship with mere emotionalism, as contrasted with honest emotion and sentiment. But it is more than these, as the whole is more than any of its parts. Soul is the offspring of sentimentalism by egoism; its moral cousins are smugness and sham and platitude and cant, the officious zeal of the uplifter and the self-righteousness of the Pharisee; its legitimate children — and these are what most crushingly condemn it — are such things as parental tyranny and political muddle and the persecution of minorities, the denial of reality and the denial of liberty. For the only reality which the soul knows is that of its own desires, which it propounds as immutable laws; and the only liberty which it knows is the liberty of all and sundry to conform to its dictates or suffer the consequences of not conforming. It speaks

with the voices of tradition and convention, using these as a censorship, and never comprehending the true utility of either. It is the deadly antithesis of humor, as of irony — which is only humor in fighting accoutrements and with its back to the wall. And the last word of the soul's wisdom is the hatefulness and immorality of change.

Must we not confess that it is this very spirit which seems, latterly, to rule the affairs of man and of man's world? The masculine part of the race has indeed come into its soulage. Listen where you will, among the discussed affairs of significant individuals, parties, sects, societies, nations, alliances, ententes: in every single representative voice, the deepest note heard, the fundamental at the very base of whatever complexity of overtones, is this unctuous note of soulfulness. Morally speaking, the comings and goings of all officialdom carry, for herald and valediction, a silken rustle of petticoats.

It seems an ungracious attitude, this imputation that our lives, our destinies, our makings of war and peace, our daily bread, and our eternal well-being, are in the hands and at the mercy of creatures who, esteeming themselves men, show nevertheless in their actual behavior a consummation of all the qualities lately attributed to maiden aunts. That emperors, kings, regents, presidents, governors, cabinet ministers, mayors, judges, legislators, educators, deans, and superintendents are at bottom simply a powerful ruling class composed of elderly women, not to say old maids — it is a dismaying thought, not to be faced by the boldest without a shudder. Besides, one has the feeling that in a world which still pretends to esteem virility, all these trousered effeminates may not just exactly like to be so thought of.

And yet, to see the truth about the mighty ones, recognizing their exact

resemblances to our poor selves, is a most salutary and necessary move in the war against souls. For, mark you, it is nothing other than the soul in ourselves which bids us be awed by dignities and dignitaries. If we allow ourselves to be imposed upon by the soulful great, we simply spread the corrosion. The soul in us would eagerly shield us from the dire perception that these great ones of earth are made of the very stuff of our own acknowledged littleness. We must see that pretentious notables belong to the soulful sex, on pain of demonstrating by our blindness that we belong to it ourselves.

When we look about among present realities for illustration, the difficulty is merely what to choose from the throng. But suppose we begin, quite arbitrarily, with Germany.

Professor L. P. Jacks has made an analytic study of the German disposition and decided that its central impulse is cruelty. With all deference to this high authority, whose judgments elsewhere it is nearly always possible to hear with enthusiasm, a more searching analysis, while verifying the cruelty, denies that it is central. What is really so, and has been ever since the youthful Schiller thought he was writing 'philosophical' poems, is the German sentimentalism, sentimental egoism, egoistic emotionalism — in a word, soul. The staggering horrors committed in Belgium are an awful indictment of the German, but not a basic indictment. The basic indictment of the German, and the ultimate explanation of his cruelty, is that he weeps over nothing in particular when he is drunk. And, of course, what he expresses then, he feels at other times. He is susceptible to emotions, and in love with his own susceptibility. Behind all his pretended application of science and merciless logic, he commits certain acts simply that certain emotions may follow. He

is a betrayer in love, that he may wallow in remorse and admire himself for feeling it. He is a tyrant in marriage and paternity, that he may intensify the worship of his own power or magnanimity.

It is high time to point out that his abominations in Flanders must have resulted from a skein of motives, the very least thread of which was the primitive savagery of, say, the Cossacks in East Prussia. There was pure self-hatred in it, for one thing. Many a man has kicked a dog — but it was always himself, not the dog, that he hated. He did it to make himself more hateful, that he might hate himself the more. The Germans murdered babies and old men to prove to themselves that in their capacity for fiendishness they were superhuman. And of course, having such a motive for frightfulness, they could succeed only in proving themselves pitifully and shockingly human. They committed horrors because they drew the sustenance of self-flattery from their consequent self-hatred and remorse and — actually — pity for the victim. All these perverted emotions are by-products of inordinate self-worship. The moral effect of ruthlessness on the enemy was a nominal excuse. The genuine reason, however unconsciously, could have been nothing other than the moral effect on the Germans themselves. There are a thousand captured documents to prove all this. Moreover, the modern history of Germany, the whole cultus of Prussianism and Junkerdom, is a product, not of cruelty, not even of unscrupulous greed, — these are merely the betraying symptoms, — but of sentimental bathos. Germany is a nation of souls.

If anyone imagines that this is a less damning charge than cruelty, his is to a nicety the Prussian point of view of the matter, and he needs to beware of his own soul.

V

But it is not too helpful to dwell long on the shortcomings of our late enemies. To specialize in denunciation of others and spare ourselves the scourge is, in fact, one of the chief temptations to which the possession of souls exposes us. There is, after all, nothing dutiable about the Prussian faults, and no candid person really supposes that the Prussian soul and its fruits are delimited by a territorial frontier.

He who is sincerely willing to document the soul and its ardors may well pause to study the still unfinished machinations of the Peace Conference. He will patiently contrast the promises of the Armistice with the performance of the Treaty. He will trace the vicissitudes of the Fourteen Points, — ‘four more than the Lord Himself was able to think of,’ as M. Clemenceau is rumored, no doubt apocryphally, to have remarked, — and observe how those famous dicta ‘vanished in the final League of Nations,’ as Mr. William Dean Howells has lately put it. He will also admire the dexterity of our choice among the Fourteen whenever the limpid moral principle tried to crowd into the same channel with the muddy material interest. Especially will he note the exquisite deftness of our juggling with the two principles of self-determination and reparation. He will review the exalted idealism of our professions the while we girded ourselves for the struggle, and match it against the outcome, including the indeterminate but considerable number of wars now raging, the multiplicity of territorial squabbles, the absence of real peace anywhere, the perceptible diminishment of that democracy whose safety was guaranteed by the shedding of blood, the capitalization by narrow and self-seeking parties of some great social and political issues arising out

of the war, the hopeless bafflement of our dealings with Russia and the quibblings and evasions resorted to for disguise of that bafflement — all these and many another perturbing aspect of the Great War and its outcome.

And, picking his way through the mist of discrepancies, ideals paltered with, high hopes thwarted or relinquished, heartening dreams proved illusory, he will come in the end to a square reckoning with just two realities, the cardinal realities of the present situation. The first is the aura of idealism and noble moralistic fervor which has been thrown round every one of these transactions, from least to greatest; the tapestry of splendid and god-like speech which has been woven to cover even the most barren square rod of soil ignobly bartered. The second is the absolute honesty with which all this idealism has been promulgated, by strictly representative men who had a burning and high-hearted faith in every word they said or signed, and who never once suspected that they were using faith and charity and justice and all the nobler aspirations of mankind as mere levers for helping themselves and their constituents to exactly what was wanted.

It would require no very cynical spectator to define political idealism as a handy weapon for diplomacy when no better serves, and political justice as an effective trick of propaganda. But there was no such cynicism in the minds of these men. They were enabled to accomplish what they would, because they believed in their own justice as unequivocally as they believed in their own astuteness, or the wickedness of their enemies.

That, you see, is what souls do. They enable you, through perfect belief in yourself, to erect the figments of your own desire into achievements just as tangible as though built on

solid reality. They work, they are the most feasible and frictionless way to get what you have made up your mind to have, regardless. And if they exist in sufficient numbers, there is nobody left — or, at any rate, nobody very well worth hearing — to plead the cause of reality at all.

But there is little room here to continue the chronicle of souls and their sinister operations. The nimble-witted reader will go on piecing it out in his own mind, almost literally to infinity, joining on bits from the most portentous public affairs and the most insignificant private ones, until he has reduced himself to the dismal conclusion that soul is the final arbiter of well-nigh everything that goes on. His quest will lead him behind a variety of hedges and into some odd by-paths. He will discover, for instance, that a whole volume could be written on how the souls of perfectly upright editorial staffs falsify the news in perfectly reputable daily journals — not on the editorial pages, but in the very news columns. Why, a whole essay could be written on how the news is every day partisanly edited by the skilled use of quotation marks that jeer and sting and insult and damn. The research cannot be prolonged without leading to a quaint disclosure about our courts of law, including some of the most eminent: namely, the innocent candor with which they apply their own prejudices to the adjudication of cases heard on appeal. If the previous finding be deemed subversive of some dearly regarded prejudice, it is promptly reversed on a broad foundation of principle. If, on the other hand, it appear as a reassertion of those prejudices, it is as promptly sustained on the ground that the process of reaching it was technically legal, no fundamental principle having been allowed to come within the jurisdiction of the

higher court. It will be further discovered that all political elections to office are won on terms which leave the losing two fifths or nine twentieths of the voting population in the position of anarchists, Bolsheviki, traitors, assassins of liberty, mortal enemies of law, order, and common decency — and that nobody is in the slightest degree perturbed, once the election is over, by this ostensible devotion to crime of something approaching one half the population.

Not the least interesting of these disclosures will be that those who, in ordinary business or statecraft, are always readiest to plead the virtue of the 'practical' compromise between principle and existing fact, those who are always promptest with a sneer for 'impractical' idealism — that these very persons are the first to take their unflinching stand on some bedrock of eternal principle as soon as there is any question of raising their taxes, or increasing their public responsibilities, or decreasing their private profits, or otherwise exposing them to material detriment. Nearly all of us are practical men when we stand to gain or win something, and men of unbending principle when we have to defend ourselves against the danger of loss. In fine, the soul will always contrive to eat its cake and have it too; it will always play the game on the time-honored feminine system of 'Heads I win, tails you lose.'

We live in the heyday of the trousered female. In all the attitudes hereinbefore described, a subtle listener will detect the very vibration of certain familiar and time-worn feminine utterances, long become the property of joke-smiths and no longer heard, perhaps, on feminine lips. '*This is so sudden!*' How should *she* know that her real thought is, 'I have been expecting this momentarily for weeks: why are you

so unaccountably tardy with your declaration?' '*It hurts me, my son, more than it does you,*' — or, in other words, 'I cannot help enjoying the exercise of my authority over you, and of my superior strength, and you shall find out that it does not pay to resist me.' '*I told you so!*' — that is to say, 'No one foresaw this, and it is as surprising to me as to anyone, but we *might* easily enough have foreseen it if we had not all been fools.'

The wife who proverbially censors her husband's mail and selects his stenographers is reincarnate in the spirit of diplomacy and in the national attitudes behind ententes and alliances. The hysteria of the feminine soul, its various nondescript abnormalities and 'delusions of persecution,' as the alienists call them, are exemplified again and again in the successive states of the public consciousness, and in the voices, newspapers, books, organizations which form and direct those states. Before these words are in print, the perfervidly patriotic souls of some few Americans — I add, absolutely without sarcasm, that their financial interests lie mostly south of the Rio Grande — may have got us embroiled in an idealistic war with Mexico. What an exhibit for the psychopathologist!

And invariably the theory that the female of the species is more deadly than the male finds its best illustration in the lately feminized male sex. For, it is worth while to reassert, representative man is becoming every bit as feminine as woman used to be, and much more conspicuously noxious in the employment of his feminine qualities, because the management of conspicuous affairs is still traditionally in his hands.

VI

Meanwhile, what of women?

It may as well be confessed at once

that no great change has so far taken place in the massed millions, the rank and file, of the sex. We continue to see them as one collective and rather inchoate lump. But the properties concededly latent in a very small amount of leaven are not to be overlooked. The leaven is actually at work, and in the only place where its functioning can avail: within the lump itself. As many women as ever may cling to their safe and soulful omnipo-tence, behind the walls of that peculiar domesticity in which nothing can ever happen to them except what happens in their imaginations; but there are more and always more women who find this ridiculous, insist on the opposite thing for themselves, and, within or without marriage, take life as a hazardous experiment, claiming no immunity from its hazards. Women writers may coo and gurgle as sentimentally as ever in the columns of those magazines which they edit, — magazines dedicated to marriage and motherhood, trousseaus and teething, — and which, one suspects, are subscribed to and read by the ever-increasing army of soulful males; but these women and their works are a butt of impish laughter to an impressive number of their unsouled sisters, and women become increasingly articulate in a new and non-sentimental vein made up of wit and energy and keenness — the masculine virtues of mind and style, applied in a feminine way.

It is, of course, among the possibilities that the great mass of women will lapse into hitherto undreamed-of abysses of soulfulness. If this occurs, it will be because the new tendencies at work among the sex will be counteracted by the disastrous spread of souls among men, for whom the old-fashioned woman admittedly exists and in whose approbation she basks. Men would prefer woman to remain a 'good

soul,' as we say, with tacit recognition that there is a sort of derogatory force in the word 'soul.' But it is far likelier — all signs, indeed, pointing the same way — that the tendencies now at work will culminate in a strikingly different type of woman. She will possess the masculine qualities of mind and temper, but she will apply them, as I have just put it, in a purely feminine way. A rational creature, she will reason more quickly than man; not less accurately, but more nervously; not in the syllogisms of formal logic, but with the intuitive grasp of things which enables the artist, for example, to reach, across gaps and elisions of process, exactly the right conclusion. She is to be, this New Woman, the most perfect blend of sensibility and sense yet produced, and, as such, the goal and paragon of an evolutionary process which has already turned out a race of no mean spiritual and intellectual capacity.

Not strangely, it is in the craft of literature, and especially in fiction, that this creature — or, if you prefer, her shadowy prototype — has become most manifest. Not that she is confined to literature: one may instance, hurriedly and in passing, so able a scientific sociologist as Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons. And, astonishingly, the British House of Commons is lately invaded by a woman not unlikely, if report be truthful, to ask such inconvenient and realistic questions as threaten embarrassment and self-consciousness to the soul of British officialdom. However that may be, it is certain that the art of the novel has had accretions from the hands of a group of Englishwomen — some of them preposterously young in years, and all of them in spirit — who possess exactly our postulated blend of sensibility with discrimination. It suffices to mention the bare names of Rebecca West, E. M. Delafield, Sheila Kaye-

Smith, Dorothy Richardson, Elinor Mordaunt, Clemence Dane. Each of these has the air of being in conscious rebellion against a world of men and women which one can only describe as fetid with femaleness. It is not necessary here to estimate the appearance of this group in letters. But it seems quite certain that its appearance in society is a portent of magnitude.

The interesting question for the future is whether such women, once they have become as impressive in numbers as in dynamic qualities, are going to rule the world; in other words, whether the New Eve without a soul is to prove herself stronger than the Old Adam with his newly acquired soul. A soul is no negligible advantage in the struggle for supremacy. It is already shown to have given women whatever mastery they willed, in defiance of all reason and reality, and it is now doing the same for man, with disastrous consequences to the world at large. But are the sexes equal, barring this matter of the soul? Have not women always had, latently, a superior capacity for realism? In occasional startling flashes of illumination, between their long nights of sentimentality, have not women made shrewder appraisals of fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers, sons, than any mortal man has ever made of mothers, wives, sisters, sweet-hearts, daughters? It is a question to ask, not answer: the answer is the future's.

But it is a very momentous question. For on it hinges the whole problem whether, for the first time in the history of created things, reality is to prove

itself stronger than illusion, and plain acceptance of the facts of life a more workable philosophy than the repeating of charms and catchwords and half-comprehended echoes. Perhaps, after all, romantic self-deception is the eternal law, and the only basis on which anything can ever substantially succeed. We do not know, for the reason that nothing else has ever been tried in competition with it. Perhaps the New Woman is only a sort of artist, existing for a moment's travail over a new beauty which can never be brought forth, or which, if it were brought forth, we should at once cast negligently aside, keeping all things just as they were before. Or perhaps she is not so much an artist as an object of art — an isolated and perverse masterpiece composed by the Author of Souls in order to mock the soulful (after the ironic fashion of gods) with tantalizing glimpses of that perfection which is not to be. Toward these matters, mere man must for the present make a virtue of neutral spectatorship. But it is his privilege to hope that the schedule of the universe involves the creation of a finer type of human being than has yet existed, somewhat according to the stages set forth in Meredith's poem of *Earth and Man*; and that the present changes which seem to be crystallizing in womankind are a groping progress toward this achievement.

Anyway, it is clear that Sir Austin Feverel was right, in a sense as remote as possible from his intention. The New Eve *will* be the last thing civilized by man. If you have any doubt of that, all you need do is ask her.

THE CHEERFUL CLAN

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

Now that the Great War is a thing of the past, there is no longer any need to be cheerful. For years a valorous gayety has been the rôle assigned us. For years we struck a hopeful note, whether it rang true or false. For years the plight of the world was so desperate that we dared not look straight ahead, lest the spectre of a triumphant Germany smite us blind. Confronted with a ruthlessness which threatened to extinguish the liberties and decencies of civilization, we simply had to cast about us for a wan smile to hide from apprehensive eyes the trouble of our souls.

Now the beast of militarism has been chained, and until it is strong enough to break its fetters (which should be a matter of years), we can breathe freely, and try to heal our hurt. True, there is trouble enough on every side to stock a dozen worlds. The beauty of France has been unspeakably defiled. The heart of Belgium has been pierced. The flower of British youth has perished. Italy's gaping wounds have festered under a grievous sense of wrong. Russia seethes with hatred and strife. In this country we see on the one hand a mad welter of lawlessness, idleness, and greed; and, on the other, official extravagance, administrative weakness, a heavy, ill-considered burden of taxation, and shameless profiteering. Our sense of proportion has been lost, and with it our power of adjustment. We are Lilliput and Brobdingnag jumbled up together,

which is worse than anything Gulliver ever encountered.

But this displacement of balance, this unruly selfishness, is but the inevitable result of the world's great upheaval. It represents the human rebound from high emotions and heavy sacrifices. The emotions and the sacrifices have met their reward. Germany cannot — for some time to come — spring at our throat. If we fail to readjust our industries on a paying basis, we shall, of course, go under, and lose the leadership of the world. But we shall not be kicked under by the Prussian boot.

Therefore cheerfulness is no longer obligatory. We can shut the door in the faces of its professional purveyors — who have been making a good thing of it — and look with restful seriousness upon the mutability of life. Our intelligence, so long insulted by the sentimental inconsistencies which are the text of the Gospel of Gladness, can assert its right of rejection. The Sunshine School of writers has done its worst, and the fixed smile with which it regards the universe is as offensive as the fixed smile of chorus-girls and college presidents, of débutantes and high officials, who are photographed for the Sunday press, and who all look like advertisements of dentifrice.

Popular optimism — the kind which is hawked about like shoe-strings — is the apotheosis of superficiality. The obvious is its support, the inane is its ornament. Consider the mental atti-

tude of a writer who does not hesitate to say in a perfectly good periodical, — which does not hesitate to publish his words, — ‘Nothing makes a man happier than to know that he is of use to his own time.’ Only in a sunburst of cheerfulness could such a naked truism be shamelessly exposed. I can remember that, when I was a child, statements of this order were engraved in neat script on the top line of our copy-books. But it was understood that their value lay in their chirography, in the unapproachable perfection of every letter, not in the message they conveyed. Our infant minds were never outraged by seeing them in the authority of print. Those were serious and self-respecting days, when no one sent our mothers a calendar with three hundred and sixty-five words of cheer, designed to jack up the lowered morale of the family. The missionary spirit was at work then as now; but it mostly dropped tracts on our doorstep, reminding us that we might be in hell before to-morrow morning.

The gayety of life is a saving grace, and high spirits are more than the appanage of youth. They represent the rebound of the resilient soul from moods of dejection, and it is their transient character which makes them so infectious. Landor’s line, —

That word, that sad word, Joy, —

is manifestly unfair. Joy is a delightful, flashing little word, as brief as is the emotion it conveys. We all know what it means, but nobody dares to preach it, as they preach three-syllabled cheerfulness, and gladness, which once had a heroic sound, the ‘gladness that hath favour with God,’ but which is now perilously close to slang. The early Christians, who had on a large scale the courage of their convictions, found in their faith sufficient warrant for content. They seem to have lived and

died with a serenity, a perfect good humor, which is the highest result of the best education. But when Mr. Shaw attempted to elucidate in *Androcles and the Lion* this difficult and delicate conception, he peopled his stage with Pollyannas, who voiced their cheerfulness so clamorously that they made persecution pardonable. No public could be expected to endure such talk when it had an easy method of getting rid of the talkers.

The leniency of the law now leaves us without escape. We cannot throw our smiling neighbors to the lions, and they override us in what seems to me a spirit of cowardly exultation. Female optimists write insufferable papers on ‘Happy Hours for Old Ladies,’ and male optimists write delusive papers on ‘Happiness as a Business Asset.’ Reforming optimists who, ten years ago, bade us rejoice over the elimination of war, — ‘save on the outskirts of civilization,’ — now bid us rejoice over the elimination of alcohol, — save on the tables of the rich. Old-fashioned optimists, like Mr. Horace Fletcher, put faith in the ‘benevolent intentions’ of nature—nature busy with the scorpion’s tail. New-fashioned optimists like Professor Ralph Barton Perry (who may not know how optimistic he is) put faith in the mistrust of nature which has armed the hands of men. Sentimental optimists, the most pervasive of the tribe, blur the fine outlines of life, to see which clearly and valorously is the imperative business of man’s soul.

For the world of thought is not one whit more tranquil than the world of action. The man whose ‘mind to him a kingdom is’ wears his crown with as much uneasiness as does a reigning monarch. Giordano Bruno, who had troubles of his own, and who knew by what road they came, commended ignorance as a safeguard from melancholy. If, disregarding this avenue of

escape, we look with understanding, and sometimes even with exhilaration, upon the portentous spectacle of life; if we have tempers so flawless that we can hold bad hands and still enjoy the game; then, with the sportsman's relish, will come the sportsman's reward, a reward, be it remembered, which is in the effort only, and has little to do with results.

The generous illusions which noble souls like Emerson's have cherished undismayed are ill-fitted for loose handling. Good may be the final goal of evil, but if we regard evil with a too sanguine eye, it is liable to be thrown out of perspective. In the spring of 1916, when the dark days of the war were upon us, and the toll of merchant ships grew heavier week by week with Germany's mounting contempt for admonitions, I heard a beaming gentleman point out to a large audience, which tried to beam responsively, that the 'wonderful' thing about the contest was the unselfish energy it had awakened in the breasts of American women. He dwelt unctuously upon their relief committees, upon the excellence of their hospital supplies, upon their noble response to the needs of humanity. He repeated a great many times how good it was for *us* to do these things. He implied, though he did not say it in rude words, that the agony of Europe was nicely balanced by the social regeneration of America. He was a sentimental Rochefoucauld, rejoicing, without a particle of guile, that the misfortunes of our friends had given us occasion to manifest our friendship.

II

It has often been asserted that unscrupulous optimism is an endearing trait; that the world loves it even when forced to discountenance it; and that 'radiant' people are personally and perennially attractive. Mr. Robert

Louis Stevenson said something of this kind, and his authority is invoked by sentimentalists who compile calendars, and birthday books, and texts to encumber our walls. They fail to distinguish the finely tempered spirit which carried Mr. Stevenson over the stony places of life, and which was beautiful beyond measure (the stones being many and hard), from the inconsequent cheerfulness which says that stones are soft. We cannot separate an author from his work, and nowhere in Stevenson's books does he guarantee anything more optimistic than courage. The triumph of evil in *Thravn Janet*, the hopelessness of escape from heredity in *Olalla*, the shut door in *Markheim*, the stern contempt in *A Lodging for the Night*, the inextinguishable and unpardonable hatreds in *The Master of Ballantrae*, even the glorious contentiousness of *Virginibus Puerisque* — where in these masterful pages are we invited to smile at life? We go spinning through it, he admits, 'like a party for the Derby.' Yet 'the whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin.'

This is a call for courage, for the courage that lay as deep as pain in the souls of Stevenson, and Johnson, and Lamb. The combination of a sad heart and a gay temper, which is the most charming and the most lovable thing the world has got to show, gave to these men their hold upon the friends who knew them in life, and still wins for them the personal regard of readers. Lamb, the saddest and the gayest of the three, cultivated sedulously the little arts of happiness. He opened all the avenues of approach. He valued at their worth a good play, a good book, a good talk, and a good dinner. He lived in days when occasional drunkenness failed to stagger humanity, and when roast pig was within the income of an

East India clerk. He had a gift, subtle rather than robust, for enjoyment, and a sincere accessibility to grief. His words were unsparing, his actions kind. He binds us to him by his petulance as well as by his patience, by his entirely human revolt from dull people and tiresome happenings. He was not one of those who

. . . lightly lose
Their all, yet feel no aching void.
Should aught annoy them, they refuse
To be annoyed.

On the contrary, the whimsical expression of his repeated annoyance is balm to our fretted souls.

For the friend whom we love is the friend who gets wet when he is rained on, who is candid enough to admit failure, and courageous enough to mock at it. When Jane Austen wrote to her sister that she did not have a very good time at a party, because men were disposed not to ask her to dance until they could not help it, she did more than make Cassandra smile: she won her way into the hearts of readers for whom that letter was not meant. We know the 'radiant' people to whom all occasions are enjoyable, who intimate — with some skill, I confess — that they carry mirth and gayety in their wake. They are capable of describing a Thanksgiving family dinner as mirthful because they were participants. Not content with a general profession of pleasure in living, 'which is all,' says Mr. Henry Adams, 'that the highest rules of good breeding should ask,' they insist upon the delightfulness of a downcast world, and they offer their personal sentiments as proof.

Dr. Johnson's sputtering rage at the happy old lady is the most human thing recorded of his large and many-sided humanity. A great thinker who confronted life with courage and understanding was set at naught, and, to speak truth, routed, by an unthinking,

but extremely solid, asseveration. And after all, the old lady was not calling for recruits, she was merely stating a case. Miss Helen Keller, in a book called *Optimism*, says very plainly that if she, a blind, deaf mute, can be happy, everyone can achieve happiness. Now there is not a decent man or woman in the country who will not be glad to know that Miss Keller is, as she says she is, happy; but this circumstance does not affect the conditions of life, as measured by all who meet them. The whole strength of the preaching world has gone into optimism, with the result that it has reached a high place in man's estimation, and is always spoken of with respect. Even the *Atlantic Monthly* gave us a Christmas sermon on the pursuit, and — if we can lightly pardon the unpardonable — the capture of happiness.

Are we then so sunk in dejection, so remote from the splendid and unconscious joy which the struggle for life gave to the centuries that are over? Time was when men needed the curb, and not the spur, in that valorous contention. 'How high the sea of human delight rose in the Middle Ages,' says Mr. Chesterton, 'we know only by the colossal walls they built to keep it within bounds.' Optimism was as superfluous as meliorism when the world was in love with living, when Christianity preached penance and atonement for sin, striving by golden promises and direful threats to wean man from that unblessed passion, to turn the strong tide of his nature back from the earth that nourished it. There was never but one thorough-going optimist among the Fathers of the Church, and that was Origen. He too preached pardon for the unpardonable, and looked forward confidently to the final conversion of Satan. His attitude was full of nobleness because he had suffered grievously at the heathen's

hands; but not even by the alchemy of kindness is evil transmutable to good.

The Stoics, who proposed that men should practise virtue without compensation, were logically unassailable, but not persuasive to the average mind. It does not take much perspicuity to distinguish between an agreeable and a disagreeable happening, and once the difference is perceived, no argument can make them equally acceptable. 'Playing at mummies is one thing,' says the sapient tanner in Kenneth Grahame's *Headswoman*, 'and being executed is another. Folks ought to keep them separate.' On the other hand, the assurance of the Epicureans that goodness and temperance were of value because they conduced to content was liable to be set aside by the man who found himself contented without them. 'The poor world, to do it justice,' says Mr. Gilbert Murray, 'has never lent itself to any such bare-faced deception as the optimism of the Stoics'; but neither are we disposed to recognize enlightened self-interest as a spiritual agency. It may perhaps be trusted to make a good husband or a good vestryman, but not a good human being.

A highly rational optimist, determined to be logical at any cost, observed recently in a British review that sympathy was an invasion of liberty. 'If I must sorrow because another is sorrowing, I am a slave to my feelings, and it is best that I shall be slave to nothing. Perfect freedom means that I am able to follow my own will, and my will is to be happy rather than to be sad. I love pleasure rather than pain. Therefore, if I am moved to sorrow against my will, I am enslaved by my sympathy.'

This is an impregnable position. It is the old, old philosophy of the cold heart and the warm stomach. I do not say that it is unwise. I say only that it is unlikely.

For our quarrel with Christian Science is, not that it prefers Mrs. Eddy to Æsculapius, or her practitioners to his practitioners; not that it sometimes puts us to shame by rising superbly above our froward nerves, and on less happy occasions denies the existence of a cold which is intruding itself grossly upon the senses; but that it exempts its followers from legitimate pity and grief. Only by refusing such exemption can we play our whole parts in the world. While there is a wrong done, we must admit some measure of defeat; while there is a pang suffered, we have no right to unflawed serenity. To cheat ourselves intellectually in order that we may save ourselves spiritually is unworthy of the creature that man is meant to be.

And to what end? Things are as they are, and no amount of self-deception makes them otherwise. The friend who is incapable of depression depresses us as surely as the friend who is incapable of boredom bores us. Somewhere in our hearts is a strong, though dimly understood, desire to face realities, and to measure consequences, to have done with the fatigue of pretending. It is not optimism to enjoy the view when we are treed by a bull: it is philosophy. The optimist would say that being treed was a valuable experience. The disciple of gladness would say it was a pleasurable sensation. The Christian Scientist would say there was no bull, though remaining — if he were wise — on the tree-top. The philosopher would make the best of a bad job, and seek what compensation he could find. He is of a class apart.

If, as scientists assert, fear is the note which runs through the universe, courage is the unconquerable beat of man's heart. A 'wise sad valor' won the war, at a cost we do well to remember; and from unnumbered graves comes a stern reminder that the world can hold

wrongs which call for such a righting. We for whom life has been made, not safe, but worth the living, can now afford *le bel sérieux* which befits the time and occasion. When preachers cease pointing out to us inaccessible routes to happiness, we may stop the chase long enough to let her softly overtake us. When the Gospellers of Gladness free us of their importunities, our exhausted spirits may yet revive to secret hours of mirth. When we frankly abandon an attitude of cheerfulness,

our Malvolio smile may break into sudden peals of laughter.

What have we gained from the past six years if not zest for the difficulties and dangers ahead of us? What lesson have we learned but intrepidity? The noble Greek lines upon a drowned seaman sound in our ears, and steady us to action:—

A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast,
Bids you set sail.
Full many a gallant bark, when he was lost,
Weathered the gale.

'BEAUTY IS GATHERED LIKE THE RAIN ON HILLS'

BY DOROTHY LEONARD

BEAUTY is gathered like the rain on hills:

Here sinking into reservoirs of moss,

Whose beryl stars are guardians of loss,

And there a cowslip-hidden pool it fills.

Or if, uncisterned by the earth, it spills

In thin cascades where staircased ledges cross

A lonely hill-road, careless, cold winds toss

Its spray on granite fields that no man tills.

Diminish as it may, or disappear

From barren pastures, beauty cannot fail

While there are crevices to drink its dew.

Following, following down, like springs in shale

Or vanished old sea-sand, it filters through

Lost littorals of dream, and issues clear.

EDUCATION FOR INDIVIDUALITY

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

THERE is a little bay in one of the rooms of our house, the width of a window, the depth of a child's crib, which, in the blue print, was for the baby. The young couple who built this house had right intentions in the blue print. They told the architect what to do, and he did it; but the young pair weakened and kept a bureau in the little bay instead. That couple belong to the passing generation. They built at a time when at least one window in a house of forty was still dedicated to the chance of children; whereas my generation has become altogether practical, clearly recognizing in the blue print the greater convenience of bureaus. If children come, as they do sometimes, it is quite by accident; and you build hospitals for accidents. In short, accidents ultimately are a charge on the general public, to be provided for out of the public funds.

The public machinery for saving parents from their children approaches perfection. When some mechanical contrivance is found for manufacturing babies, the public will then have assumed the entire child-responsibility. At the present time a public something or somebody,—crèche, or nurse, 'home'-kindergarten, cradle-roll, scout-master, camp, or school,—attends the babe from birth straight through to business, or début—where a public caterer provides the refreshment, a public orchestra the music, a public house the ballroom, and only the gen-

eral public is lacking to complete what, since the christening, has been a public affair.

On my daily in-and-out-of Boston I pass the Y.M.C.A., the Huntington School, the Forsyth Dental Infirmary for school-children, the Children's Hospital, Miss Winsor's school for girls, the Boston School of Physical Education, Saint Joseph's Industrial School, the Blind Babies' Home, the Little Wanderers' Home, a great parochial school, the Milton Academy for boys, the same for girls, the Quincy Boy-Scout Headquarters, a public playground, two or three kindergartens, several Sunday schools, and public schools at every turn—signs of the public's determination to stand *in loco parentis*; some of it for necessary public ends, but much of it a poor public substitute for parents and private homes. Along the roads I dodge little groups of children forced into the edge of the honking swirl to play, father and mother forsaking them, and the courts and the A.L.A. taking them up.

Most parents provide for their children; some take personal care of their children; but few indeed are they who can be forced to take any part in the education of their children, education having become the business of schools, a factory process, turned over entirely to the public. Here and there is a sublime parent who plods doggedly over the alphabet and the algebra, getting an education for himself at this late

day; but such are rare, the run of parents putting their babes into the kindergarten or some other educational incubator, while they themselves slip off the educational nest like cuckoos and cowbirds.

Much in our education is conventional and universal, calling for drill, efficient school-drill; many of the movements of education are mechanical mass actions, which require training by squads and companies, like soldiers. All the social aspects of education, all the togetherness of it, can nowhere be had so well as in school. And this is a very essential part of education. The professional teacher is no hireling. He is a necessary member of society, an indispensable factor in general intelligence, and so holds in his (or her) hand the very fate of the world. No one can take the professional teacher's place, as no substitute can be found for the institution of the school. Parents and homes are not substitutes; nor, on the other hand, in a complete education, — an education for individuality, — are professional teachers and schools a real substitute for parents and homes.

If education for democracy is understanding based on common training and personal acquaintance in school, then education for individuality — a thing as elemental and personal as life itself — cannot possibly be the product of any school, but must begin, where individuality begins, in the cradle, finding its first and freest development in the home, the only institution of civilization devoted to the oneness of life as against life's many-ness. The class, the school, the group-idea, is a prime factor in education for democracy. Nothing better has been devised to this end than our common public schools.

But democracy is only a system of government, only a way of living, and not life itself. So here, in spite of my democracy, and the mingling mul-

titude, here am I, 'lone-wandering,' in endless search of myself. For æons I have been searching, from star to star down the ages, until I chanced this way, upon this daring experiment in democracy, which deeply interests me, and for the time delays me in my ceaseless search. I love the idea of democracy. I believe in liberty, equality, fraternity. I believe also in the divine right of kings; and if any kings were born unto my royal parents, or if any have been born unto me (as I suspect four have), then they must have their divine rights: must leave this crowd, this good, this necessary, this commonplace crowd, and wandering on with me, must search until each of us comes to the kingdom of his solitary soul.

I AM. If I live with ordinary people, God also dwells among them, there being no other sort. I am one of them. All I have, they give me. All they give me, I would give them back, and more. But giving them all I have still leaves me all I am. I cannot give this; they cannot receive it. I am that I am; as God is. And this essential self, this eternal I, cannot go with anybody to *school*.

II

Whatever leads me out, deepens, quickens, strengthens the personal, the peculiar in me, the *bent* of my nature, educates the individual in me. The school can develop what I have in common with others; what I am in myself will often be repressed, discouraged, defeated by school, unless I am more powerful than the machine, or find freedom or help from without. The most natural and powerful of these individualizing forces should be the home.

One of the insistent charges brought against the public school is that it ignores personality, hinders the brilliant,

and is attended by terrible risks — all of this because it is a *public* school. But these faults are neither public nor private — they are just *school*, any school, an inherent fault in the machine. Moreover, they are inherent in human nature, too — the risks, I mean. God planted three risks in Eden: Adam, Eve, and the Tree; and Eve had no choice but to take two of them! Risks have to be taken; and the sooner certain of them are taken, the better — while still holding little Eve's hand in your own, you can show her how, without shying or sighing, she can safely meet them. I am afraid of life's risks; but I am giving my children all the varieties of them found in the public schools, knowing that the best private school in the land has quite as choice a selection.

Just so I give them night air to breathe at night, it being the only kind there is at night; and a child cannot stop breathing because it is night. Children need risks as chickens need grit in their gizzards. The only way to save a child from risks is to forestall its being born. Once conceived, a child is little else than a risk; and when he starts to school he must be told of the risks, must be taught how to meet the risks, how even to risk the risks and to take life's daring chance. If there is an individualizing force, and one better than another in the whole school programme, it is the *risks* at school.

And as for the other charge against the public school, of hindering the brilliant and making for mediocrity — that is the fault of all schools, so far as it is true. It is largely false, however — pure academic talk, indeed, and flatly contradicted by human nature. Neither principalities nor faculties can seriously thwart the brilliant mind; and if personality so feeble were,

Heaven itself would stoop to her,

as Heaven has time and again, and as Heaven did in the original pattern of personality.

The public school does not recognize the brilliant mind as standard. But what other *school* does? Which is the All-Brilliant Boys' School? And does its headmaster still live? How I covet the headship of the All-Brilliant School, where nature breeds

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, — the intellectually overdone, the physically underdone, the morally undone, — prenatal freaks in need of a surgical operation, or, it may be, a term in jail! The All-Brilliant School is a reform school. The public school (the private school, too) must specialize in the average. The school has a mass work to do, a national function to perform — to educate for democracy; the education for individuality must be given us elsewhere, but not in any school. The terms are paradoxical. You can school the individual, but you cannot school individuality, either in a public, or in the most select of private schools. Individuality can be educated, but it cannot go to school.

Clearly recognizing the social and the individual ends of life, we as clearly recognize two principles in education — one making for social solidarity, the other for individuality. A true American education must realize the highest individuality, as well as the widest democracy. Dedicating the school to the ends of democracy, we shall find the education for individuality wherever we can. And we find it everywhere, but nowhere so close at hand, so early at work, and so powerfully at work, — if it works at all, — as in the home. Here the poet is born, and here, not in school, he is educated for poetry.

The precious, personal thing —

The soul that rises with us, our life's star, —
hath here, if anywhere, its rightful

place assigned it in the shining heavens. No school can do this. No school-teacher to the end of life's lessons has quite this celestial chance. Yet, beside the average home, the little red school-house, as an educational centre, looks like a university; and the average red-school-house teacher, poor as she is (and she is terribly poor), when put beside the average parent, is a teaching genius.

Life should be reconceived in terms of the child: our towns should be destroyed and built again for the child; houses torn out and made over for the child; home life reordered and adjusted to the child; marriage approached, and entered into, for the child; the very education of boys and girls to include the meaning of the child; and if it is a question which shall have the higher education, the boy or the girl, send the girl to college for the sake of the future child. I have said elsewhere that the hope of the race is in Eve — in her making the best she can of Adam; it would be truer to say, in her making the best she can of little Cain and Abel.

How small a learning, after all, it takes to teach the alphabet and the multiplication-table and the Bible! How much time it takes, though, and patience, and joy in your children, and love of learning! But not any more of love and joy and time than parents who take their children at par can afford to give them; nor more than we have actually given our children in our own home.

III

'Oh, your home is exceptional!' Our home is exceptional — it is servantless, and has been since the beginning of the war; it is so remote that I must rise at 5.30 A.M. to start the fire, in order to catch a train for Boston in time for my first lecture at 10 o'clock; and so excep-

tional is the place that, when I get home at night, I descend from my car, gaze out over the landscape, and exclaim, 'Mullein Hill, I am here!' Let no one tell me anything about this exceptional place or its exceptional inhabitants. I am tolerably well acquainted here; and I know that for glorious sunrises and inconveniences and ordinary folk this hilltop is positively unique.

Education never went forward under greater difficulties of this sort. Yet forward it has gone, steadily, the main thing of the day, the great circumstance of life. My part in it has been small: that of janitor, and school committee, and sometimes pupil, the teaching being largely done by the children's mother. Still, I am on the Faculty, and was present the day the systematic work was begun: the day the o'dest boy (he was five), seeing a picture of John Gilpin in the back of a magazine, asked who he was and where he was galloping. Down came the old leather-bound Cowper, and away went the five-year-old to Islington, to Edmon-ton and Ware, then short about, back over the road again, —

Nor stopped till where he had got up,
He once again got down.

Gilpin rode the Calender's horse that day. Neck and neck with him on Pegasus rode the boy, conscious for the first time in his small years of the swinging rhythm in the gait of the steed, and of the beat — the beat — of the golden hoofs.

Soon there was another five-year-old up behind his brother (now six); and with that we bought Pegasus, and gave him to the children — as good an investment as we ever made. None of our children lisped in numbers, and perhaps none of them will, but not for lack of poetry. Poets are born, of course, and are made after being born, too; but the real poet is something

more: he is, and was from the foundation, a preordained part of the divine scheme of things; but next to him, in the divine order, comes the lover of poetry. I agree with Dr. Arnold, the master of Rugby, that, if I could teach my boys but one thing, that thing should be poetry — to strengthen their imagination, to chasten their sensibilities, to quicken and deepen their emotions, to give them their glorious mother-tongue, and the language of real life, and the significance of real things — which is all ‘flub’ and ‘floating island’ to the ‘practical’ man.

‘John Gilpin’ was followed by ‘The First Snowfall,’ ‘To a Waterfowl,’ ‘The Death of the Flowers,’ ‘I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud,’ Addison’s Hymn, ‘Sir Patrick Spens,’ the First, Eighth, Twenty-third, and Twenty-fourth Psalms — all of them committed to memory; the Eighth Psalm, recited under the listening stars; ‘The Death of the Flowers,’ conned over and over as we tramped the naked woods in the gray melancholy of November.

All this time they were learning to read for themselves, chiefly with the fascinating pictures in the advertising ends of the magazines. Never was there a school primer that made words so compelling! The things to eat — cake all true to color, all cut and ready to pick off the plate; stuff to drink; things to wear; places to see; endless, wonderful! ‘What do the words say?’ was the constant duet. This was not ‘learning to read’ — it was eating and drinking, bathing, and climbing — living in words.

The teacher used any ‘method,’ and all methods (based on the phonetic), the eager minds grappling with the syllables in a catch-as-catch-can tussle for their tantalizing stories. That first reading lesson began with the pretty sounds, ‘Coca-Cola — as Refreshing as a Summer Breeze or a Dip

in the Sea’; and the next lesson was, ‘Peter’s Milk Chocolate, as High as the Alps in Quality’; and the delicious thing was done! They had learned to read, and were quickly at work with their new magic in ‘The Water Babies,’ their first reading-book. A few lines a day, reviewed the next day, with lines in advance, and soon the story was coming steadily, and faster and faster as the familiar word-faces multiplied toward the middle of the volume. What a delightful way to learn! And such a story! such a sermon! such a lot of fun! such sweet verses! such a truly great book, too! Then they did it over again; and later on, these two put the two younger boys through it, until Tom and Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came and joined our family.

Next it was *Mother Goose*, then Æsop ‘in the brave old seventeenth-century edition of Sir Roger L’Estrange,’ then Alice, then Pilgrim, then — I have lost count; but I know that right soon they were reading the *Æneid* in Mr. Harlan Hoge Ballard’s fine metrical translation; and with that their reading *lessons* were done.

But the *Æneid* was a summer’s work. Daily at ten they had their Virgil, reviewing the previous lesson, and reading ahead until the clock struck eleven. This, I think, has been one of their greatest educational experiences: the heroic story, the epic characters, the glorious poetry, the legend, the lore, the love of the past — all of it of incalculable worth.

Such reading is not for fact; it is for imagination and feeling. All great literature is simple enough for children, as easy to give them as *The Katzenjammer Kids*. Virgil is a noble book for children. A single incident from the reading will show the strong grip of the story.

Day after day, the reading had gone forward, and was now at the scene of

the fall of young Lausus, and the grief of his father Mezentius, who, staggering to his feet, mounted his strong steed, Rhœbus.

Round and round Æneas he rode, filling the shield of his enemy with a forest of lances, until the great Trojan, desperately pressed, suddenly burst from behind his shield upon Mezentius and —

‘Deep in the hollow skull of the horse he buried
a javelin, —

the steed, in its fall, pinning Mezentius to the earth, with Æneas, dagger drawn, triumphant over him. A mighty shout shakes all the battlefield. And then a hush! Mezentius is speaking: —

‘Why, cruel enemy, standest thou here with
threats and revilings?

I have no quarrel with death,’ —

when a smothered cry breaks in on the reading. With cheeks flushed, eyes wide with pity, and breath hardly more than sobs, they heard the fallen warrior ask: —

‘Grant that entombed by the side of my son, we
may slumber together,’ —

when a little hand crept out and covered the rest of the passage, a little head dropped weeping upon the table, while the other little listener, dry-eyed, slipped silently down from his seat and buried himself in the lap of his mother.

This was a deeply significant event in their education. They may not have been born poets; but the love of poetry was born in them with this experience, making them ready now for school, and even for college.

IV

I should like to name here many more of the things read in this creative fashion before the oldest boy was ten, when he and his brother began to go to school. Yet education is neither much

nor little, but the *Æneid*, — in this case, — or whatever awakes the soul to an immortal love, or possesses the mind of an immortal power, or gives the spirit, to have and to hold, an immortal truth.

The reading went on, a little every day, after school was begun; and during the summer vacation the old order was entirely resumed — a quiet steady push through the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Tanglewood Tales*, the *Wonder Book*, Gayley’s *Classic Myths*, *The Frogs* of Aristophanes (Murray’s translation), and many, many books besides; while still such reading was utterly unsuspected of being less real joy and boy-excitement than outdoor work or play.

Here I must touch upon another aspect of this phase of their education, — the daily reading aloud, — which went on with what I have just described, and which, so far as the children can remember, had no beginning, so early was it started.

A nap at noon allowed the boys to sit up until eight o’clock in the evening for this hour of out-loud reading. Their mother usually held the book. With faces scrubbed, each in his ‘bear-clothes’ and bath-robe, ready for bed, the four would range themselves in small chairs before the fire, listening, night after night, year after year, to story, poetry, history, biography, essay, travel, the *Atlantic*, the news of the day, until that evening hour had become as studded with shining books as the clear sky last night was studded with shining stars.

This calls for a desperately simple sort of life. A child, however, is a desperately simple sort of creature; and life is a rather desperate sort of thing, with or without children. Still, a good book is a good thing; and a man’s fireside in the country is a comfortable place; and four shiny-eyed

listeners, if they are little and chance to be your own, add a good deal to the book and the fragrant fire; while a good reader, if she loves reading aloud, and if she knows how to read aloud — I say that she also helps to rob the hour of its very desperate aspect.

It is impossible to catalogue here all these open-fire books — more poetry, story, history, biography, and nature than the children will get in college, or have time for after college, possibly. Yet it is not the many books, it is rather the kind of reading, that counts: for instance, Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, with its trip around the Horn; then Lewis and Clark's *Journal*, with the overland adventure down the Columbia; then Parkman's *Oregon Trail* and *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* — a more thrilling series for adventure than *Deadwood Dick*, or *The Bucket of Blood*, and for all that forms the vast and picturesque background of our American literature and history, a better course than they will ever have in college.

We no longer keep up the reading regularly; the cares of this world and college courses making short shift of that seven-to-eight hour; but the old habit is strong upon us, and all through this Christmas vacation we have nightly had the reading and the fire, and the same four boys, but bigger now, with tears of joy on their faces at the doings of Sam Weller and the Pickwickians.

Reading is not the whole of an education. You may not call it education at all, reserving that term for the 'prep'-school work! A love of such reading as is here indicated is something so vital, anyhow, that it will do for an education.

V

Early in education for individuality should come universal history. The child's mind is diagrammatic. It likes

beginnings and ends. It draws a map. It wishes things related, and all brought home to Hingham. This only means that the child first feels out itself, and tries to explain the world in terms of self. The study of history with little children is imperative.

Nothing in our home education is so simple or so suggestive as our work in history, which, like the reading, began very early — with a revolving globe of the world for geography, and with Swinton's *Outlines of the World's History* for story and chronology.

Starting from Hingham as their geographical centre, the children would follow on the globe a steamship line to London for John Gilpin's ride. This became a habit. Whatever study was going forward about the step-ladder table, there, among the closely crowded heads, was sure to be the revolving globe, with the geography of the situation — poem, or whatever it might be — before them: steamship routes as real as mountain ranges, Peking as near as Provincetown — the world never a flat map as it was to me, but a whole round sphere in this one globe, and an unbroken human story in this single book of Swinton's.

This study of Swinton was the beginning of their historical and political interests, and of their sense of the sequence, of the relations, of the interactions, and of the unity of things, that has made history and literature a living thing to them, and life right here in Hingham a universal as well as a personal thing. Nothing wiser was ever done for them, nothing that has made them so free of the world, intellectually so free and unafraid, so variously interested in men and affairs, as this careful study of Swinton. They read the book through, then through again, and again, using up that copy, and thumbing wretchedly a second copy that I was obliged to get them.

This was the trunk-line of their educational travel. Everything went forward by this through route. The revolving globe on their table made all things right in space, the outline history made the same things right in time, and with time and space put to rights, this world, so full of a number of things, was quite set to rights in their young understandings. Take the Swinton yourself and, running the continuous thread of its story through your world of spilled and sprawling facts, see how neatly it strings them together! With the children it was magic. The picture of a ruined temple on the wall of their room belonged here or there in the history; the books of the house were searched, — poems, stories, lives of men, — because they enlarged the lessons in the history; the fixed stars in the skies became the firmer fixed because the little learners had come upon Ptolemy, Copernicus, and Galileo in their history. And so with everything in turn: the Pyramids in Egypt, the snowy peaks in Alaska, Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees, and that other Abraham in Washington of the Americans — all came and took their proper places as the little torch-bearers went flaring with their history down the shadowy street of Time.

This experience was fundamental. Behind all the children's thinking, at the bottom of all their ranging interests, ordering and explaining all their opening world, was this history. Such study can hardly be started too early; nor can too great stress be laid upon it, either in the home education or in the study at school. History must be made the keystone in the study arch. It is both fact and story, the natural meat and drink of childhood; and this short universal history, without thinning or Rollo-ing or babying in any degree, will be, not only meat and drink, but a light down all their educational pathway.

VI

And now the Bible.

Why the Bible? A strange course of study, — poetry, history, Bible, — plenty of rhyme with little reason! Remember this is education for individuality, and necessarily an elective course. Besides the poetry, history, and Bible, there were science and nature and chores — which I shall treat in another paper. If I must justify the ways of Mullein Hill to my readers, I would say the poetry was for the beauty of things, the history for the logic of things, and the Bible for the ultimate values of things.

The Bible is the humanest book in the world; and the King James Version of it is not only the greatest book in English literature, but the very source and fountain-head of English literature. Without the Bible, English literature is so wholly unthinkable that it strikes the mind as absurd. And an English education without the Bible is quite as unthinkable — but it is far from absurd. It is a denial. Children nowadays go to Sunday school, but not with a Bible; nor do they read out of a Bible when they arrive. They read from a 'lesson leaf,' a prepared substitute.

We are a Bible-starved nation. There is positively no substitute for the King James Version of the Bible, nothing to take its place, no revised, modernized, storyized version, nothing yet devised or to be devised that will do at all for the old 'authorized' Bible.

Our own children never went to Sunday school — never 'studied' the Bible. They learned about the Old and New Testaments, the various groups of the books, the books in each group; they committed many psalms and other selections to memory; they know Who's Who in the Bible, and they love the Book; but this they got by reading.

It is remarkable what you can get out of some books by reading them. We began the reading years ago, — none of us can remember when, — in a haphazard way (after the training I had had in Sunday school). This was soon changed to a regular, orderly way, which, starting with Genesis, went forward a chapter a day, until, by and by, it came to the end of Revelation. And the next morning we turned back and started in again with Genesis, which was as fresh as if we had not read it some two or three years before!

Each of us has his own Bible, and one of the boys is Bible-warden. He puts them on after breakfast, as the old servant in the Ruskin household put on the dessert. Every morning, as soon as breakfast is over, and while we are still at the table (it is fatal to rise), the Bibles are brought in and passed around, and beginning at the head of table, we read aloud in turn, dividing the chapter by verses equally among us. Seven mornings a week, D. V., we do this, and on Sunday morning, for years, those seven chapters were reviewed, discussed, and illustrated with a series of great Bible pictures. Besides this, we studied Toy's *History of the Religion of Israel*, and read a life of Christ which I had the temerity to write for one of our popular magazines when a theological student; we followed Paul in his wanderings; but the daily reading was and is the big thing — right along from day to day, dry places, hard places, and bad places, never missing a line — not even the numbering of the Tribes, the building of the Tabernacle, the Who-begat-Whom chapters, Ruth and Rahab and the Scarlet Woman: everybody, everything, just as it reads,

without a quiver, and with endless joy and zest.

If it is a 'dry' place like the building of the Tabernacle, so much the better lesson in patience and concentration; if it is a 'bad' place (and there are some horrid spots in the Old Testament), the children had better have it frankly with us, than on the sly, and have it early while their only interest in it is the interest of fact. If it is a 'hard' place, as it was this morning in the fifteenth chapter of Joshua, we lick it up, to see who can do the cleanest job of pronunciation, who can best handle his tongue, and make most poetry out of the cities with their villages.

But there are the beautiful places, the thrilling places — the story, the poetry, the biography, the warning, the exhortation, the revelation, the priest, the prophet, the Great Teacher, the Twelve Disciples, kings and common people, and everywhere the presence of God.

I have not tried to shape the children's religious faith, that being a natural thing without need of shaping, unless, distorted by dogma, it must be reshaped till it again becomes a little child's. I have learned religion of them, not they of me, with my graduate degree in theology, which I would so gladly give in exchange for the heart of a little child!

We read the Bible as we read other books, for it is like other books, only better; and so we read it oftener — every morning after breakfast; we then say the Lord's Prayer together, and do the best we can to sing the Doxology, little Jersey, the dog, joining in. This makes a good beginning for the day; and a very good beginning, too, for language, and literature, and life.

ON THE LAGOON

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

WE laid the heavy canoe on the beach, — my brother and I, — and sat down, panting, to rest. The smell of morning was in the air: a breath of dew on spicy sage, mingled with the aroma of salt creeks. The fantastic masses of the San Carlos Hills loomed in sharp definition against the dawn. The tide was almost at the ebb, slipping through a maze of channels to the lagoon, and on and out through the breachway to the Pacific; in the morning calm we could hear the rumble of the surf beyond the barrier.

A chaparral cock fluttered down from his roosting-place, regarded us for a moment without curiosity, lowered his head, erected his crest, and shook himself thoroughly awake. Then, with a brighter look in his eye, he smoothed his feathers and stepped off jauntily in search of breakfast. From the sedges beyond the creek a rail announced that day had begun for the dwellers in the marsh, his abrupt clattering cry echoed by others of his kind — a babel of mysterious voices. Next moment we saw him wedge his way through a fringe of reeds and emerge on the mud-flat at the water's edge. He walked slowly, with mincing steps, peering about in readiness for an instant retreat; his parody of a tail, cocked up like that of an adolescent rooster, jerking at each step with an absurdly nervous air. We watched with particular interest as he searched for crabs in the pools left by the tide; for among

the pets at home, one of his kind (a light-footed rail) was not the least engaging.

I captured him one afternoon while wading through the marsh; there was a sudden splash, and I saw something dark, like a small black fish, swimming rapidly under water across the creek. Plunging in with a boy's instinct for pursuit, I brought up a downy rail-chick; sooty black, sharp-eyed, and resentful. In a packing-case covered with wire, with a sanded floor and plenty of air and sunlight, he thrived amazingly — within a week he was tame to the point of impudence. Rice seemed the best substitute for the seeds of his natural diet; we were relieved to find that he gobbled it without hesitation. My brother and I had a theory that rails ate crabs; for we had seen dozens of neatly cleaned-out shells littering their haunts. So one day, with some misgivings, we caught half-a-dozen fiddlers and put them in the box. The baby rail, whose feathers were just beginning to sprout, stood for a moment regarding the strange visitors with bright-eyed interest, while his head, and the small pointed stern which would one day sport a tail, jerked spasmodically. The fiddlers sidled off to seek shelter, waving their formidable claws. Suddenly, with a sort of passionate impetuosity, the rail threw himself on the nearest crab. While he grasped it with one foot, two darting twists of his beak tore off the nippers.

The legs came next, and when the body, shorn of all means of locomotion, lay helpless, he turned at once to the next crab. Not until every fiddler was at his mercy did our marsh-chick begin to tear off the under shells and peck out the tender meat within. It was a pretty example of instinct or simple reasoning. 'It's not every day that one finds a lot of crabs,' I fancied him thinking; 'I must keep my head! I'm hungry, no doubt, but if I stop to make a meal of the first, the others will get away. Better make sure of them all.'

As time went on, the young rail grew to the size of a bantam hen — tame, impudent, and inquisitive. Though he seemed perfectly content with his quarters, we decided at last that he had outgrown the box, and transferred him to a large covered aviary where we kept our water-birds: a Hutchins goose, a pair of shovellers, a cock widgeon, three pintail, a green-winged teal, a couple of ruddies, and a fulvous tree duck. There was a shallow pool in this place, where the waterfowl loved to dabble and bathe; and the rail — a feathered gamin if ever there was one — made himself at home from the first. He was not lazy like his friends the ducks, who spent the warm hours of the day dozing in the sun on one leg, with half-closed eyes and bills buried in the feathers of their backs. The rail was always in motion, wading the shallows on the lookout for tadpoles, or walking jauntily through the shrubbery, head and tail jerking in unison with the steps. In one respect he puzzled me. Now and then, when hungry, irritated, or surprised, he uttered an abrupt grating cry; but though I listened eagerly, I never once heard him, while inhabiting the box or the aviary, give the long clattering call of his race.

In the spring, one of my friends trapped a number of valley quail; and as we were both interested in breeding

them in captivity, he was good enough to give me a pair. I placed a pile of thick evergreen boughs in the quietest corner of the enclosure, and loosed my quail. To breed in captivity, wild birds must have absolute quiet; so it was not until several weeks later that I ventured a peep into the pile of brush. There, in a rough hollow of the earth, crudely lined with grass, lay a dozen or more brown-speckled eggs! One morning later on, when I came with cracked corn for the birds, I saw the mother quail slip into her shelter, followed by a brood of striped puffs of down, supported on twinkling legs. As they grew older, the quail began to bring her young into the open to feed, and I had opportunity to count the little ones and to observe that they were decreasing in a fatal and mysterious manner. Rats and weasels were almost unknown on our place, and nothing larger could gain admittance to the enclosure; the waterfowl were innocent neighbors — it never occurred to me that the rail might be a murderer. Then one day, the gardener, who loved our birds and spent many an hour watching them while he puffed his short clay pipe, came to me.

'Do you know what's killin' them quail?' he said; 'it's that long-legged sneaky rascal of a water-rail! I just seen him at it — he grabbed the poor little quail in his bill, run over to the water with him, and held him under till he was drowned. Next minute he was eatin' him!'

I went at once to the aviary, and there, sure enough, was the barbarian, finishing his unnatural meal. He had gone too far — we drove him from his Eden and closed the door forever behind his jerking tail, leaving him to pick up a living about the farmyard. The rail glanced right and left. There was half an acre of alfalfa, thick, green, and tall, close by; true to the genera-

tions behind him, he ran straight for this novel variety of sedge, disappearing in an instant among the leafy stems. Early next morning, as I walked out from the barn, I was thrilled to hear — rolling with a curious ventriloquistic quality from the midst of the clover — the sunrise call of the rail! Something had been lacking hitherto; in spite of his air of confidence, this dweller in the reed-beds had not been fully at his ease. Now, at last, in the shelter of the tall lucerne, he had found courage to announce his presence to the world about.

We saw him often after that — emerging at daybreak to feed among the chickens, or to peer in cynically at his old companions — treading delicately, with an air of wariness, always ready for a run or a flutter back to his green home. At length he ceased to appear. Living in the half-flooded alfalfa, through which his wedge of a body could move at uncanny speed, he was too cunning to have been caught by a prowling cat or skunk. I like to think that he fluttered off, some moonlit night of early summer, to seek a mate and build a nest in a marsh as pleasantly damp and malarial as the heart of rail could desire.

II

A weakness for the rearing and taming of wild birds (which does not lessen with the years) must serve as my excuse for digressing from the story of our day on the lagoon.

The sun was up and meadow larks were whistling when we arranged our gear in the canoe; a moment later we were gliding down the creek with the last of the ebb. The salt marshes are places of infinite and varied charm. One feels, in these flat expanses of the earth, traversed by a thousand arms of the sea, purified by the strong salt

winds and refreshed by the ebb and flow of the tides, that one is in touch with the realities — very close, perhaps to the sources of life itself. At dawn, when the sun dissipates the light mist rising from the creeks, the marshes are buoyantly alive: fish leap in the channels, shorebirds whistle from the flats, wildfowl speed overhead on singing wings. At midday, when the sun is bright and the trade-wind sweeps over miles of swaying reeds, the marshes glow with color: blues of water and sky, gold of the sunlight, the endless pale green of the sedge. At sunset, as the western sky flushes and fades to darkness, and the land breeze sighs mournfully among the reeds; when the voices of the birds are stilled and the salt creeks steal wearily out to sea, then the marshes bring a sense of melancholy age — a realization, at once saddening and indifferent, that life is a small thing before the enormous fact of time.

Gliding out with the tide, we passed the last point of reeds and entered the head of the lagoon, now a thousand-acre plain of mud, cut by deep channels leading to the sea. A few willet were feeding on the flats, probing the mud with their bills and running nimbly from pool to pool; most of their kind — with the plover and curlew — had flown north long since.

The flats at low tide provided us with bountiful and wholesome food; we knew their resources and loved to gather these salty harvests. At one place, where a spring of fresh water flowed from the shore, there were beds of small oysters, delicate and fat. On a certain low island we knew where to find great quantities of cockles — not unlike the cherry-stone clam, and delicious as they were abundant. In the deeper pools, scallops snapped and swam about with startling vivacity; beside them we often found a species of

giant clam, one of which made a meal for a hungry man. When the flood-tide filled the channels, the water was alive with fish: flounder, croaker, ladyfish, and dainty mullet. At night, when the air was still, and the fish passing beneath us were outlined in pale fire, we knew where to listen for the gasps of the green turtles, floating in with the current to graze on their pastures of eel-grass.

Stopping at the island to rake up a pail of cockles, we followed the channel down to where it joined the main artery of the lagoon, which turned at right angles as it met the barrier, ran three miles to the north, separated from the surf by a hundred yards of dunes and stunted vegetation, and turned abruptly west, through the breachway, to the Pacific. The mud of the upper reaches was here replaced by banks of white sand, shelving steeply to a depth of three or four fathoms. The waters of the lagoon, gathered into this single deep and narrow vent, raced out swiftly, scouring bottom and banks — carrying with them the impurities of the night. The ebb-tide was always murky; but we knew that in an hour the flood would begin, a flow of blue water from the sea, so clear that one could watch each passing fish or count the folds of the bottom's ruffled sand.

Close to the breachway, where breakers tumbled on the half-exposed bar, and hair seals galloped clumsily to the water's edge at our approach, we beached the canoe. The corbina bites on the turn of the tide, and we loved above all things to cast in the surf for this splendid fish. The sun was already warm overhead; we threw off our few clothes, rigged rods and reels, and strolled toward the outer beach, as naked and nearly as brown as any pair of savages. A covey of the valley quail which inhabit this waterless sandspit rose close ahead and drifted away like

ghosts across the dunes. I wondered for the hundredth time how they could exist without fresh water, unless the fog, condensing in beads on every leaf and coarse blade of grass, gave them enough.

I looked ahead. My brother, like any healthy boy of eleven, was unable to travel in a straight line; led by the keenness of his senses and a fresh interest in everything about him, he advanced like a setter puppy quartering a field for partridge. Now he was off to one side, kneeling in the sand while he ate something with great speed and relish. 'Hey, come here,' he called with a full mouth; 'the sand figs are ripe!'

I was only sixteen; in a moment I was beside him, plucking and gobbling the delicious things. They grow on a creeping vine, with thick fleshy leaves, a vine which thrives only in the sand close to salt water. The fruit is pear-shaped, the size of a large strawberry, and turns red when ripe. One plucks it from the vine, puts the small end to one's lips, and squeezes. The result is a spoonful of juicy pulp which separates itself from the rind like the inside of a Concord grape; a pulp of delicate flavor, sweet, and unlike that of any other fruit. We postponed our fishing and ate until the red ones were exhausted.

The look of the surf at the breachway told us that the tide had turned: the ebb has a way of cutting the water from under a breaker, giving the surf a weak and baffled air. Once the flood sets in, on the other hand, the waves break with a smooth forward rush, each one outdistancing the one before. The tide was rising — it was time to begin a search for bait.

The corbina, like the coral polyp, is a dweller in troubled waters, passing his life in the frothy turmoil of the surf. For food, Nature has provided him with the sand-crab, a creature like an over-

grown woodlouse, inhabiting the zone of sand washed by the advancing and receding waves. It lies buried in the wet sand, its antennæ protruding a fraction of an inch above the surface, on the lookout for the minute organic particles on which it feeds. As a wave retreats, you can see where they hide by hundreds; the rush of water, parted by the tiny stiff antennæ, etching scores of little V's on the sand. A dozen or more are often left exposed, crawling and tumbling, in frantic haste to bury themselves. No creature I have seen — not even the armadillo in soft earth — can dig faster (in proportion to its size) than the sand-crab. One moment it lies tumbling and exposed, in manifest anxiety that the advancing wave may wash it forever from its colony. Down goes its head; the legs begin to dig, and next moment it sinks magically out of sight. From time to time the sand-crab sheds its armor — a tough shell, curved like the back of a beetle — and retires to grow a new and larger suit. At this period, enfeebled by the shock of change, it finds its strength inadequate to the boisterous life of the surf, and seeks refuge at the limit of damp sand, close to high-water mark, where there is moisture enough, without the wash and buffeting of the waves. Deeply buried for the sake of greater quiet, its hiding-place is marked by a tiny hole. At such times, if by mischance a wave at high tide exposes the unfortunate, it forms the chief delicacy of the corbina bill-of-fare.

I baited my hook with a *pièce de résistance* of this description, waded into the undertow, and cast out beyond the first line of breakers. Two hundred yards down the beach, my brother, ridiculously expert for his years, stood up to his waist in the surf — a small buff human creature, perfectly adequate and at home. The long Pacific

swell, unimpeded in its thousand-league course, swung in to die on these lonely beaches, hissing as it withdrew from the firm rampart of the sands. Each glassy sea reared as the water shallowed beneath it, curved forward without a sound, seemed to hang for an instant, — a cool blue cavern, arched and motionless, — and broke with the splitting report of cannon. Several times, as a wave rose high above the surrounding sea, I caught glimpses of fish suspended in these walls of clear water, illuminated by light from before and behind — revealed as if frozen in masses of blue ice.

Unbalanced by the pull of the undertow, I raised my foot incautiously and set it down on something slippery and quivering with life. A thrill of pain — I had stepped on a sting-ray which had defended itself in the only way it knew. My foot came up streaming blood, but I had been fortunate; the bony weapon had only grazed me. This ray carries his spear lightly attached to a slender and muscular tail, whipped over his back like lightning when he strikes. The sting itself is sometimes six inches long (in the case of the big rat-tails), sharp, flattened, armed with a row of wicked barbs on either side. When the wound is deep and the fish lashes out to free himself, the sting is apt to break off in place. Then pity the victim. A painful amount of cutting is required to extract the barbed bone; not infrequently a kind of blood-poisoning results — probably from the slime adhering to the bone.

I bound a handkerchief about the scratch and went on with my fishing, taking care to shuffle my feet along the bottom. Presently there was a sharp tug at my line: the characteristic strike of the corbina. I had him — a powerful and dogged fighter. Ten minutes later he lay gleaming in the shallows. I shouted to my brother, who ceased

his sport and came toward me, with a brace of silver fish hanging from one hand.

The wind was rising. Out on the Bay of All Saints, the water, ruffled by a steady breeze from the northwest, changed to a brighter and deeper blue. The sand whispered as it began to move, moulding itself into new patterns for the day. We chose a hollow in the dunes for our camping-place. I gathered wood and built a fire, while my brother scaled and cleaned the fish, and dug a hole in the sand in which to bake them. Wrapped in layers of damp paper, laid over a bed of coals, and covered with heated sand, the largest of our corbina cooked while we ate a painful of steamed cockles. Baked in this manner, which does not allow the juices to dry out, the corbina is a noble fish. We did him justice, for our appetites, like our digestions, might have been envied by a shark.

III

We lay on the warm slope of a dune, content to gaze in silence at the scene we loved. From cape to guardian cape not a sail dotted the fifteen-mile expanse of the bay; no sign of man or his handiwork marred the long curve of the shore. Gulls, with snowy breasts and backs of slate-blue, veered and tacked above the surf. Lines of brown pelicans, in close formation, traveled southward, returning from fishing, for a siesta on their rocky roosts. They manœuvred with the precision of troops at drill, each flock following a gray old leader, wise in the lore of the air. Flap, flap, flap, went their wings in perfect unison; then, as if a silent command had been given, the motion ceased — the flock sailed forward on rigid wings. Sometimes, when a young bird in the rear was a second late in catching the time, one fancied that the

leader turned his head for a backward glance of disapproval.

My brother touched me, pointing to the sand between us. I saw a circular pit, in the shape of an inverted cone, the perfection of its form showing it to be the trap of an ant lion. This little creature, whose scientific name I do not know, has the air of a small heavily built spider; with a pair of strong nipping arms and powerful legs for digging. He lies at the bottom of his pit, loosely covered with sand, awaiting the prey which comes slipping and struggling down the steep slope. While we watched, a minute red ant, of the kind which inhabits the dunes, wandered to the edge of the trap, looked over, slipped, pawed frantically with his hind legs, and was lost. Down he went in a flurry of sliding grains; there were signs of life at the small end of the funnel — a sinister stir. The ant lost his footing entirely, and rolled head over heels to the bottom. A pair of horny nippers, emerging from the sand, seized him, and there ensued a small tragedy, over which it is best to draw the veil.

Lulled by the warmth, and drowsy with the salt air, we fell asleep. The sun was low over the Pacific when I awoke; the tide had turned long since, and the cool of evening was in the air. On the southern promontory the gorges were filling with mauve shadows, of the evasive quality named by the Chinese 'the color of distant nature.' The wind had died away, leaving the air marvelously clear; half-way out on the cape we could see every seam and cranny of the strange spires of rock called the Three Marys. They stood in the sea, encircled by rings of foam, at the base of black volcanic cliffs. Our cattle ranged on the rolling land above.

I knew the place well, for it had a bad name. Many years before, my father had built a road to the end of the

cape, passing close to the Three Marys. There was difficulty in getting by this place. One day, while the men were at work in broad daylight, a tall stooping man, dressed in black and with a black hat pulled down over his eyes, made his appearance, walking rapidly toward the sea. He passed close to the workers, who dropped their tools to stare after him, and shouted warningly as he neared the cliff. Without altering his stride or turning his head in answer to the shouts, he reached the brink, stepped off into space, and was gone. The incident caused a buzz of talk among the natives. The base of the cliffs was searched without result, and an examination of the summit proved that not a ledge existed capable of giving foothold to a squirrel. When the same thing occurred a few days later, at precisely the same place, a half-pleasant shudder thrilled the people; but the third visitation nearly stopped work on the road. Since that day, the haunts of the eccentric gentleman in black had been left severely alone; it was unthinkable that a native should pass that way by night; even by day, when a ride along the heights was not to be avoided, the rider might be observed to make furtively the sign of the Cross. There was, in fact, something eerie about the place, a vague malignancy, chilling even now as I gazed across miles of water at its forbidding cliffs, guarded by spires of black rock.

My brother sat up suddenly to stare at something behind us in the lagoon. I turned to look. Weaving back and forth in characteristic aimless fashion, the dorsal fin of a shark cut the still water of the channel.

'A whopper!' muttered my brother as we sprang to our feet. In a moment we had launched the canoe; I stood forward with the grains, a heavily barbed trident, fitted with a detachable haft and two hundred feet of line.

A second glance at where the fin tacked against the ebb showed that this was no ordinary visitor to the lagoon, but one of the great sea-going sharks which drift up from the tropics and seem usually to distrust the shoal water leading to inlets such as ours. He moved with an air of lazy insolence, propelled by slow and powerful strokes of the tail; his manner, and the sight of a formidable shadowy bulk beneath the fin, were not reassuring.

As we drew near, there was a gleam in the water beside us — a small bright fish, moving at a speed the eye could scarcely follow, flashed about for an instant and made off. A pilot-fish! I had often read of them, but this was the first time a shark important enough to maintain a personal courier had visited our waters. A number of reasons why we should give up the chase and return to the sandpit flashed through my mind. We were close to the breachway, and if struck, the shark would probably make for the broken water of the bar. He was capable of towing the canoe for miles, and I had no lance to finish him, even if we were able to get to close quarters. Above all, I felt a sudden desire to go ashore. I turned to my brother.

'No use, he's too big,' I remarked, in a voice that I hoped was casual.

The canoe swung around with a rapidity which proved that the steersman and I were in accord. I dropped the grains — our paddles bent as they dug into the water. The fin disappeared. Next moment I saw the shark range alongside, swimming easily about a fathom deep. Once he turned on his side and seemed to glance up at us; I fancied there was a twinkle of malice in his eye. Our canoe — a slap of his tail would have crushed it — was fourteen feet long. From my position forward, I could see the shark's head extending beyond the bow, and my brother de-

clares to this day that the tail swept back and forth several feet astern of us. The bulk of the fish was enormous — he weighed a thousand pounds at least. Probably he meant us no harm; perhaps neither shark nor pilot-fish had seen a small boat before, and mistook our canoe for the carcass of a large fish. I believe, however, that a swimmer would have been in considerable danger; as a rule, the long and slender shark is harmless enough, but this portly relative should be respected, particularly in the muddy water of estuaries or the mouths of rivers.

We raced to shore and sprang out on the beach, a little shamefaced at our retreat, but well content to see the fin reappear, tacking out toward the sea.

The tide was turning. The current in the channel slackened; for a time the motion of the waters almost ceased. Then the blue flood began to pour in through the breachway, heralded by streaks of clear water brightening the ebb. The turn of the tide at the inlet was not marked, as in other places, by a period of absolute slack. The sea began to rise on the outer beaches before the lagoon was entirely emptied; the waves beat in against the dying ebb, blue water over brown. At first the current was murky, moving gently seaward; next moment, streamers of blue appeared, advancing over a discolored background; an instant later, the unbridled flood took possession of the channel.

This daily cleansing and purification of the lagoon never failed to touch one's imagination. We lay in silence, watching the change while the sun set. A black head appeared in midstream, breathed a long sigh ending in a gasp, and disappeared. The turtle were coming in.

I rigged the turtle-peg while my brother loaded our gear into the canoe. My weapon was a small double barb of

steel, shaped like an arrowhead and fitted with a socket into which the end of an eight-foot shaft was thrust. Lashed to the socket was one end of a heavy line which passed through a screw-eye on the shaft and terminated at a five-gallon keg, painted white, ready to throw overboard in case of emergency. When a turtle was struck, the keen little barb penetrated his shell, and the pole fell from the socket, leaving the line attached direct to the peg.

We stole in with the tide, my brother propelling the canoe in silence, sweeping his paddle forward without lifting it from the water. I stood in the bow, the spear poised in my right hand, the coiled line in my left. It was not yet dark enough for the sport; the turtle were traveling swiftly, but I made two casts before we reached the feeding-grounds. Each time the distance was too great; the big *chelone* slapped the water with his flippers as he dove for safety.

It was dark when we lay to off the spring; a moonless night, dead calm and warm — the lagoon aflame with phosphorescence. The turtle were feeding on the eel-grass in three fathoms of water; we heard their sighs all about us, and in the still air we could smell their breath, strangely like the breath of cattle. Now and then some huge old male rose from his pasture for a longer breathing-space, gasping and moving his flippers gently as he lay, half-awash, on the surface. Others passed beneath us, too deep to strike, outlined in broad paths of flame. We moved with the greatest caution, for the green turtle, in spite of his rheumy eyes, sees well, and his hearing is marvelously acute. The least unfamiliar splash or knock against the side of a boat will send him off in panic. Persecuted whenever he enters the inland waters in which he loves to feed, con-

stant pursuit has made him wary as an antelope.

We watched one broad-backed patriarch rise twice at the same spot to breathe; perhaps he was a sentinel, for he remained at the surface longer than any of the others, and moved his head continually as if on the lookout for danger. When at last he dove, my brother paddled softly toward the widening ripples. Minute after minute we waited, scarcely permitting ourselves to breathe. An oval of pale fire appeared beneath the canoe — the turtle broke water, gasping loudly, close ahead. I cast the spear, heard a clear *snick* as it penetrated the leathery carapace, and felt the line tauten in my fingers. The water boiled.

'We've got him!' I shouted. Next moment the bow of the canoe was jerked violently around and we started for the inlet at a pace which left a wake of foam.

The turtle made nothing of the canoe or the current against him; mile after mile we swept on at unabated speed — west to the main channel, and north (behind the beach), until we could see the surf flickering on the bar. No canoe could live in the wild water ahead, but he seemed determined to reach the open sea. As we neared the breachway I saw that there was no choice — we should be obliged to cast loose. It was a melancholy moment.

I raised the keg and let it slip overboard, blaming myself a second later

for not having cut the line. The canoe lost headway and my brother muttered something unbecoming his tender years. We sat in gloomy silence while the tide swung us in toward home.

Then it was my brother's turn to shout. The keg, released at the very edge of the breakers, was passing us, glimmering in the starlight as it moved in with the flood. Perhaps the turtle had grown bewildered at the sudden relief from our canoe; at all events, here he was, and heading in the way we wished to go. The pace was moderate, and fearing to turn him again, we followed in his wake.

We beached him within a mile of our starting-point, at a place where the channel passed close inshore. I seized the keg and managed to haul up within a few yards of the exhausted turtle. Before he could run out with the slack, my brother turned the canoe sharply and I leaped out on land. Little by little we brought the monster in, till he lay thrashing in the shallows; then, grasping a flipper each, we turned him on his back, and a final effort pulled him safely beyond high-water mark. To-morrow we would come down with a wagon to fetch him; there would be rich steaks and a soup — the classic soup of the Lord Mayor — for everyone at the house.

Our day was finished. Too weary to take the canoe with us, we hid it in a thicket of sumac, and trudged up the long road to the ranch.

OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND THE CHRISTENING OF SOLOMON GRUNDY

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of this Chapter of the Journal

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the gray horse.	APHRODITE, the mother-pig.
BRAVE HORATIUS, the shepherd dog.	SOLOMON GRUNDY, a pet pig.
ISAIAH, a neighbor's dog.	ANTHONYA MUNDY, his sister.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a cow.	CLEMENTINE, the Plymouth Rock hen.
MATHILDE PLANTAGENET, a pet calf.	MINERVA, mother of a brood of chickens.
LARS PORSENA OF CLUSIUM, a crow.	MENANDER EURIPIDES THEOCRITUS THUCYDIDES
THOMAS CHATTERTON JUPITER ZEUS, a most dear wood-rat.	PLUTARCH DEMOSTHENES
LOUIS II, LE GRAND CONDÉ, a wood-mouse.	SOPHOCLES DIOGENES
LUCIAN HORACE OVID VIRGIL, a toad.	PLATO and PLINY, twin bats.

Seven Years Old

MORNING works is done — and some more already too. There is enough bark in for to-day and to-morrow. And many kindlings are now in on the floor by the big wood-box. I had my dinner at the noontime and I went into the barn. There were little sad sounds in the stall. It was the moos of Mathilde Plantagenet. Now I have thinks her moos were moos for some dinner at noontime. She has breakfast at morn-ingtime and supper she has at gray-light-time. But when noontime is come Mathilde Plantagenet is here in the barn, and her mother, the gentle Jersey cow, is away out in the pasture. I have thinks there is needs for me to take Mathilde Plantagenet from the barn to the pasture at noontimes, so she may have her dinner. I go now to so do.

I did give the latch of the barn door a slip back. Then I led Mathilde Plantagenet out by the little rope I did use to use to lead Elizabeth Barrett

Browning out by when she was a little calf. We went our way to the pasture-bars. I did give to one a push, and it made a drop down. Then I gave two more pushes and they went drop downs. We went on through in between. It took a more long time to fix up the pasture-bars. They have so heavy feels when I go to put them back again. When I did have them so put, we made a go on. We did not have goes far, for the gentle Jersey cow had sees of our coming and she came to meet us. We was glad to have it so. I have thinks Mathilde Plantagenet did have most joy feels about it. She did start to get her dinner from her mother in a quick way. Seeing her have her dinner from her mother a long time before supper-time did make me to have such a big amount of satisfaction feels.

The grandpa felt not so. There was disturbs on his temper. He was at our house when I was come home from leading Mathilde Plantagenet back to the barn. The mamma did spank me some and some more. Now I have

wonders why was it the grandpa felt not satisfaction feels at Mathilde Plantagenet having her dinner near noon-time just like most all other children.

After the mamma did spank me, she told me more works to do, and she went with her father to the ranch-house to see her mother that was newly come back from the mill town where she did go early on this morning.

When the more works was done, I went in a quick soft way to the woods. I made little hops over the bushes — the little bushes — as I did go along. I went along the path until I came near unto the way that does lead to the big old log where is the moss-box. I hid behind a tree when I was almost come there. I so did to wait a wait to see if the fairies were near about. I had not seeing of one about the moss-box. I looked looks about. I looked looks about the old root by the log. I turned a big piece of bark over. Under it was something between two layers of moss, tied up with a pink ribbon. I felt glad feels. When I did untie the pink ribbon around the moss, there was lots more of pink ribbons. They did have little cards, and the little card on a nice long piece of pink ribbon said 'For Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.' Another card on a more long piece did say 'For William Shakespeare.' Another card on a more short piece did say 'For Lars Porsena of Clusium'; and there was a ribbon for Brave Horatius and Isaiah and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and for Mathilde Plantagenet; and there was more.

I did take them all in my arms, and I did go to the mill in the far woods. I so went to show all those pretty pink ribbons to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. I did show him all the cards that was on them. He was glad. I had seeing of the glad light in his eyes. He and I — we do believe in fairies. Near him to-day

was working the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time. He is a man with an understanding soul. When Brave Horatius did get his leg hurt the other day, this man did wash it and mentholatum it and he wrapped his handkerchief in rounds around it. Brave Horatius has likes for him, too.

To-day when I did show to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice all the pink ribbons the fairies did bring, he did say he thought the other man would like to see Brave Horatius's new pink ribbon that he was going to wear to cathedral service come a Sunday. And he did have likes to see it. When I told him how it was brought by the fairies to the moss-box by the old log, he said, 'By golly — that's fine.' And the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice gave me pats on the head, and I brought the ribbons back to a box where I do keep things in the woods.

Now I go to talk with the willows where Nonette flows. I am going to tell them about this being the borning day of Queen Elizabeth of York in 1465. Then I am going goes to tell William Shakespeare and Lars Porsena of Clusium about it.

I got Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, and we went to the woods. Brave Horatius did come a-following after. And Louis II, le Grand Condé, did ride in the sleeve of my warm red dress. As we did go along, the leaves of salal did make little rustles. They were little askings. They had wants to know what day this was. I made stops along the way to tell them it was the going-away day of Gentile Bellini in 1507 and Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1792 and John Keats in 1821, and the borning day of George Frederick Handel in 1685. I have thinks they and the tall fir trees were glad to know.

Brave Horatius barked a bark and

we went on. He looked a look back to see if we were coming. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did cuddle up more close in my arms. We saw six birds and I did sing to Brave Horatius the bird-song of *grandpère of roitelet* and *ortolan* and *bruant* and *étourneau* and *rossignol* and *tourterelle* and *draine* and *épeiche* and *cygne* and *hirondelle* and *aigle* and *ramier* and *tarin* and *rouserolle* and *émerillon* and *sittelle*. Brave Horatius and William Shakespeare do have likes for that song. Sometimes I do sing it to them four times a day.

We all did go on until we were come near to where were two men of the mill by the far woods. They were making divides of a very large log. They were making it to be many short logs. There was a big saw going moves between. One man did push it and one man did pull it. I went on. I did look a look back. I had sees there was a tall fern growing by the foot of one man, and he did have his new overalls cut off where they do meet the boots. I wonder why it is the lumber-camp folk do cut off their overalls where they do meet the boots. When they so cut them they get fringy — and such fringes are more long than other fringes. I wonder why it is they so cut them — it maybe is because they so want fringes about the edge of the legs of their overalls. I would have prefers for ruffles.

We did go on. We went a little way on and we had sees of more folks of the camp by the mill by the far woods. I did make a climb upon an old tree-root to have sees of them at work. Brave Horatius made a jump up, and he came in a walk over to where me and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus were sitting. We had seeing of them all working. I have thinks the folks that live in the lumber camps, they are kindly folks. When they come home from work at eventime, I do so like to sit on a stump and watch them go by. They come in

twos and threes. They do carry their dinner-pails in their hands. And some do whistle as they come. And some do talk. And some that do see me sitting on the stump do come aside and give to me the scraps in their dinner-pails. Some have knowing of the needs I do have for scraps in the nursery and the hospital. And too, when they come home from work in the far woods, the men do bring bits of moss and nice velvet caterpillars and little rocks. Some do. And these they give to me for my nature collections. And I feel joy feels all over. Brave Horatius does bark joy barks. He does know and I do know, the folks that live in the lumber camps, they are kindly folks.

Most all this afternoon time I have been out in the field — the one that is nearest unto the woods. I have been having talks with William Shakespeare. To-day he is not working in the woods with the other horses. He is having a rest day. He was laying down near unto one of the altars I have builded for Saint Louis. He did lay there all of the afternoon. Tiredness was upon him. I gave his nose rubs — and his neck and ears, too. And I did tell him poems and sing him songs. He has likes for me to so do. After I did sing to him, more sleeps did come upon him. The breaths he did breathe while he was going to sleep — they were such long breaths. And I gave unto him more pats on the nose and pats on the neck. We are chums, William Shakespeare and me. This evening I will come again to wake him. I'll come just before supper-time, so he may go in with the other horses to eat his supper in the barn.

I did. Sleeps was yet upon him. He looked so tired lying there. I went up to pat his front leg, but it was stiff. I patted him on the nose — and his nose, it was so cold. I called him, but he did not answer. I said again, 'William

Shakespeare, don't you hear me calling?' but he did not answer. I have thinks he is having a long rest, so he will have ready feels to pull the heavy poles on to-morrow. I now go goes to tell the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice about William Shakespeare having all this rest day, and how he has sleeps in the field with the pink ribbon around his neck that the fairies did bring. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus is going goes with me. We will wait on the stump by that path he does follow when he comes home from work at eventime.

We are come back. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice did go with us to see William Shakespeare having his long sleep there in the field by the altar of Saint Louis. Now I do have understanding. My dear William Shakespeare will no more have wake-ups again. Rob Ryder cannot give him whippings no more. He has gone to a long sleep — a very long sleep. He just had goes because tired feels was upon him. I have so lonesome feels for him, but I am glad that Rob Ryder cannot whip him now no more. I have covered him over with leaves. To find enough I went to the far end of the near woods. I gathered them into my apron. Sometimes I could hardly see my way because I just could not keep from crying. I have such lonesome feels. William Shakespeare did have an understanding soul. And I have knows his soul will not have forgets of the willows by the singing creek. Often I will leave a message there on a leaf for him. I have thinks his soul is not far gone away. There are little blue *fleurs* a-blooming where he did lay him down to sleep.

To-day we did christen Solomon Grundy. He was borned a week ago yesterday on Monday. That's why we did name him Solomon Grundy. And

this being Tuesday, we did christen him, for in the rhyme, the grandpa does sing to the children about Solomon Grundy being christened on Tuesday. Yesterday I made him a christening robe out of a new dish-towel that was flapping in the wind. But the aunt had no appreciation of the great need of a christening robe for Solomon Grundy. And my ears were slapped until I thought my head would pop open, but it did n't. It just ached. Last night when I went to bed I prayed for the ache to go away. This morning, when I woke up, it had gone out the window. I did feel good feels from my nightcap to my toes. I thought about the christening, and early on this morning, before I yet did eat my breakfast, I went out the window that the ache went out in the night. I went from the window to the pig-pen.

I climbed into the pig-pen. I crawled on my hands and knees back under the shed where he and his sisters five and his little brother were all having breakfast from their mother. I gently did pull away by his hind legs, from among all those dear baby-pigs, him who had the most curl in his tail. I took him to the pump and pumped water on him to get every speck of dirt off. He squealed because the water was cold. So I took some of the warm water the mamma was going to wash the milkpans in, and I did give him a warm bath in the washpan. Then he was the pinkiest white pig you ever saw. I took the baby's talcum-powder can and I shook it lots of times all over him. When the powder sprinkled in his eyes he did object with a regular baby-pig squeak. And I climbed right out the bedroom window with him, because the mamma heard his squeak and she was coming fast. I did go to the barn in a hurry, for in the barn yesterday I did hide the christening robe. When I reached the top of the hay I stopped to put it on

Solomon Grundy. Then we proceeded to the cathedral.

A little ways we did go, and I remembered how on the borning day of him I did ask that grand fir tree, Good King Edward I, to be his god-father. And that smaller fir tree growing by his side — the lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile — I did ask to be his god-mother. We went aside from the path that leads unto the cathedral. We went another way. We went adown the lane to where dwell Good King Edward I and the lovely Queen Eleanor. And there beside them Solomon Grundy was christened. They who were present at the christening were these — Saint Louis and Charlemagne and Hugh Capet and King Alfred and Theodore Roosevelt and William Wordsworth and Homer and Cicero and Brave Horatius and Isaiah. These last two did arrive in a hurry in the midst of the service. Being dogs with understanding souls, they did realize the sacredness of the occasion, and they stood silent near Charlemagne. When we got most to the end of the service, just at that very solemn moment while I was waiting for Good King Edward and his lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile to bestow their blessing upon the white head of the babe, he gave a squeal — just the kind of a squeal all baby-pigs give when they are wanting their dinner. After the naming of him, I placed around his neck a little wreath that I made in the evening yesterday for him. Then I did sing softly a hymn to the morning and came again home to the pig-pen with Solomon Grundy.

When I got to the corner of the barn, I pulled off his christening robe. I did hide it again in the hay. Then I climbed into the pig-pen. I did say the Lord's prayer softly over the head of Solomon Grundy. After I said Amen I did poke him in among all his sisters and near unto his mother. Aphrodite gave a

grunt of satisfaction; also did Solomon Grundy. I went to the house. I climbed in the window again. I took off my nightcap and my nightgown. I did get dressed in a quick way. The little girl was romping in the bed. I helped her to get her clothes on. Then we went to the kitchen for our breakfast.

The mamma was in the cellar. She did hear me come into the kitchen. She came in. With her came a kindling and a hazel switch. After she did spank me, she told me to get the mush for the little girl's breakfast. It was in a kettle. I spooned it out into a blue dish that came as premium in the box of mush when they brought it new from the mill town. After we did eat our mush and drink our milk, the mamma told me to clear the table and go tend chickens. I carried feed to them. I scattered it in shakes. The chickens came in a quick way. Fifteen of those chickens I did give names to, but it's hard to tell some of them apart. Most of them have about the same number of speckles on them.

I counted all the chickens that were there. There were n't as many there as ought to be there. Some came not. These were the hens setting in the chicken-house. I went in. I lifted them off. They were fidgety and fluffy and clucky. I did carry them out to the feed. While they were eating breakfast I counted their eggs. I made a discovery. Minerva had n't as many eggs as the others. That meant she would n't have as many children as the others would have. I did begin to feel sorry about that, because already I had picked out names for her fifteen children and there in her nest there were only twelve eggs. I did n't know what to do, and then I had a think what to do. I did it. I took an egg from each nest of the three other setting hens. That fixed things.

Then I thought I would go on an

exploration trip and to the nursery, and there I would give the folks a talk on geology. But then the mamma called me to scour the pots and pans. That is something I do not like to do at all. So all the time I'm scouring them I keep saying lovely verses — that helps so much — and by-and-by the pots and pans are all clean.

After that all day the mamma did have works for me to do. There was more wood to bring in. There was steps to scrub. There was cream to be shaken into butter. There was raking to do in the yard. There was carpet-strings to sew together. In-between times there was the baby to tend. And all the time all day long I did have longings to go on exploration trips. The fields were calling. The woods were calling. I heard the wind. He was making music in the forest. It was soft music; it was low. It was an echo of the songs the flowers were singing. Even if there was much works to do, hearing the voices helped me to get the works done in the way they ought to be done.

The most hurry time of all was the time near eventime, for there was going to be company to eat at the table. The mamma was in a hurry to get supper. So I helped her. She only had time to give one shake of salt to the potatoes, so I gave them three more. She did not have time to put sauce on the peas, so I flavored them with lemon extract, for the mamma is so fond of lemon flavoring in lemon pies. When she made the biscuits, she was in such a hurry she forgot to set them on a box back of the stove for an airing, as usual, before putting them in the oven. Being as she forgot to do it, while she was in the cellar to get the butter, I did take the pan of biscuits out of the oven and put them under the stove so they would not miss their usual airing. Then I did go to the wood-shed for

more wood. When I did put it in the wood-box the mamma reached over for me. She shook me. She spanked me with her hand and the hair-brush and the pancake-turner. Then she shoved me out the door. She said for me to get out and stay out of her way.

I came here to the barn. I sit here printing. In-between times I stretch out on the hay. I feel tired and sore all over. I wonder for what it was the mamma gave me that spanking. I have tried so hard to help her to-day. Solomon Grundy is grunting here beside me. I went by and got him as I came along. Here on the hay I showed to him the writings in the two books my Angel Father and Angel Mother made for me. These books are such a comfort, and when I have them right along with me, Angel Father and Angel Mother do seem nearer. I did bow my head and ask my guardian angel to tell them there in heaven about Solomon Grundy being christened to-day. Then I drew him up closer to my gingham apron and I patted him often. And some of the pats I gave to him were for the lovely Peter Paul Rubens that used to be. And the more pats I gave Solomon Grundy the closer he snuggled up beside me. To-night I shall sing to him a lullaby song as I cuddle him up all snowy white in his christening robe before I take him out to his mother Aphrodite in the pig-pen.

I now have a bottle with a nipple on it for Solomon Grundy. But he won't pay much attention to it. He has prefers to get his dinner from his mother Aphrodite out in the pig-pen.

After he so did have his dinner to-day, and after my morning works were done and I did have that hen started on a set. That hen had wants to set so much, I did have an awful time getting her off the nest at feeding-time. I had thinks I would set her myself, being

as the mamma does n't want to bother about it. I had thinks I would put three eggs under her to-day and three more when comes to-morrow and three on the next day and three on the next. That will give her a good setting of eggs to start on.

To-day, after I so did have her started on a set with three eggs, then I went to visit Dear Love. I did cuddle up Solomon Grundy in one arm and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus in the other arm. And so we went to visit Dear Love. Solomon Grundy wore his christening robe and he looked very sweet in it. I gave him a nice warm bath before we did start so as to get all the pig-pen smells off. Sometimes smells do get in that pig-pen though I do give it brush-outs every day, and I do carry old leaves and bracken ferns and straws in for beds for Aphrodite. After I did give Solomon Grundy his bath I did dust talcum powder over him. I was real careful not to get any in his eyes. As we did go along I did sing to them a lullaby about Nonette and Saint Firmin, and more I did sing about Iraouaddy.

We went on. Then I did tell them about the beautiful love the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time does have for the *pensée* girl with the far-away look in her eyes. But he is afraid to tell her about it — Sadie McKinzie says he is. Sadie McKinzie says he is a very shy man. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did go to sleeps while I was telling them about it, and Solomon Grundy did grunt a little grunt. It was a grunt for more songs. So I did sing to him, —

'Did he smile, his work to see?

Did he who made the lamb make thee?'

He had likes for that song and he grunted a grunt with a question in it. So I did sing him some more: 'Indeed he did, Solomon Grundy, indeed he did. And the hairs of thy baby head — they

are numbered.' Soon I shall be counting them to see how many they are.

To-day was a very stormy day — more rainy than other stormy days. So we had cathedral service on the hay in the barn. Mathilde Plantagenet was below us in her stall, and she did moo moos while I did sing the choir service. Plato and Pliny, the two bats, hung on the rafters in a dark corner. Lars Porsena of Clusium perched on the back of Brave Horatius. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus sat at my feet and munch-ed leaves while I said prayers. Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil was on my right shoulder, and Louis II, le Grande Condé, was on my left shoulder — part of the time. Then he did crawl in my sleeve to have a sleep. Solomon Grundy was asleep by my side in his christening robe — and a sweet picture he was in it. On my other side was his little sister Anthonya Mundy, who has not got as much curl in her tail as Solomon Grundy.

Clementine, the Plymouth Rock hen, was late come to service. She came up from the stall of the gentle Jersey cow just when I was through singing 'Hosanna in excelsis.' She came and perched on the back of Brave Horatius — back of Lars Porsena of Clusium. Then I said more prayers and Brave Horatius did bark Amen. When he so did, Clementine tumbled off his back. She came over by me. I had thinks it would be nice if her pretty gray feathers was blue. I gave her a gentle pat and then I did begin the talk service. I did use for my text 'Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' And all of the time the raindrops did make little joy patters on the roof. They was coming down from the sky in a quick way.

To-day I went not to school. For a long time after breakfast the mamma did have me to cut potatoes into pieces.

To-night and to-morrow night the grown-ups will plant the pieces of potatoes I cut to-day. Then by-and-by — after some long time — the pieces of potato with eyes on them will have baby potatoes under the ground. Up above the ground they will be growing leaves and flowers. One must leave an eye on every piece of potato one plants in the ground to grow. It won't grow if you don't. It can't see how to grow without its eye. All day to-day I did be careful to leave an eye on every piece. And I did have meditations about what things the eyes of potatoes do see there in the ground. I have thinks they do have seeing of black velvet moles and large earthworms that do get short in a quick way. And potato flowers above the ground do see the doings of the field — and maybe they do look away and see the willows that grow by the singing creek. I do wonder if potato-plants do have longings to dabble their toes. I have supposes they do, just like I do. Being a potato must be interest — specially the having so many eyes. I have longings for more eyes. There is so much to see in this world all about. Every day I do see beautiful things everywhere I do go.

To-day it was near eventime — the time I did have all those potatoes ready for plants. Then I did go to see Solomon Grundy in the pig-pen. I did take a sugar-lump in my apron pocket for his dear mother, Aphrodite. She had appreciations and well looks. But the looks of Solomon Grundy — they were not well looks. He did lay so still in a quiet way. I gave to him three looks. I felt a lump come in my throat. His looks they were so different.

I made a run for the wood-box — the wood-box I did bring before for the getting-in of Brave Horatius to service in the pig-pen. I did step on it in getting Solomon Grundy out of the pig-pen. I did have fears if I did it in jumps

as I always do, the jumps might bother the feelings of Solomon Grundy. So I did have needs for that box. It is such a help. Every time I do get a place fixed in the pig-pen so some of the pigs can get out to go to walks and to go to the cathedral service, the grown-ups at the ranch-house do always fix the boards back again. So a box is helps to get the little pigs that are n't too big over the top.

When I did have Solomon Grundy over the top, I did cuddle him up in my gray calico apron. I have thinks he does like the blue one best. But to-day he had not seeings it was n't the blue one I had on. He did not give his baby squeaks. He was only stillness. I did have fears that sickness was upon him. He has lost that piece of asafiditee I did tie around his neck the other day. That was the last piece I did have. It was the little piece that was left of the big piece that the mamma did tie around my neck, and I did make divides with my friends. But Solomon Grundy — he has lost his share both times. He does lose it in a quick way. And I did have no Castoria to give him, because the mamma has gone and put away the baby's bottle of Castoria where I cannot find it.

I did not have knowings what to do for him. But I did have thinks the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice would have knowings what to do for the sickness of Solomon Grundy. I made starts to the mill by the far woods. Brave Horatius was waiting at the barn. He gave his tail two wags and followed after. We went by Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. I did tell him the baby in my arms was sick. I said a little prayer over his head. We went along the lane. When we were come to Good King Edward I and lovely Queen Eleanor, we made stops. I did tell them of the sickness of the baby. I said a little prayer for his get-

ting well. And I did hold him up for their blessing. Then we went on and Brave Horatius came a-following after. When we were come to the ending of the lane, I said another little prayer. When we were come near unto the altar of Good King Edward I, I said another little prayer. Then we went on. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was in the woods, and she went with us. She mostly does so. And we went on.

By-and-by my arms was getting tired. Solomon Grundy, now that he is older grown, does get a little heavy when I carry him quite a long ways. When I was come to the far end of the near woods I met the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He smiled the gentle smile he always does smile, and he took Solomon Grundy into his arms. I have thinks he did see the tiredness that was in my arms. When he sat down on a log with the dear pig I said I had fears Solomon Grundy was sick. He said he did too. But he smoothed my curls back and he said, 'Don't you worry; he will get well.'

Hearing him say that made me have better feels. Men are such a comfort — men that wear gray neckties and are kind to mice. One I know. He looks kind looks upon the forest and he does love the grand fir trees that do grow there. I have seen him stretch out his arms to them just like I do do in the cathedral. He does have kindness for the little folks that do live about the grand trees. His ways are ways of gentleness. All my friends have likes for him, and so has Solomon Grundy. To-day he said he would take Solomon Grundy back to camp by the mill to his bunkhouse. A warming he did need, so he said, and he said he would wrap him in his blanket and take care of him until morningtime was come. Then he did go the way that goes to the far woods and I did go the way that does go to the cathedral. I so went to have

a little thank service for the getting well of Solomon Grundy. I do have knowings he will be well when morningtime is come. With me to the cathedral did go Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Brave Horatius.

My legs do feel some tired this even-time. I've been most everywhere to-day. I so have been going to tell the plant-folks and the flower-folks and the birds about this day being the going-away day of one William Shakespeare in 1616. Before yet breakfast-time was come I did go to the cathedral to say prayers of thanks for all the writings he did write. With me did go Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil. When we were come again to the house, they did wait waits while I did go to do the morning works.

After the morning works were done, I did put pieces of bread and butter in papers in my pockets for all of us. I put some milk in the bottle for Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides. He was waiting waits for me by the pasture-bars. He is a most woolly lamb. He was glad for his breakfast and he was glad to have knows about this day. While I was telling them all there what day this is, Plutarch Demosthenes made a little jump on to a little stump. He looked a look about and made a jump-off. Sophocles Diogenes came a-following after. They both did make some more jumps. Their ways are ways of playfulness. They are dear lambs. While I was telling them all, Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides did in some way get the nipple off his bottle, and the rest of the milk did spill itself out the bottle. I hid the bottle away by a rock. Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides did follow after me. He does follow me many wheres I do go to.

We all went on. We saw fleurs, and I did stop moments to have talks with them. I looked for other fleurs that I had longs to see. Everywhere that we did go I did look looks for *teverin* and yellow *éclairé* and pink *mahonille* and *mauve* and *morgeline* and *herissone*. When Brave Horatius had askings in his eyes for what I was looking, I did give to him explanations. He looked looks back at me from his gentle eyes. In his looks he did say, they are not hereabout. We went on. We went to forêt d'Ermenonville and forêt de Chantilly. We went adown Lounette to where it flows into Nonette — and we went on. Everywhere there were little whisperings of earth-voices. They all did say of the writes of William Shakespeare. And there were more talkings. I laid my ear close to the earth where the grasses grew close together. I did listen. The wind made ripples on the grass as it went over. There were voices from out the earth. And the things of their saying were the things of gladness of growing. And there was music. And in the music there was sky twinkles and earth tinkles. That was come of the joy of living. I have thinks all the grasses growing there did feel glad feels from the tips of their green arms to their toe roots in the ground.

And Brave Horatius and the rest of us did n't get home until after supper-time. The folks was gone to the house of Elsie. I made a hunt for some supper for Brave Horatius. I found some and I put it in his special dish. Then I came again into the house to get some bread and milk. There was a jar of blackberry jam on the cook-table. It had interest looks. Just when I happened to be having all my fingers in the jar of blackberry jam, there was rumblings of distress come from the back yard. I climbed on to the flour-barrel and looked a look out the window.

There near unto my chum's special supper-dish sat the pet crow with top-heavy appears. There was reasons for his forlorn looks, for Brave Horatius had advanced to the rear of Lars Porsena of Clusium and pulled out his tail-feathers.

I have had no case like this before. I felt disturbs. I had not knowings what to do for it. I had some bandages and some metholatum in my pocket. I took Lars Porsena of Clusium — all that was left of him with his tail-feathers gone — and I sat down on the steps. First I took some mentholatum and put it on a piece of bandage. I put the piece of bandage on to Lars Porsena of Clusium where his tail-feathers did come out. Then I did take the long white bandage in the middle, and I did wrap it about Lars Porsena of Clusium from back to front — in under his wings and twice on top, so the bandage would stay in place on the end of him where his tail-feathers came out.

Then I did make a start to the hospital. I did have wonders how long the needs would be for Lars Porsena of Clusium to be there before his tail would grow well again. I only did have going a little way when I did meet with the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He looked a look at me and he looked a look at Lars Porsena of Clusium in my arms. Then he did have askings why was it Lars Porsena was in bandages. I told him explanations all about it. He pondered on the matter. Then he picked me and Lars Porsena up and set us down on a stump. He told me there was no needs for me to have wonders about how long the need would be for Lars Porsena of Clusium to be in the hospital with bandages on him. He did talk on in his gentle way, of how it is birds that do lose their tail-feathers do grow them on again. He so said and I did have understanding. Then he did take up Lars

Porsena of Clusium in his arms. And he unwrapped him from front to back and back to front. When the bandage was all off him, Lars Porsena of Clusium did give himself a stretch and his

wings a little shake. And I said a little prayer for his getting well and a new tail soon. And the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice said Amen. Then we came home.

(To be continued)

OLD LEMUEL'S JOURNEY

BY ALICE BROWN

I

OLD LEMUEL WOOD was stretched on his bed in the best bedroom. He was going to die. He was not really old, though his neighbors called him so, half in derision, half in pity; but he looked like death and age together, as he lay there, his eyes screwed up, his thin mouth tightly shut, and his whole wrinkled face somehow conveying the impression that it had gone out of business, so far as any evidence it might give, and that nobody was to find out anything of Lemuel Wood any more.

Lemuel was a miser. He had worked hard and pined thin, and his wife, a sweet, plump, blonde woman, had not been able to sway him an inch from the rigor of his ways. They were well to do, inheriting prosperity from the beginning, and yet they had always lived 'nigh the wind.' The neighbors said Lemuel even begrudged his wife's plumpness to her. He suspected she ate more than she'd a right to, or she never could have gained so persistently. He was thin as a rail, and so was Dan, their son, who took after his mother in every inner characteristic and went about from childhood with a seeking

look because he never could have things the other boys had, never even time to play with them. Lemuel made it known in the boy's babyhood that he was not named Daniel, simply Dan, and the neighbors again opined that this was because it would take less ink to write it, if he had to sign a document; they furthermore asserted that his father, when he met a man named Ai, from a neighboring town, was heard to express regret that he had n't known there was a proper name of two letters instead of three.

Lemuel himself was never called by his actual name except in direct address. He had renamed himself by a shady transaction the neighborhood had not been slow at noting, and thenceforth he carried the label of it in every slightest allusion to him. A lawyer in Sudleigh had bought several cords of wood of him, to be delivered 'split and stove-wood length,' which, in this case, was twelve inches; and Lemuel had sawed and split the cord-wood sticks himself, with the result that all the lawyer's sticks were slightly short. From each four-foot stick Lemuel had thrown out a 'nubbins' from the end.

Little Dana West, who had come over to buy a peck of potatoes for his mother and tagged after Mrs. Wood when she ran down to the lower barn to ask her husband what bin she should get the potatoes from, stood by while she asked her question, and then saw her eye fall on the pile of nubbins thrown to one side.

'Lemuel,' said she, 'what are them little chunks?'

'You take some of 'em in your apron,' said Lemuel. 'They'll be good to brash up the fire with.'

'You don't mean,' said she, 'you're sawin' them off the ends o' Lawyer Trumbull's wood?'

'T ain't so easy as you might think to saw off twelve-inch wood by your eye,' said Lemuel. 'You take a handful of 'em with you when you go.'

But Mrs. Wood shut her mouth like a steel trap, Dana said, and went back to the house, and she carried no handful of chunks; and a few days after that, when Lemuel had gone to market and Dana came over to see if he could get Dan to go coltsfootin', he came on Mrs. Wood kneeling by the back veranda, a half-bushel basket of the nubbins beside her. And she had loosened a slat of the lattice, and was throwing the nubbins under, fast and furious. And again her mouth was like a steel trap.

No one ever knew what Lawyer Trumbull said, when the wood was delivered; but Dan and his mother knew that Lemuel came home 'mad as a hornet' and scarcely spoke for days. And there was no butter on the table for the period of his displeasure; and when Mrs. Wood brought it out, as she did three times a day, she was ordered to 'take that stuff away.' This continued until, as she and Dan judged, Lemuel concluded that the discount Lawyer Trumbull had caused him to accept on the wood had been worked

out. But not here did Nemesis leniently pause. Dana had told his mother and his mother told her cronies, and Lemuel, whose middle name was Ingersoll and who signed himself, in a crabbed hand, 'L. I. Wood,' was known thereafter as 'old 'Leven-Inch Wood.' Did he know it? No one could say. Nobody would have taxed him with it, for he was, it was owned, a good-natured old cuss, after all, if you'd only give him the last cent.

And now old 'Leven-Inch was dying, and, against his will, in the best bedroom. The doctor had ordered him in there because the little dark room where he had slept all his life had scant air even for a man in health, and not a ray of sun. Lemuel was carried in protesting, and when he had been settled in the white sheets, he looked up at Mary, his wife, whose compassion for him made this crossing of his will even more terrible than death itself, and said, —

'Don't you s'pose you could have the bed moved whilst you take up the straw mattin'?''

'What you want the mattin' up for, dear?' she asked tenderly.

The little love word she had not used to him since the first year of their marriage. She had grown satirical, in a mild, hidden way, and she would have judged that he thought it wasted breath.

'That mattin' 's over forty years old,' said Lemuel, 'an' the doctor's boots are terrible heavy. Anyways, if Dan has to lift me, you make him come in in his stockin' feet.'

Two tears trickled out of his eyes, and his wife wiped them away. By long habit of living with him she knew exactly how he felt, and the things she had all their lives fought in him, with a bitter resolution, seemed to her now his terrible misfortune, the bruises and stabs self-inflicted on a suffering child.

One day, when he was feeling a little

stronger, he called her to sit down by the bed.

'Don't you hitch your chair when you git up,' he cautioned her. 'There's nothin' easier in the world than marrin' a mop-board, an' doctor alone's enough to call for a new coat o' paint. Now I want to tell you about my will.'

She begged him to settle down and take a nap. She did n't want to hear about a will. But he went on, —

'I've cut off Dan with a hunderd dollars. That's in case he marries the Tolman gal.'

'Why,' said his wife, 'what makes you think he wants to marry Lyddy Tolman?' She thought the secret had been well kept.

'I guess I found it out as soon as anybody,' said Lemuel shrewdly. 'There's that day I come from market 'fore you expected me, an' you was b'ilin' molasses candy over the stove. An' that night I see him slip out with that little checkered box in his hand, the one in the upper cupboard, and I says to myself, "That's candy," an' I walked a step or two arter him and see where he went.'

He ended in triumph, but Mary turned her eyes from him, she felt such shame.

'Next day I had it out with him,' said Lemuel. 'I told him she's no more fit for a farm like this than a chiny doll.'

'She's real strong, Lemuel,' his wife pleaded. 'She's slim-lookin', I know, but she can do her part.'

'Well,' said Lemuel, 'be that as it may, I ain't a-goin' to take the resk. But, in case he marries Isabel Flagg within two years after my demise, then the heft o' the property goes to him. You're provided for anyways. Seemed to me at your age you would n't start out squanderin' things right an' left as a younger woman might.'

'Why, Lemuel,' said his wife, 'Isabel

Flagg's no more idea o' marryin' our Dan than the man in the moon. She's all took up with Sam Towle. An' as for Dan, he would n't look at her if she's the last woman on earth — a great strammin' creatur' that can milk ten cows an' set down to her supper afterwards an' not wash her hands.'

'She's a good strong worker,' said Lemuel. 'Now you go off an' let me see 'f I can git me a wink o' sleep 'fore doctor comes. I've got suthin' to thrash out with him.'

Mary ventured one word more.

'Lemuel,' said she, 'about Isabel Flagg: if you put that in your will, same's you said, you'll make Dan a laughin'-stock all over the county, an' her, too. I should n't wonder if it got into the Boston papers. They're terrible smart pickin' things up.'

'Better laugh than cry,' said Lemuel, shutting his eyes so tight that he seemed to shut his whole face with them. 'I guess when Dan's as old as I be an' layin' here, — don't you set that tumbler on the table less'n you put a piece o' newspaper under it, — I guess then he'll be glad he had a father that knew enough to provide for him, if he did n't know himself. You put that curtain up as fur's 't will go. That kind o' green's terrible easy to fade.'

II

Lemuel had managed a comfortable nap before the doctor came. He seemed to know ways of saving his strength, Mary thought, in wonder at him, as unerringly as he knew the roads to hoarding money.

The doctor was an old man, a giant in size and still in strength, with heavy black eyebrows and thick white hair. He came stooping into the low bedroom and Lemuel snapped his eyes open and greeted him, —

'Now, doctor, I want to ask ye one

question, an' if it's yes you can look at my tongue an' feel my pulse. If it's no, ye can't. Be I goin' to git well?'

The doctor sat down and regarded him from under heavy brows.

'Well,' said he, 'not right off.'

'Don't you beat about the bush,' said Lemuel. 'I won't have it. I pay you for comin' here, an' I've got a right to see 't you earn your money. Now, be I goin' to git well or be I goin' to die?'

The doctor still regarded him. He was a merciful man, but old 'Leven-Inch was, he told himself, enough to try a saint.

'Come, come,' said Lemuel, 'don't you set there studyin' how you can screw two dollars more out o' me. Be I goin' to git well?'

'No,' said the doctor shortly. He rose to his feet. 'You're not.'

'Ah!' said Lemuel, as if he were supremely satisfied. 'That's the talk. Now how soon be I goin' to die?'

'I don't know,' said the doctor. 'It might be a matter of three weeks.'

'Ah!' said Lemuel again. 'Then you need n't come here no more. If I was goin' to git well, I'd let ye come to see if you could n't for'ard the v'y'ge an' git me up 'fore hayin'. But if I'm goin' to die, I guess I can die full as easy without a doctor as with one. No, no.' He put his hand under the sheet. The doctor had taken a step toward the bed. 'I ain't a-goin' to have my pulse felt nor no thermometers in my mouth. An' you see 't you don't charge this call up to me, for you ain't done an endurin' thing an' you know it.'

The doctor turned away from him, but at the door he stopped. He had to be sorry for the wretched bundle of mortality that could not take its riches with it.

'You poor old fool!' he said; 'you don't know what you're talking about. You'd better let me come in once in a while. I won't charge you for it.'

'Aha!' said Lemuel, with an actual crow of delighted laughter, he felt himself so clever. 'Mebbe ye would n't charge me whilst I'm here to chalk it up. You'd charge it to the estate. I know ye!'

And the doctor, being human, swore mildly at him and left. Mary followed him down to the gate. She had been listening and knew.

'O doctor!' she said; 'I don't see what under the sun I'm goin' to do if he won't have you no more. I never can go through with it in the world.'

'Don't you worry,' said the doctor. He lifted his weight into the carriage and then stepped back to shake hands with her. 'If he gets uneasy you just send round and I'll come in. Maybe I can take a look at him when he's asleep or something. I don't want to hound the poor old devil — Well, maybe we can do something for him when the time comes.'

He drove away rather wishing he had not called Lemuel a poor old devil to his wife. But Mary understood. To her, also, he was a poor old devil in the terms of compassion she knew how to translate. Mary understood Lemuel very well after these married years. She knew how he had been tangled in the snarl of his mortality, and she hardly saw how he was to undertake this journey into the mystery he seemed to regard as lightly as a trip to market: that is, she wished he need not prepare to enter on it so unfriended and alone.

Lemuel lay there for three weeks, demanding nothing but precautions against the wear and tear of house and furniture, and speaking seldom. Mary took care of him night and day, and Dan, the big, sad-faced son, lifted him and tried to take his turn with the nursing at night. But Lemuel fought this off with a terse authority of tone.

'I ain't goin' to have him lazain'

round in here, pullin' an' haulin', he said to Mary, 'lettin' the farm work git all behindhand. Don't you fetch him in here less 'n I tell you to, in case I have to give him some orders about the stock.'

At the end of the three weeks, on a day when his breath had shortened more and more, until it seemed to Mary it was only a flutter in his throat, she told Dan the time had come. He could stay out in the sitting-room, not to worry father, but presently she would need him.

Dan sat there by the west window, looking out at the orchard where the birds were loud, and even he could not tell what he was thinking. Was he sad because his father was dying, or did some tightened spring inside him unroll with a great relief at the prospect of freedom after all his life of meagre living? He could not tell. All he knew was that it was a beautiful day, and his heart ached hard.

Suddenly, with a little swift rush, unlike her dragging step of the last weeks, his mother came, put a hand on his shoulder and supported herself by it. She was breathing fast. Dan turned under the touch and stared up at her. He had never seen his mother look like this, and a slow wonder came over him. Father had always been the grit in the wheels, the boulder in the path. Was it possible mother had forgotten all that because father was on his way to some other place, to stay forever? He was very like his mother, and suddenly, after that thought, to his renewed wonder he felt an unaccustomed choke in his own throat.

'He's gone,' said she, in the instant of getting her breath. 'You run right over to Ezra's an' tell him to come, quick's he can. Tell him you an' I'll help.'

Dan sprang to his feet. Death was new to him and he felt it was all hurry.

But his mother, glancing from the window at the sound of wheels, cried out,—

'My Lord 'a' mercy! there's doctor. You run an' git him in.'

The doctor had drawn up at the gate, and now he got out and hitched his horse; and he came along the path and into the sitting-room, where Dan and Mary waited for him, the tale of Lemuel's going on their faces.

'He's gone, doctor,' said Mary. 'I'm terrible glad you've come.'

'When?' asked the doctor.

'Just now.'

He went on into the bedroom, and took up Lemuel's nerveless hand.

'Yes,' he said. And then, because he was on the point of adding, 'Poor old devil!' he checked himself and held the flaccid wrist, and suddenly a look of curiosity and eagerness came into his face. He made himself busy about the body, and Mary felt a sick anticipation that did not seem like hope, and Dan, with that overwhelming misery of realizing the piteousness of things mortal in decay, thought how horrible it all was. The doctor turned to them, hesitated a moment, and walked past them out of the bedroom, and they followed him. He was frowning so that his black brows met.

'He's given up the ghost,' he said, in a tone of unwilling conviction. 'But, by thunder!' he added, as if another conviction struck him full in the face, 'that man ain't dead!'

All day he stayed with them and fought against the forces of dissolution to bring Lemuel back to life. But the man resisted him. The ghost he had given up refused to come back, and at night the doctor went away for a necessary visit, disheartened.

'Don't you leave him,' he told them. 'Don't you get Ezra Hines over here, laying him out. If there's any change, you send for me.'

Old Lemuel, from being a poor old

devil, of no use to himself or anybody else, as the doctor had always characterized him in his own mind when he saw him about on his ant-like delvings, had become to him his dearest concern. The passion of the scientist enveloped the poor old body, and he would have welcomed him back as the sisters welcomed Lazarus.

III

On the morning of the third day, while Mary sat beside the bed and Dan continued his terrible watch in the next room, old Lemuel opened his eyes. Hour after hour, while Mary sat there, she had wondered at intervals what she should do if he really did open them. She thought it probable she should scream. But now she felt no impulse of amazement or of joy. She took the covered glass from the table at her side and poised the spoon.

'I guess,' she said, 'I'll give you a little mite o' this.' She had almost said, 'Doctor told me to'; but that she discarded as likely to annoy him in any state of mind he might have kept.

But Lemuel was looking directly at her with a strange glance of certainty and even brightness.

'Mary,' said he, 'where d'you s'pose I've been?'

Mary put back the spoon into the glass. She saw the contents trembling with her hand. But she answered him quietly with another question, —

'Where have you been?'

He screwed up his eyes and smiled a little.

'You take my keys out o' my trowsis pocket,' said he, 'an' go an' unlock the top left-hand little drawer o' my desk. My will's in there. You bring it here to me.'

Mary set down the glass and went out of the room. As she passed Dan she said to him in a steady voice he

wondered at, 'Your father's come to. You run over an' tell doctor an' ask him to git here quick's he can. Tell him to come in as if he happened to be goin' by.'

She went on to the sitting-room, unlocked the little drawer, took out the paper, and carried it back to Lemuel.

'You tear it,' said he, 'right through the middle. No, don't ye do it, neither. I dunno but the law could git hold o' ye if Lawyer Trumbull happened to tell ye old 'Leven-Inch left a will, an' ask ye where 't was. You give it here an' I'll fix it.'

Mary took up the tumbler and spoon again.

'You let me give you a little mite o' this,' she said; and he took it willingly, his busy hands tearing slowly at the will. It took him a long time to tear it into the fragments he judged small enough, and half way through the task he bade Mary bring a newspaper, so that he might know no fragments had escaped him. And there in a few minutes the doctor found him lying placidly on the pillows, a little heap of torn paper under his hovering palms.

Old Lemuel put out his hand. 'You can feel my pulse if you want to,' he said, 'an' then you can give me suthin' to keep me goin' a spell. I've got consid'able to do.'

'You've had a good long sleep,' said the doctor speciously. 'Feel stronger for it, don't you?'

'I ain't been asleep,' said Lemuel, with a queer little smile neither Mary nor the doctor had seen on his face before.

'Well, I s'pose,' said the doctor jocosely, his hand on the sinewy old wrist, 'I s'pose you'll be telling us next you've heard every word that's been said in this room, since you dropped off.'

'No,' said Lemuel. 'I ain't been here.'

'Where have you been?'

Again Lemuel smiled and screwed up his eyes. But he opened them at once.

'You bear witness, doctor,' said he, 'these here papers on my chist is what's left o' my will. I tore it up. I tore it up myself. There ain't nobody else had the leastest thing to do with it. Now, you take them papers an' go out an' put 'em in the kitchen stove.'

And the doctor, not being troubled by imaginative hypotheses of the legality of the act, did it. When Lemuel had been made comfortable, — and for the first time Mary could remember he accepted comfort with an alert responsiveness, objecting only to spoon victuals as not sustaining enough for a man with work before him, — the doctor went away, and Lemuel, who was supposed now to settle down to sleep, put his hand on Mary's wrist.

'You se' down here side o' me,' he bade her, 'an' we'll plan it all out. I've got consid'able to do.'

Mary sat down and he kept his hand on her wrist.

'What day's to-day?' he asked her. 'Sunday.'

'That's what I thought. Well, you can't do nothin' 'fore Monday. Now Tuesday arternoon I want you should give a party.'

'A party?' said Mary; and in her wonder she felt as if, though she had received him quietly when he came back, the moment was perhaps here when she must make some outcry from the strangeness of it all. 'What kind of a party?'

'A tea-party,' said Lemuel, smacking his lips. 'Ain't that 'bout the only kind there is this season o' the year?'

'Why,' said Mary, and then paused. She had been about to say, 'You never would let me have a party. It cost too much.' But she ended, 'I don't think it's any time for a party, you sick an' all.'

'What kind o' cake was that your mother used to stir up,' said Lemuel, 'an' we used to have it out on the front porch with lemonade when I come courtin' you?'

'One-two-three-four,' said Mary, 'with raisins in it an' citron.'

'Terrible nice cake that was,' said Lemuel. 'Monday you make up a lot of it; cookies, too, an' sugar gingerbread. Ain't you got mother's cooky-cutters, leaf-patterns an' hearts an' rounds?'

'But Lemuel,' said she, 'them things are terrible expensive, high as everything is now.' She saw no way of stopping him but appealing to his dearest vice.

'You can bile a ham,' said he, luxuriating in his flights. 'You do as I tell ye. If you don't help me out, I dunno how I shall git through with it.'

He looked worried now, and this frightened her.

'Course I'll help you out, Lemuel,' she said. 'Who do you want to your party?'

'Everybody in the neighborhood,' said Lemuel, 'old an' young. I'd rather have the whole county, but there ain't no time. Plague take it all! why did n't I know sooner about there bein' no time. But the neighborhood I guess we can manage. You tell Dan to fix up some trestles an' boards on 'em out under the old elm. There'll be too many to eat indoor.'

'Lemuel,' said his wife, 'I dunno how I can. I don't b'lieve I could carry it through. An' if I could, I guess everybody 'd think I was out of my head, you sick an' all.'

Lemuel considered for a moment.

'Well, then,' said he, 'you might scare up some kind of a reason for 't. Dan could git married, if he felt like it, an' I kinder think he does. There's that gal he carried the candy to in the checkered box. You say she's a likely

gal. I dunno how long 't'll take him to git his license, as the law directs; but you tell him to harness up an' ask the gal, an' ride right off an' see to it this arternoon.'

Mary felt the sickness of apprehension born out of the unknown.

'But Lemuel,' she said, 'fölk's can't git married like that, all of a whew. Even if they've talked it over, — an' I s'pose they have, — she ain't begun to think o' gittin' her clo'es.'

'Then let her turn to an' git 'em now,' said Lemuel, 'fore she's a day older. You gi' me my bank-book, out o' that same drawer, an' I'll sign an order so's Dan can draw out as much as he needs — the whole business, if he wants to. You take the gal over to Sudleigh an' fit her out. An' while you're about it, you git suthin' for yourself, too. Kind of a stiff silk, same 's your mother used to wear, the sort that'll stand alone.'

'I don't want —' said Mary; but her voice failed her and she went blindly out of the room.

Lemuel called after her, —

'An' you tell him to git his name se' down Dan'el, in the license, same as his gran'ther's. I al'ays mistrusted he never took to bein' called Dan.'

Mary hesitated there by the door, her face turned from him.

'Lemuel,' she said, 'it's jest as I told you; I ain't got the heart to set out makin' cake. I dunno's I've got the strength, neither. I've been terrible worried about you, an' it's told on me. I never should ha' brought it up, never in the world, only I dunno how I can, Lemuel, I dunno how I can.'

'Course you can't,' said Lemuel, jovially. 'You hire Mis' Buell an' Nancy Towle to come in an' do the heft on 't. Lay the things out afore 'em, the eggs an' the butter an' the citron an' raisins,' — Mary never forgot the childlike delight of his tone

while he enumerated these, — 'an' give 'em the receipts an' tell 'em to go ahead, an' then you come in here an' set with me. Mis' Buell's a terrible extravagant cook. She uses tea by the handful, an' I heard the Thrashers say, that week she boarded 'em, her pie-crust'd melt in your mouth.'

Then something in Mary's bowed shoulders seemed to speak to him, and he added, in a softened tone she had not heard from him since the days of their courtship, 'But she can't hold a candle to you, Mary. Any woman can cook if you give 'em things enough to do with, but there's one or two that can git pie off a rock, as ye might say. I ain't seen but one, but mebbe there's another some'er's, same's there's more 'n one pea in a pod. They al'ays set out suthin' to make your mouth water, no matter 'f you do keep 'em sailin' nigh the wind.'

'Lemuel,' said his wife. She was troubled beyond measure by this incursion into the delights of the palate. 'Be you hungry?'

Lemuel laughed. 'Hungry?' said he. 'Lor', no, I guess I ain't. All I want is to have doctor see 't I have suthin' to keep me up, what time I'm here.'

IV

The doctor came in that afternoon and found him very much alive. Mary waylaid him at the gate and besought him to discourage the strange project of the party, or the wedding, as it might prove. He listened to her gravely, nodding from time to time, but when she asked him, 'Doctor, what'd he mean by sayin' to me, that first minute he opened his eyes, "Mary, where d'you s'pose I've been?"'

'Well,' said the doctor, looking up at her sharply, 'where d'you suppose he'd been? Did n't he tell you? I s'pose you asked him.'

'Oh, yes, I asked him, but he never said a word — only kinder screwed up his eyes an' laughed. No, he did n't really laugh, only looked as if he could if he'd a mind to. As if he knew suthin' he did n't think best to tell.'

'Mary,' said the doctor, and made it all the more serious by using her Christian name, 'I should n't worry him, if I were you, by going against his little fancies. If he wanted anything, I should let him have it. And if he says any more about where he's been, I hope you'll remember it just as it was, and, if you think you can't remember it, put it down on paper. I'd like mighty well to know where he's been.'

And it seemed as if the doctor had not only been fascinated by the problem of persuading old Lemuel back to this earth, but was doubly attracted, now he had him alive. He came in once, and sometimes twice, a day, and they talked, old Lemuel carrying on his side of it as if he were in health; only not as he would have done before he went away. The doctor reminded him at the outset that these were not professional visits: there would be no fee. But Lemuel smiled at him shrewdly and said, —

'Charge it up! charge it up! the estate's good for it.'

The doctor never questioned him about his mysterious going away, and Lemuel never once referred to it. Mary, dazed and unremonstrating, found herself putting the party through. She let Lemuel, lying there in his bed, plan the manner of it, and she and Dan carried it out. Mrs. Buell came and cooked, and Nancy helped her, and there was a rich odor of good things about the house.

Dan walked as one in a dream. He had obeyed his father implicitly, and Lydia Tolman had allowed herself to be caught up on the wings of their will, and her mother, dazed by the strange-

ness of it all, drove over to Sudleigh with her and bought her white garments and a wedding dress.

It was the day before the wedding, when the house was smelling of meats and spices and there was a vague air of excitement, not only through its rooms, but through all the neighborhood as well, that Lemuel demanded to be bolstered up in bed.

'I want to set up on end a spell,' said he. And Dan managed it without trouble. 'There,' said Lemuel, 'now you fetch me the Bible.'

Mary did it, wondering. She came back with the great family Bible in her hand.

'Don't you think,' she said, hesitatingly, because it was an implication of his extremity, 'you better let me read some out loud? It's kinder heavy to hold.'

'No,' said Lemuel briskly, 'I don't want no readin'. I ain't got time. I want to look up suthin'. You bring me a pencil.'

So she left him there, with the Bible propped against his knees, frowning through his spectacles, and peering while he turned page after page. This was in the morning, and at three o'clock in the afternoon he had found what he sought.

'Where's Dan?' he called to Mary, who was making herself busy in the next room, to be near him. 'You tell him to come here.'

In a few minutes Dan came slouching in. He was timid before his father, and especially since Lemuel had come back so strangely changed. As he went past his mother, through the outer room, she thought what a beautiful young man he was, with the strength and sadness of his face and his wonderful frame, made to work and also to beguile the eye with its ease and suppleness. He came in and stood looking down at his father in a pathetic dis-

trust and questioning, and with this a great compassion.

'What is it, father?' he asked.

'You listen to this,' said Lemuel, his lean forefinger on the page. 'I've had a terrible time findin' it, but I knew 't was some'r's here. Now you listen. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." ' He read it slowly with emphasis and a certain delight — either in the verse or in his own cleverness in finding it. Then he read it again. 'I've put a line under it,' he said, 'an' I'm goin' to put in a mark, too, so's you can turn to it. You hand me that piece o' newspaper there on the bureau. I'll lay that in.'

Dan gave him the paper, and he laid it carefully between the pages and closed the book.

'There,' said he, 'you can carry this off.'

'Don't you want I should leave it so's you can have some read —'

Dan paused there. His father's bright eyes made him feel as if he had said something strangely beside the question.

'No,' said Lemuel alertly, 'I'm through with it. Look here,' he called when Dan, carrying the Bible, had reached the door, 'd' you buy yourself a weddin' suit?'

Dan turned and looked at him. His young face grew stern. Was his father going to take it all back?

'Yes,' he said, 'I did.'

'That's right,' said Lemuel, chuckling. 'That's right. What color?'

'Blue.'

'Ha! that's jest what I'd ha' pick-ed out myself. Ye can't do better'n blue.'

The day of the party, or the wedding, — they hardly knew which to call it, — was set for Thursday; not quite so soon as Lemuel had planned, because there was so much to do. But when the sun rose fresh from lightest morning clouds

and shone divinely, the house was in holiday dress, and Lemuel, from his bedroom, gave out orders and emanated cheer. Mary wanted the ceremony in the front room so that he could look on from his open door and be in a manner present; but Lemuel forbade it, and ordered that it should be out under the old elm. And he was to be left alone, to rest, he said speciously, though with the gleam in his eye that made Mary and Dan suspect he was laughing at them, and after it they were to sing, — 'Coronation,' for one, — and then they were to dance. Ezra Hines was to play his fiddle.

It all fell out exactly as Lemuel had planned. There was merry-making and much eating, and everybody forgot how strange it all was, with old 'Leven-Inch lying in the house there, perhaps getting well and perhaps near his end, and let themselves go in a gay abandon. And when the party was over, the little bride came shyly in to let Lemuel see her in her white dress, and he said to her, —

'You're as pretty as a pieter in them frill-de-dills — though you ain't a mite handsomer — nor so handsome — as Mary was when she walked out a bride.'

Lydia was a little frightened, because this must, after all, be old 'Leven-Inch; but it looked like a man she had never seen, and she stepped up to him and laid her hand timidly on his and ran away.

The next morning Lemuel seemed quite strong and untired, but he said to Mary, when she came in at sunrise, —

'You tell Dan to kinder stay round this forenoon. He can be takin' down the tables an' rakin' up the clutter if there is any.'

'Don't you feel so well?' she asked. 'You think you better see doctor?'

'No,' said Lemuel, 'I don't want no

doctor. You have your breakfast an' then you se' down here side o' me an' stay a spell. 'T won't be long.'

Mary hurried through her breakfast and came back to him. She felt in haste, as if there was something to be asked him and she must ask it and make sure. Then she thought what it was.

'Lemuel,' said she, 'what was it you meant when you said, "Where do you s'pose I've been?"'

Lemuel turned his head on the pillow and smiled at her. He looked very secretive and knowing, but not at that moment, she thought with a kind of terror, old. The marks of his hard life and his penury had fallen away from him and he was young.

'You let me take hold o' your hand,' said he. 'So. There, that's right.'

He shut his eyes, and while she watched him his face seemed to her to grow more secretive and certainly more still. In an hour, perhaps, the doctor came in and she looked up at him.

'Why,' said he, without a pause to make sure of it, 'he's gone!'

'But, doctor,' said Mary, with a cry, 'you know before —'

'No,' said the doctor; 'this time he's gone for good.'

The week after his father was buried, Dan went into the front room by himself and opened the Bible where his father had put the mark. He thought he would do it every week while he lived, but he had not told anybody. His father was the only one he wished he could tell, and somehow he felt his father knew. And when he was about to close the book, it fell open at the Family Record, and under the deaths he saw a new entry, and stared at it until he could bear his own solitary discovery of it no longer and went to the door and called, —

'Mother! Lyddy! you come here.'

They came hurrying, and he showed them the record. It was in pencil in his father's crabbed hand.

'He put that down there himself, the day before the weddin',' said Dan. 'An' that was the day before his death.'

'Yes,' said his mother, 'he put it down, date an' all, day o' the month an' day o' the week.'

'Yes,' said Lyddy, in awe, peering at the record, her pretty head against Dan's arm to bring her nearer, but really because she liked it there.

'O Dan'el,' said his mother, in a great burst of yearning hope, 'where do you s'pose he'd been?'

THE MYSTERY OF THE SOARING HAWK

BY GEORGE E. CLOUGH

'FOUR things are too wonderful for me,' said the writer of the last chapter of Proverbs. This was one of them: 'The way of an eagle in the air.'

What lover of nature has not wondered to watch a hawk circling on motionless wings in the blue above him? Round and round he goes, soaring till he is but a speck in the sky. How can a bird raise its weight against gravity without visible effort? What power sustains the hawk?

Explanations have been offered — childish, contradictory, unscientific explanations. The hawk 'floats'; he 'sails'; he 'flies like a kite'; he 'rises on ascending currents of air'; 'though the wings as a whole are motionless, the individual feathers are working.'

Let us first dispose of these theories, and then proceed to find the true solution of the problem.

The hawk cannot 'float,' for he is heavier than the air he displaces. His quills and bones are full of air. As well might you expect a submarine to float because it was full of water. The lightness of the hawk's structure gives him less weight to lift; but were he full of hydrogen, he would not float. Shoot him: he will fall to earth with a thud.

Does the hawk 'sail'? He cannot. The resistance of the water against a boat's keel or centreboard holds it to the wind, and a resultant of the triangle of forces which act upon it gives it its forward motion. A boat without keel or centreboard cannot sail against the wind. Lacking a grip on the water, it is blown to leeward. Imagine a skiff so

light that it floats absolutely on the surface: whatever the angle of its sails, it will be driven down wind like a leaf or a feather. Therefore the hawk, who has no keel in water to hold him to his course, *may* be blown down wind, but can never sail across or against the wind, let him trim his pinions how he will.

Observe, too, how seagulls fly with motionless wings right in the wind's eye — a course no racing yacht can follow, for all its deep keel and spread of canvas. This is not sailing. There is power here, and independence to defy the wind. We must seek elsewhere for its source.

What the keel is to the boat, its string is to the kite. Cut the string, and the kite will be blown down wind till gravity brings it to the ground. The hawk has no string. He does not 'fly like a kite.'

Jefferies, in his *Life of the Fields*, suggests that the added velocity gained in making one half of the circle down wind is sufficient to bring the hawk back against the wind. This theory is mechanically unsound, and may be commended to seekers after perpetual motion.

We finally dismiss all these wind-theories of flight with the observation that hawks prefer a still, windless day for soaring.

Does the bird avail himself of ascending air-currents? On a still, hot day you may see little whirls of dust rising straight up from the ground, sometimes to a great height. But it is inconceivable that the hawk, keeping his regular

circles without check or break, could find ascending air-currents to sustain him at every point of his unfaltering flight. A bird weighing two pounds is no more immune from the attraction of the earth's mass than two pounds of lead or pig-iron. The theory is inadequate to account for the support of a single feather.

'Though the wings as a whole are motionless, the individual feathers are working.' Here, at least, is an honest attempt to find *some* force to counteract the force of gravity. But the theory is not borne out by observation. All the evidence is against it. Charles Dixon, in *British Seabirds*, writes: 'That these flights are accompanied by any vibratory movements of the feathers is erroneous, as I have had many opportunities of satisfying myself, especially when observing the flight of the fulmas at St. Kilda, the birds not being more than six feet away from me, when I am positive every individual feather was in perfect rest.' Anatomy would lead us to the same conclusion. There is no muscular structure for such a method of flight, and the wing-feathers are ingeniously felted together to work as a whole. We can dismiss that theory also.

Now let us apply our common sense to the solution of the problem.

Here we have a force, the force of gravity, acting on a body in mid-air. That force must produce a downward acceleration unless it is balanced by some equal and opposite force. Therefore we start with the hypothesis that the hawk *must* exert force equal and opposite to that of gravity, if he is to maintain his altitude, and still more force to increase his altitude. How does he apply that force? What mechanism has he? A pair of wings, and the big motor-muscles on his breast. We may safely affirm that he sustains his weight by using this mechanism.

'But the hawk's wings are motionless when he soars.'

You will admit, then, that, when he flies with beating wings, he is lifting his weight by the use of those breast-muscles? And yet you believe that the bird, which must work those powerful muscles in ordinary flight, ceases to exert them when he spreads his wings wide and starts to soar? Has he lost his weight? He *must* continue to exert them. There is no alternative. All other theories have been quashed.

How is this possible, when the wings are motionless and not even a feather is vibrating? That's the real question we have to answer.

To clear our minds of a very natural error, let us consider first the principles of ordinary flight. You think that a bird beats his wings down through the air when he flies? You are wrong. Wings are not made to be driven down through the air. They are spread and shaped and woven to encounter maximum resistance; to lean on the air, not to cut through it. Between each two strokes there is a fall of both wings and body, due to gravity. The fall of the body is neutralized by the lift of the wing-beat; the fall of the wings is *not* neutralized; they are now below the body and must be raised for another stroke.

This principle will be understood more readily if we compare it with the motion of a boat's oars. Those oar-blades *appear* to be driven through the water in a wide arc; in reality they do not move six inches. A little swirling eddy marks the spot where each oar-blade has rested throughout the stroke. First, the blades drive the boat forward; then they recover their position for a new stroke. If now a boat is being rowed against the stream and making no headway, and if you cannot see the flow of the stream, but only the motionless boat and the swinging oars,

you will find it hard to believe that those oar-blades are not moving through the water. Change the plane from horizontal to vertical, with gravity to represent the sweep of the stream, and it will be clear that each wing-beat lifts the body; it does not drive down the wings.

The resisting medium is not nearly so dense, and the wing-surface is proportionately greater. A heavy-bodied domestic fowl does sometimes drive its wings down in a vain attempt to fly — just as you can tug your oar-blade through the water by putting your boat's nose against the bank; but a broad-winged, light-bodied hawk finds ample support.

The point to remember is that the wing-force may be exerted without driving down the wing.

Now, we have seen a hawk flapping over the tree-tops, and we know how he looks when he is using both wings together in ordinary flight. When he starts to soar, knowing as we do that he must still be using the same mechanism, we are bound to admit that he is using it in a different way. If not both together, in what way is he using his wings? He is using them alternately.

'But surely, if that were so —'

You think one wing would be pointing downward and the other sideways, and then *vice versa*? That is why we discussed the principles of ordinary flight, so that it might be understood that the wing is *not* driven down. Picture to yourself the hawk, with wings wide for soaring. What *will* be the result when he contracts the breath-

muscle on one side only? One of two things must happen: either the wing must be driven down, or the body must be drawn upward and sideways toward the wing. Which is the more reasonable, to suppose that the broad pinion would be driven down through the resisting air, or that the body would be tilted toward the wing? Emphatically, the latter.

The action of the corresponding muscle on the other side brings the body back to normal and up toward the other wing. Thus a downward pressure of each wing is exerted, with a force equal and opposite to that of gravity, and the only visible motion is a slight swaying of the body.

You will ask, why has this swaying motion of the body not been noted by observers? It *has* been noted, but the right deduction has not been made. It has been attributed to balancing. Seen from below, — and the hawk is usually above us, — it is not conspicuous. The wide spread of the wings holds the eye, to the exclusion of minor details. Much more easily one may observe the swaying motion of seagulls following a ship.

In the alternate wing-beat, then, we find the solution of our problem. The hawk does not cease to exert himself: he simply changes his gait. He prefers the smooth motion of the pacer to the jolting trot of the saddle-horse. The soaring hawk is using his adequate strength with the ease and grace of an athlete who obtains the greatest results with the least visible expenditure of effort.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BY ANNIE WINSOR ALLEN

I

THE most wasted years of life nowadays are commonly those six years between the ages of twelve and eighteen which civilization has taken from adult life and added to childhood. Yet they are the most spiritual, the least encumbered years of our whole lifetime. At that age we are nascent men and women. And so, being mature in rationality and emotion, untrammelled by binding obligations, childlike only in instability and inexperience, we are fit for all nobilities and worthy of large opportunities. Moreover, having passed at twelve years old the tests for a sensible peasant, we are expected by civilization to gain in the next half-dozen twelve months all the delicate perceptions of a finely developed humanity. We must, as it were, cover in these brief six years the distance which the Western world covered in the six hundred years between the fourteenth century and the twentieth. Yet custom at present provides no adequate mode of conveyance.

To make sure that this journey is accomplished, in very fact and completely, takes no little ingenuity. The twentieth century has already gone far. Boys and girls, to-day in school, to-morrow will grow up into a world where men and women work together in the greatest freedom and in all sorts of relative positions. They will grow up into a world where everyone works and everyone is expected to give good, adequate, intelligent service. They will

grow up into a world where a limitless supply of pleasures in every hue and size, of every taste and smell, urges itself upon them, and they must either choose or be suffocated. Nothing will be out of their reach and everything will clamor for acceptance. The common sense and discernment with which they must behave, in order to fill their future lives with wholesome joy and a sense of firm triumph, must come from experience which they have gained under rational, loving guidance through abounding opportunity, during the six years of early maturity. We commonly call it 'adolescence,' growing-up, but we seldom realize how far toward grown-up these adolescents are.

At present little is being done to make sure that Youth shall get this experience with opportunity. During these maturing years most young people, who have not gone to work, very nearly mark time, both socially and personally; or they run in a kind of entertaining squirrel-cage, many of them with a notable impatience and a smarting sense of futility. Many of us older people, too, feel in looking back that these years from twelve to eighteen were for ourselves the most unhappy years, or at all events the most unsatisfactory years, of our lives. We were laughed at; we were snubbed and nagged; we were misunderstood. Our affections were derided, our ideas were slighted, our faults were exaggerated, and our ambitions were ignored. Or

else we were let to go our own way without much help or hint.

This usual attitude of the grown-up world toward adolescence is reflected in books. Writers seem to think that this early youth is essentially insincere, that there is a kind of humbug about it. They almost never picture it except with raillery, or with annoyance, or with an air of kindly indulgence; and the current names for it — ‘hobbledehoy,’ ‘the doldrums,’ ‘the awkward age’ — show how much this uncomfortable state of things has been accepted as inevitable and natural.

Why should it be inevitable? These years bring a state of natural development which was suited in earlier centuries to taking up all the cares of a household, of fatherhood and motherhood, and of getting a livelihood. If, possessing such ample powers, youth now feels baffled, there is something wrong with what its powers have to work upon, something inadequate in its opportunity. The fact is that, in our determination not to have them ‘grow up’ until they have become civilized, we have simply prolonged their infancy instead of extending their experience. Hence we have produced, at the age of eighteen, marriageable material only externally civilized, and therefore but poorly prepared for the complexities of modern life. Consequently, much of modern life is still a poor attempt at civilization.

Instead of preparing the youngsters by helping them to form sound mental habits, we preserve in them a muddled inexperience by teaching them a few social customs, and little else. This we do, not because we believe that it is the best way to provide for the future, but because we know it is the easiest way to manage for the present. In the future, they must take care of themselves. In the present, we have to take care for them. Therefore we fail to be respon-

sible for the future, and for the present we do what is most convenient — that is, what has been done before and what demands least ingenuity and insight. The way, for instance, in which we fail to prepare them for the coming of adult life, where men and women mix in indiscriminate community of work and play, illustrates our whole procedure — it cannot be called a method. In the same helpless way, too, we ignore their coming need to choose work, and even their need to choose pleasure. Our social customs, our whole educational procedure, needs to be reconsidered in view of its after effects.

II

Everyone knows that the intelligent character of the people who settled this country in the seventeenth century, and the sturdy demands of the life they had to lead, put men and women from the beginning more on an equality than they had ever been in the old countries. Segregation for women was impossible because of the pioneer life, and was unnecessary because of the good sense and busy-ness and good health of the men. So, in the travels and memoirs of Europeans who visited this country in the eighteenth century, we always find admiring mention of the beauty, purity, and capability of the women and of the chivalry of the men. Notably a French chevalier, who recounts his amours in every country of Europe, drops the tone of gallantry when he tells about the States, speaks with enthusiasm of the women, but has not one story to tell of his personal conquests. In the nineteenth century, up to 1870 or so, the same general conditions lasted. Customs differed in different states, but everywhere boys and girls mingled in great good-fellowship; a young girl could go from one end of the country to the other unattended; and American

husbands were the amazement of European men. Still, education for women was slight, and women had no occupation but marriage. With the establishment of the academies (about 1850), girls began to have the same education as boys — first in school, later in college; and, as a matter of course, boys and girls were at first educated together.

To-day, among our well-to-do people the practice has increased of separating boys and girls from their very early years, and especially during most of their adolescence — that is, from the time when in savage tribes they might begin to think of marriage to the time when we are willing to have them think of marriage. Civilization having become so complex that adolescent marriages are out of the question, we seek to create for them, so far as may be, a world in which the opposite sex does not exist. The six years of their prolonged infancy would thus be an empty gap as regards experience in the difference between masculine and feminine. Of course, we do not succeed at all completely in creating this gap, and, of course, sundry and parti-colored notions about each other do get across; so that the boys are accustomed to call girls 'females' and 'petticoats,' and the girls talk about boys with giggles and flushed cheeks.

Now the difference between male and female can easily be taught at an early age and needs no elaborate demonstration. But the difference between masculine and feminine is impossible to teach, and can be learned only by prolonged and varied personal experience. Yet we all know that the permanent happiness of every marriage depends on good mutual understanding between husband and wife; and the permanent success of every family of children growing up depends on good understanding between father and mother; and the permanent success

of the liberation of women is to depend on good understanding between men and women — freed from jealousy, flirtation, and self-consciousness. Savagery recognizes only male and female. It is one of the achievements of civilization that masculine and feminine have been discovered and developed. So, since the object of 'prolonged infancy' is to induct the primitive nature of twelve years old into the mysteries of civilization, it would seem that there is something stupid about us if we arrange for those years to be spent so that a boy or girl cannot possibly learn one of the profoundest and most beautiful of all the mysteries that civilization has unfolded.

Of course, there are all sorts of good arguments put forth for this separation of boys and girls; but each comes back to the fact that the elders do not know how to manage with them together, and, consciously or not, believe that all the entanglements and disasters resulting from sex are inevitable; so that the only course is to stave them off as long as possible. These elders have never really learned, themselves, the difference between masculine and feminine, or the difference between love and admiration, or between love and desire, or desire and impulse, or impulse and passion, or passion and love. They have never discovered, either mentally or vitally, where emotion ends and physical excitation begins. They do not apprehend the relation between thought and action or know the potency of root-ideas. In fact, they must still look upon boys and girls from the outside, as if they themselves were still in the epoch of childhood. They still see and judge the whole world as you see and judge a person who is approaching you from a distance. The first thing that you are aware of is sex — this is man or woman, boy or girl. As the figure draws nearer, you notice clothes. And when it gets

abreast of you, you observe looks — beauty or none. If there is then talk, you begin to watch character in the face and voice, and decide whether you like this person. Later, you may come to guess a few of the thoughts, and last of all, come to share the inner feelings. So do almost all grown-ups proceed in their dealings with children, and it is surprising how many have completely lost from their memory the inner life of their own youth. Consequently, they have little clue to the invisible in their own children, and they seldom get to know what thoughts and feelings live there.

But, in coming to know ourselves, impressions arrived in just the opposite order. We were first aware of our own feelings in babyhood. Then, little by little, we noticed that we had thoughts. Then, we used voice and face to give out small portions of those thoughts and feelings—inadequately—to others. That we had any looks, lovely or otherwise, would not have occurred to us until we were well into our teens (perhaps never) if other people had not invaded us with remarks about it. And clothes, too, did not become a serious interest until other people's interest became evident. As for sex, we were wholly unaware for years that we had any; and even now, grown-up men and women, married even, each of us thinks of himself or herself just as a person, different from all other persons — not as a man or a woman herded into a sex. In fact, your own inner life is not a sex-life. Your feelings are your own; your soul is You. You may function as a man or woman; but you live and feel, enjoy and suffer, think and work, as a person, as a human soul.

III

Just so it is by nature with everyone. Consequently, so long as we talk about

boys and girls from their outer aspect and think about them in their outer seeming, we fail to treat them in a way that suits or satisfies either of them. So soon as we think about them in their inner mental and emotional aspects (see them, that is, from the opposite direction — as they see themselves), and so soon as we talk of them as being like our former selves, not as special and separate kinds of creatures, then we become rational and put them at ease with us and with life. If only our elders had treated us so when we were young, how different we should be!

Viewed so, from within, boys and girls are in some points indistinguishable. In others they are as totally different. They are alike in emotional capacities, mental endowments, and physical constituents. They are different in motive force, in objects of interest, and in method of action and attention. A boy's action is always generative, with much surplus energy; while cogent, germinative warmth is a girl's characteristic power. His attention is toward pursuits, not persons; while persons are always her chief concern. He wishes to be his own master and the master of others. He is pugnacious and creative and has a great desire to excel. But she, though she delights in power, measures her happiness, not by things achieved or by obstacles or enemies overcome, but by persons pleased or won. She is very constructive, but often not creative at all. He is not docile, he has a native inhospitality toward all unmastered experiences and ideas, and he must believe that he does a thing because he is interested or compelled, not because another wishes it. She, on the contrary, easily behaves as she is expected to behave, and does not wait to accept the reason or adjust it to her nature; her nature does the adjusting. This makes her seem to reach an early develop-

ment, while he seems to stay young a long time, though he is really growing inwardly and is fully as old as she. It is characteristic of his mind that he can fail to see to right or left, but he sees straight on to the end of what he is looking at; the eye of his mind is a dark lantern, the light of his intelligence falls in a straight shaft. Thus he cannot see one part of himself or of the world while another is engaging his attention. All this makes him curiously without general self-cognizance and makes him appear to be built in separate compartments. She, on her part, has a power to stop her comprehension at any given point. Her nature tends to be diffuse, not intensive. She sheds illumination in all directions — not in one fierce penetrative shaft of attention. This is due to the almost complete intercommunicability of her physical and mental experiences; all parts of her communicate continually and have an equal share in all her doings. So she seems to be *all of a piece*.

So different are they in all that marks them masculine and feminine! But as we watch them, no sooner do we get to noticing how different they are, than we are forced to wonder if they are not after all indistinguishably alike. They have in common every emotion; they possess equally every mental faculty; they manage similarly constituted bodies by similar methods. Each is, to himself or herself, not He or She, but I — just a person, a free soul, using a contrivance called a mind, in a conveyance called a body. The difference between them, which is so obvious to us that we cannot for an instant forget it, is not in what they feel or what they think about or what they do, but in *how* they feel and think and do, in what they emphasize. The boy is intensive; the girl is extensive, as it were; the boy pursues *things*; the girl is all absorbed in *persons*.

This difference shows even in the way they sharpen pencils; and it is noticeable that the handwork in which girls usually excel is sewing, knitting, and embroidering, those constructive, non-creative arts which require little nice manipulation, and so little concentrated thought that feeble-minded persons can excel in them. Consider tennis, and watch a game of mixed doubles. Why do not the girls play as well as the boys? First, and most noticeably, because the girls are more interested in the players than in the game, and the people in the next court are almost as interesting as their own partners. Second, because the girl's attention is diffused and the boy's is intensive. And third, because a girl's muscular control lacks just the concentrated keenness that her mind lacks. In baseball you may notice the same differences; and if you play very much with girls, you know that they can be interested in games simply as a social pleasure, whereas boys want something to be happening; they want to feel that there is a fight on and that there's something to be won or lost.

Carry your observations into the intellectual world and you find the same thing. The highest marks in a mixed class are apt to be carried off by the girls. Why? Because the girls are willing to work as their teacher suggests. The boys are pursuing the subjects in fashions that suit themselves. So soon as a teacher appears who actually and honestly encourages independent work, makes the subject seem important, and stimulates real thought, then some boy shoots ahead of the very best girl, and the boys are to the full as satisfactory as the girls. But so long as teachers would rather lead than enlighten their classes, so long docile pupils will be held superior to sturdy pupils.

Or look at social life. Boys at an ordinary dancing party — arranged as it

is along the lines of pursuit and rivalry, prize and capture — accept it as a game. That girl who lends herself most easily, by behavior and looks, to play the part of prize is spontaneously singled out by them to be the centre of attraction, the belle of the ball; and they play the game with all the whole-hearted ardor of the boy-love of adventure. She, girl that she is, takes it all personally, and believes herself to be as essential in their lives as they are in hers.

All this goes to show that masculine and feminine is indeed a complicated difference which requires considerable apprenticeship to master. Boys and girls in the six precious years of early maturity should be getting their instincts clear about each other, developing their habits of mutual thought and behavior, trying their experiments regarding each other, and learning a little common sense. We elders should provide them with the necessary and suitable opportunity, steadying their instability and guarding their errors. We falter in doing this because we see so much failure that we fear to fail ourselves. We naturally take refuge in the easier, and seemingly safer, method of separation — and hope that the future will take good care of itself, since we know not how to take care for it. The reason we fail is that we have nothing to substitute for the objective, outside, traditional, obvious point of view which leads directly to love-affairs and matrimony. We have no vision of the boys and girls themselves, which looks within and regards them, first, as persons, and only subordinately as having sex, among many other characteristics. We have set aside six short years for their initiation into civilization, and we fail to fill those years with the necessary experience. We know that during that time they should be learning the innumerable inhibitions which go to

make up humanized behavior — that is to say, civilization; but we provide for them the minimum of opportunities of seeing successful behavior or of exercising it.

IV

In three directions we have lacked invention to contract our own dispersed experience into a form compact enough to get into the brief training period at our service. We need a new plan in *talk tolerated*, in *play provided*, and in *work required*. As to talk, our everyday vocabulary is intended to reveal our thoughts; but it has a large part in forming them, too, for we repeat current phrases without stopping to think whether they are acceptable, and so we swallow a notion whole before we have had time to discover whether it will agree with us or we with it. Then it may poison us and we not know what ails us.

In the same way, what we say poisons and depresses, or feeds and stimulates, the youngsters who live near us. So far as regards these young people and their relations to one another, our present current vocabularies of words and phrases reveal a positively primitive paucity of ideas. When the children are two and three years old, if a little boy looks at a little girl with pleasure their elders call them sweethearts. At sixteen, if he does the same, they laugh and say, 'He's fearfully smitten!' or tell him with a chuckle, 'You like to play mixed doubles, not for the tennis but for the mixing.' Yes, he does; but in what resides the joke? These elders poke fun at every human preference, and expect to cure sentimentality by jibes, as they might cure greediness or a clumsy gait or poor handwriting. In this wise they reduce personal interests to the level of ludicrous tricks which should be got rid of. This confuses the

youngsters' minds and increasingly obfuscates their ideas.

Of course, friendship between boy and girl, as if between boy and boy, or girl and girl, is impossible. With each recurring generation of boys and girls the belief that it is possible springs up afresh, and with each recurring middle age is revealed anew the very obvious fact that it is impossible. And it is part of our half-blindness in this whole matter that we are inclined to regret or deny this fact, just as we incline to regret or deny that boys and girls are different, fundamentally. No regret need be wasted over either fact. Without the difference which makes the intimate emotional friendship impossible, modern marriage would not be possible, and the whole structure of modern happiness would disappear.

Moreover, why should we wish to duplicate a good thing of which we can have plenty, and go without another kind of pleasure which is equally delightful. A boy and girl cannot be exclusive chums or permanent intimates, but comradeship and cordial personal liking are altogether possible. Our boys and girls should have this without any ostrich-pretense of its being what it cannot be. Orient love among them is, of course, universal, and mutual excitement is unavoidable. Nor may we rightly wish to avoid it. In emotion, personal and selective emotion, lives the fire that makes our spirits warm, and expands them. It nurtures and perfects them.

We should desire emotion for our children, but not exaggeration or any perverted imagination of passion. In order that they may know the varying and shifting character of most human relationships, a variety of more or less excellent companions is necessary. It is our business to regulate times and seasons. Before they are eighteen, and while emotion is still lambent with a

heat that does not sear, they should have experienced the fact that a very strong feeling may be roused by a very transient and truly slight interest. For, already, in their early teens, all the power to love which is to last for a lifetime, they have stored up, pressing for use. At the light touch of a small liking the whole cataract is ready to rush out.

And so it is in these early years that they should be learning not to pour themselves out in great gouts over what they like, not to waste their supply upon unproductive fields, and not to inundate. They should learn, too, that excitement, sweet as it is, never is lasting, and that a human relationship, fed on excitement, is wholly fleeting.

Of course, some girls and boys can never learn these things, but most can, and all should be given the chance. Gradually there should dawn upon them the difference between masculine and feminine, and all the subtle, infinitely important differences between love and admiration, or desire, or impulse, or passion. Without their conscious attention they will come to recognize the difference between physical excitation and true emotion. They will be getting their root-ideas established, and thought will become the ruler of their actions. In this learning, their elders should bear the part, not of instructors, but of experienced, understanding helpers, who do not meddle but are always watchful and ready in case of need. Instead, their elders only laugh, or interfere, or let them alone. How glad we should have been in our own young teens if our elders had treated us as companions, not as clowns or knaves or children; with respect, not with condescension or fault-finding or ridicule.

This is obviously not a suggestion that 'childish preferences' can be eliminated or 'calf-love' prevented. It is

only an affirmation that natural preferences shall cease to be called childish, and that first love shall not be called names. First love is real love — only its object is mistaken; it is poured out with too great lavishness, and unskillfully, as a child turning milk from a big pitcher into a little glass spills it over the table. The supply for a lifetime is spent on a fleeting preference. Fortunately, love is not a commodity. No matter how much is spent, the same amount remains. The preference was real and important; so slight that it was swamped by the feeling lavished on it, but nevertheless genuine. No preference of any kind is unimportant, and a girl's preference of one boy above another or many others is as inevitable as her preference for one girl above another, or for one flower above another. That girl friend will not always be the best friend, or that flower the favorite flower. This is not from fickleness, but from growth. The liking is genuine now and probably permanent. Our stupidity shows in treating her likings as if they were unreal, because they seem to us to shift so fast; and her liking for a boy as if it were different from all other likings in being funny.

Through these shifting preferences, boy and girl should be finding their way, in spite of the bewilderment of their natural instability, into a rational largeness of balance. They should be learning relative values and a sense of proportion, and how many things or persons at once may all be best. But our ways of talk mislead them. As did the talk of our own elders fail us, making us self-conscious and foolish, so does our talk now fail our boys and girls.

And in other ways, too, we fail. At present, most boys and girls are supplied with no chance to play together except in the age-old ways which tend to emphasize sex. Sex is one of the

things which does not need emphasis. It makes itself felt wherever it goes. What need emphasis are the common interests and healthful pleasures which they can share as persons, putting sex where it belongs, in the undercurrent. Dancing parties without favoritism, game parties, outdoor sports, singing together, loud reading, and the like.

But their elders can easily counteract all the healthful and steadying influence of rational intercourse between girls and boys, if they persist in keeping up the antiquated vocabulary and hinting at the old-time jokes. We must gradually, as fast as we can, give up the idea that sex is funny. If we think of it as a purely scientific physiological phenomenon of rare significance and extraordinary power, the time-worn jokes will cease to enter our consciousness and our conversation, because they will be actively irrelevant. There will be no association of ideas to draw them out. For we shall know that sex is our greatest blessing, and shall coöperate heartily to banish all the mismanagement which makes it a curse.

But to the suggestion that the sex-joke has got to go, the world says, 'Impossible! It is as old as Adam!' Yes, and the drink-joke is as old as Noah, and the hell-joke as old as Orpheus. Old as they are, they are not immortal, for the hell-joke is practically dead in educated America, and the drink-joke can hardly raise a smile, it is so feeble. The first has died because children are no longer threatened with hell and grown people no longer think about it. The second is moribund because liquor is less and less familiar to children and by grown people it is more and more disused and disapproved. A joke needs a basis of familiar reality from which to turn its somersault. Even now the sex-joke has disappeared where the grown people have ceased to misuse sex, and the children regard it simply

as a scientific fact. Thus science is rapidly removing many of our old-time errors and the reliable old jokes that went with them. Nature is never funny. Fun implies choice, and there is no choice about a scientific fact. It is merely so.

Not only talk and play, but work, needs to be vivified, beautified, and amplified for the youngsters, if we are to show ourselves intelligent creators of civilization. School and home at present are pretty stupid purveyors of labor opportunity, take it by and large. Boys' schools as a rule proffer lessons from books in which good work is rewarded by funny little things called marks; and athletics in which good work is rewarded by clumsy big things called letters. There's always a little 'laboratory' science; in some schools there is even a little chance to sing, and in some a trifle of shop-work. Girls' schools are generally a little more interesting, but not much. The same ingenuities in manufacture which have deprived women of their usefulness at home are depriving youth also of all usefulness.

And outside of school, — in the evenings, or Saturdays, or Sundays, — there are often music lessons and dancing lessons, and possibly church and Sunday school. There are the theatre and the moving pictures and the magazines, the automobile and the trolley — all enjoyed through the passive reception of other people's industry. But

comparatively few young people accomplish anything that is truly useful to anyone. In fact, they are treated exactly as they were when they were ten years old, except that they sit up later, have longer lessons, and are allowed more personal choice in the matter of clothes and amusements. They need responsible work which they shall do, in common or apart, with such zest that they will talk about it between themselves, just as they are to do when they are grown. Whether they shall go to school together depends on many practical considerations; but together or apart, their change from primitive to rational beings is not now marked by increase of responsibility or by opportunity for creation or execution.

If their elders can but alter their whole point of view about these restless young things, and think of them as interesting budding women and strippling men, — not as overgrown children, but as individual persons and future companions, — then the necessary changes in talk tolerated, in play provided, and in work expected, will come naturally; and there will emerge an adequate preparation for the grown-up world where men and women work together, where everyone works at something, and where pleasures must be selected, not merely accepted. Then boys and girls will no longer waste the years of their early maturity, but will be steadily growing up all the time.

NAMES

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

FROM Somerset and Devon,
From Kent and Lincolnshire,
The younger sons came sailing
With hearts of steel and fire.

From leafy lane and valley,
Fair glebe and ancient wood,
The counties of old England
Poured forth their warmest blood.

Out of the gray-walled cities,
Away from the castled towns,
Corners of thatch and roses,
Heathery combes and downs;

With neither crown nor penny,
But an iron will they came;
Heirs of a great tradition
And a good old English name.

An empty silence met them,
On a nameless, savage shore;
But they called the wild, '*New England*,'
For the sake of the blood they bore.

'*Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol,*
Boston, Windsor, Wells.'
Beloved names of England
Rang in their hearts like bells.

They named their rocky farmlands,
 Their hamlets by the sea,
 For the mother-towns that bred them
 In racial loyalty.

*'Cambridge, Hartford, Gloucester,
 Hampton, Norwich, Stowe,' —*
 The younger sons looked backward
 And sealed their sonship so.

The old blood thrills in answer
 As centuries go by,
 To names that meant a challenge,
 A signal, or a sigh.

Now over friendly waters
 The old towns, each to each,
 Call with their kinship in a name;
 One race, one truth, one speech.

THE COVEY

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

I

Dubbil, dubbil, toil an' trubbil;
 Chilluns bile an' babis bubbil.

A BACHELOR, I never fully appreciated this Southern ditty until, in my wanderings, I reached the village of Royton. This North Carolina settlement consisted of a double row of frame-and-shingle houses scattered along the road halving a gigantic waste of second-growth pine and tall, feath-

ery broom-grass, whose murmurous silence had become its own. Nothing was ever undignified or noisy about Royton, except its overworked church-bell which always gave tongue at the slightest provocation: the village, its turbid river, and the surrounding wilderness itself, seemed wrapped in eternal Sunday. At sunset, down the wide expanse of red clay known as Main

Street, loped the big brown rabbits of the sedge-fields. As if aware that they were 'nigger game,' and that the price of 'hyar skins,' at the post-office store, had recently slumped to three cents from the boom price of five cents, they barely condescended to dodge under the house porches when perfunctorily snapped at by some of the pointers of the town — magnificent dogs, apparently belonging to nobody.

Royton was a democracy of sport. The river lowlands swarmed with game; everybody's gun and dog belonged to everybody else, and everybody went 'gun-crazy' when the sassafras turned yellow. The men — mostly engaged in cotton-raising, when not hunting — were typical Southerners, generous and sociable, keeping open house, and liking nothing better than to have the transient stranger drop in to supper, even though it were only cold coon and cornbread. Singularly, their chief characteristic was an extreme New England sadness. To see them, one would have thought they bore the burden of the world. Nevertheless, they loved dearly to talk, and, still more, to listen, and, occasionally, forgetting dread responsibility, were sombrely gay. And this, despite the awful thought that, with every fourth tick of the clock (they were well primed with missionary statistics), a hapless native of Hindustan, or of East Africa, died and went to hell — a catastrophe inevitable to those perishing without the Methodist version of 'The Word,' for which negligence, they, the enlightened of Royton, would, at the Judgment, be held collectively and individually responsible because they had not sent enough missionaries. Meanwhile, the negro population at their doors flourished in a state of joyous unmorality which would have been a credit to Liberia.

To offset this religious incubus, the

older men appeared to have no redeeming petty vices. Cards were anathema, horse-races, frivolous books, and newspapers were unheard of; they chewed little, smoked less, and drank not at all. Even business trips to Weldon were under surveillance. But there was one subject upon which all could relax and discuss freely — hunting. My brother Charley, a famous shot, had hunted in many states. I had hunted since boyhood. Consequently, nearly every night our room held an areopagus of solemn bearded farmers, sitting on the bed, straddling chairs, trunks, boxes, or anything they could sit on, holding session until twelve, and, when the events of the day's hunting were exhausted, waiting eagerly for somebody to say something new.

Mr. Ransom Tracy, with whom, on our second trip, we boarded, was a tall, swarthy, dark-haired man, with tired eyes and a droopy black moustache. He was as brave as a hawk and as hardy as a wolf — one of the quiet, iron-handed few, who, with buckshot and rope, kept down the sullen, half-wild negroes. But indoors — what a change! Never lived a man so utterly cowed by his own actions — narrowing religion and redundant matrimony. He must, indeed, have been 'caught young' to have become so absolutely domesticated. Even now, for all his forty-eight years, hard times, and low cotton, he continued to be an anti-Malthusian renowned beyond the borders of his native state. His house, though unpainted, weatherworn, and dilapidated, was the undisputed centre of that amiable industry. It buzzed, it swarmed, it seethed with life — life all-pervading and never quiet.

Within the dingy, low-ceiled dining-room, at morning and evening, fraternally feasted Mr. Tracy, his wife, nine children of nine consecutive ages and every variation of temper, three

black-and-tan foxhounds, two cats, a pointer puppy, my brother, myself, our two setters, and an opossum. This last, an involuntary guest, was usually confined within a slatted box and dragged continuously around by child number three (reckoning in order from the baby). Now and then, the enchanted owner would insert a hand through the slats, wiggle his fingers, and gurgle, 'Putty Pussy! Putty Pussy!' to the evil, white rat-face cowering at the bottom. Somehow the anticipated yells never came.

During supper, which invariably consisted of fried muskrat, fried squirrel, fried quail or robins, fried cabbage, and — I had nearly said fried — coffee, and heavy bread, the children, aligned along the walls, like caryatides in a temple, kept anxious lookout for a possible seat. When a vacancy occurred at table, a miniature class-rush always took place for the coveted position. The from-four-to-eight-year-olds never became entirely accustomed to us. Even when deep in bread-and-molasses, they kept gazing in wonder and awe at the ferocious 'strangers.' When spoken to, they would shyly turn aside their pretty, tousled heads, stick a particularly dirty finger into the corner of a rosebud mouth, and giggle in the fascinating way which, nowadays, one finds only in telephoneless country districts.

The dogs, having from necessity become comparatively friendly, had formed beneath the table an association for the recovery of scraps. There, canopied by the table-cloth, — a permanent fixture, — they remained. The cats, from the safe altitude of the window-sills, regarded us with that Egyptian toleration for lesser races which, from lion to Manx, becomes them so well. Every few minutes, a moist, appealing nose appeared beneath the sheltering tablecloth. I can never re-

sist those familiar, insistent nudges at my elbow, — there is no use trying, — so I would give the pleader a piece of gravy-soaked bread or something easily gulped.

Once I forgot and gave a muskrat thigh, which, fried, is about as palatable as a burned rubber shoe. This, being dragged into the midst of the association, — which was not getting fat on scraps, — instantly started, among our legs, a dog-fight of no small proportions. At the first growl, the younger children set up a concerted yell; the older ones jumped up, backed their chairs off, and got behind them; Mrs. Tracy set the baby out of harm's way, while Charley and I lifted the tablecloth and grabbed at distinguishable parts of top dogs. As things got worse under the table, and more dogs, out in the hall, added their voices, Mr. Tracy, that long-suffering domestic pacifist, laid down his knife, lifted his droopy, black moustache from his coffee-saucer, licked it, looked thoughtfully, first at his guests, and then at his wife, rose, kicked viciously at the linen-draped snarl, and then swept, with one broadside of his booted leg, the entire warring mass out into the waiting darkness of the icy hall. The slamming door caught the tip of a vanishing tail or ear, and the ensuing yelps took five minutes to expire.

Supper over, we would retire by platoons to the adjacent sitting-room, where the from-four-to-eight-year-olds, after a careful elimination of less-favored pets, distributed themselves, in positions dear to childhood, beneath the furniture, and there began tormenting their favorites, meanwhile peering out at us as if we were gorillas or strays from last year's circus.

But this settling down was carried out in comparative quiet. An air of uneasy expectancy overhung the room; voices were lowered and eyes wandered

toward the closed double-door of the hallway. Presently, it opened, and in strolled the two pretty grown-up daughters, for whose maiden dignity the dining-room chaos was, evidently, too much, and who had taken their meal in the back kitchen. As Charley and I stood upon their entry and offered them our chairs, and everybody else — often including a male visitor — kept, contrarily, the closer to their own seats, we acquired, in consequence, a reputation for extreme worldliness — in fact, were considered decidedly Episcopalian, whatever that implies.

For a while, all was peace. Presently, one of the younger girls, who had reached the age known as 'fryin' size,' would become increasingly self-conscious, restless, and fidgety. Then, with a side glance at her mother, she would sidle over to what, at first sight, I had taken to be a combined hatrack, mirror, and writing-desk. On pulling a handle, down came the entire upper front half; a keyboard and a row of black-headed knobs appeared. A bit more pushing-in of knobs and pulling-out of handles, and it evolved into a sort of musical instrument — a 'melodeon,' I believe they called it. Then Miss Sweet Sixteen, planting herself before it, would give a twirl or two on her piano-stool, toss her red-ribboned pig-tail, and, with a vocal sister on each side, would commence 'The Battle of Prague,' or something equally thunderous. Shade of Wagner! The volume of sound emitted by this diabolical offspring of a steam calliope was beyond belief. Because of its being practically new, heavily polished, and much too tightly wound, it literally shook with brassy, jarring diapasons. The stuffy room, already overheated to headache point by a white-hot drum stove, seemed to rock and reel. Pictures on the walls, the efforts of high-school genius, —

square, disheartening winter landscapes so a-glitter with powdered isinglass that they hurt the eye, — trembled on their wires. My seat being close to the stove and partly inclosed by the concave tin fire-screen, sound became tangible; it penetrated the inmost cells of my brain; my eyes grew hazy; through the haze the bright melodeon roared — a monstrous, brazen Moloch of sound; my ears boomed; the top of my head hurt.

Mr. Tracy regarded Moloch with visible uneasiness. His usual procedure, when the girls first began 'making motions' quasi-musical, was to pretend that he had n't finished skinning muskrats in the back kitchen, or else to take his gun from a corner, sling his lantern over his shoulder, call his hounds, and announce that he was going to make a little round of the river shore to see if 'I might n't start me a coon' — a motion always enthusiastically seconded by Charley and by 'Budge' Tracy, the oldest son. When forced by a frown from his wife to stay and face the music, moving his chair over beside me, he would cross his legs, loop his hands around his knee, and, locking his fingers in the form of 'here's the church and here's the steeple,' settle down for the evening with a marital look of 'I can suffer and be still.' Then, remembering, he would suddenly brace up and manfully assume the air of prideful despair distinctive of the fathers of marriageable daughters completing their schooling by 'taking music.' One night, during a lull in the soniferous typhoon, he confided to me, behind his hand: 'Barton, dogged if the girls did n't get their money's worth when they got that thing. A cow was swapped for it. But [brightening] she war n't much of a one. Mighty puny. They raised her.'

He was not the only one manifesting uneasiness concerning Moloch. One

Saturday night the supply of dolorous secular discord gave out and the musician unexpectedly turned on a hymn. About half-way through the resultant uproar, happening to look up, I noticed, over against the closed dining-room door, a child — Adrian — number five (reckoning in order from the baby). He had thrown himself on the floor in a passion of rage and grief, and, totally disregarded, was revenging himself by lying on his back, with his feet over his head, drumming with frantic heels against the rattling panels. His glistening face was so crimsoned by inaudible screams that it seemed about to explode. When I rose and walked over to pick him up, Moloch stopped; but Adrian went on, and I was rubbing my arm, bruised by a wicked kick from the little demon, and thinking of the cynic Frenchman, who, distracted by his host's children, drank a silent toast to the memory of Herod, when Mrs. Tracy remarked, 'Oh, don't bother with him [smiling and rocking away in her low chair, which she overlapped, like a very opulent rising of dough in a very small bowl]. Let him alone. It's "Rock of Ages." He always does that way when it's played. He don't like it. Never did.'

II

During the second week of our stay Mr. Tracy was absent, and I sat at the head of the table. Children numbers two and four (reckoning from the baby) sat, one at each elbow. Number two, a fat, jolly, red-cheeked infant, at first, overawed at my baleful proximity, refused to eat. At the next meal, because of gumdrops, he became more friendly; and, at the next, after fixing me with a wide-eyed smile of recognition, he joyously waved his spoon aloft and brought it down on my ear in a pat of gumdropy anticipation. The

spoon, coated with hot oatmeal, filled the ear and scalded it considerably. Nursing it with a napkin, I was on the point of asking Mrs. Tracy to let me move to a safer locality, but she forestalled me. 'Mr. Barton, you must n't mind little Milton. He never had no table manners.'

Mrs. Tracy was dominant maternity personified. She had paid the toll. I often wondered what she must have looked like when a girl. Obviously, she had never been a sylph; but even now, when she smiled, in her broad, kindly, double-chinned face, one could still catch the pathetic ghost of girlish beauty. Married and mother at fifteen, her home was her world. And that world she knew; there was nothing domestic that was foreign to her; but of the world beyond her door she knew no more than if it had not existed. She considered herself a wonderful cook, and the main joy of her life was a peculiarly tall cooking-stove built somewhat on the style of the melodeon. She really knew no more about cooking than a Patagonian. It never seemed to occur to her that pine-knots are too hasty for anything unfryable.

One morning, at a lamp-light breakfast, after vainly looking the table over for something more than partly done, I decided to try the rolls. These case-shot were the only edibles within reach which appeared to have had more than a distant acquaintance with fire, the tops being brown, the middles moist, and the bottoms raw dough. I was getting along fairly well, eating the tops and slyly putting the doughy parts into my shooting-coat pocket, intending, later, to give them to my dogs. All at once there came a lull in the buzz of matutinal conversation. Glancing up, I caught her eye fixed upon the pocket, which was bulging considerably. She spoke, icily severe, yet striving to keep her 'company

manners': 'I think I never seen a man eat hot bread like you. That's seven of them rolls you've had already.'

Within a week of our arrival, we were almost members of the family. Our room, after we had gone hunting, was a Golconda for all the children. They must have spent the day there, judging by its looks at night. Our traveling-cases were turned inside out, our satchels invaded and rummaged to the linings, our clothes scattered, and our pipes sucked at for hours — the silver bands around the stems irresistibly fascinating the smallest toddlers. Sometimes a persistent sucker got sick, but never discouraged.

Two of the younger girls remained aloof. The elder, whom I called 'Swamp Angel,' pleased with her title, was merely shy; her sister, however, continued to regard me with such terror that it finally became a family joke. Often, to the infinite delight of all, at my slightest move in her direction, falling into uncontrollable panic, she would run from the room, or hide behind a chair whenever she caught my eye singling her out; thence she would peep out at me and dodge quickly back again, just as a sapsucker dodges around the trunk of an apple tree. I called her 'Miss Sapsucker.' The name still clings as fast as her namesake to its perch.

Determined to win them, I suggested to the family that we hold a story-telling contest. They were delighted. After that, every evening, when we were all gathered in the sitting-room, the fun began. I ransacked my memory, and, when my turn came, always started off with a fantastic tale from *Vicram and the Vampire*. This had one good effect — it stopped the melodeon. But it made the little girls shyer than ever, and I had about given up hope of making friends, when, on the last day of our hunt, both joined me, out in the

pine woods, under pretense of looking for their cows. It was, evidently, a plot; it showed in every giggle. Very charming they looked, laughing and blushing, their hoods of white-and-crimson wool crowning long tresses of brown hair. They could outwalk a wolf, and gave me all I could do to keep up. For a while, restrained and timid, they kept off at one side; but oriental enchantment had done its work: soon, edging in, they walked closer, still keeping off, but listening eagerly to tales of afrite, genie, sultan, and slave, and venturing breathless, long-range questions. The first rabbit, starting from under my feet, bolting straight at them, and tumbled heels-over-head by a long shot as it swerved aside, dismissed the last trace of shyness until the excitement of picking it up had worn off. Then, panic-stricken, the younger girl ran away and hid behind a tree. Her sister, suddenly brave in her thirteen years, walked beside me, carrying the game.

It was lunch-time. We had walked four miles without another shot. Suddenly a succession of shrieks announced that Miss Sapsucker, still loitering behind, had started a rabbit all by herself. I scored a glorious miss with both barrels when bunny dodged down the rows of a cotton-patch, where the myriads of fluffy bolls made everything look like a multiplex 'cotton-tail.' Away it went over a distant hill. But not in peace. Before I could reload, Miss Sapsucker was up with us. She called her sister, and off ran the excited pair, so out of breath that they could hardly squeal. Then a little boy, carrying an immense shot-gun, came out of a thicket and joined the chase; and, far in the rear, our three black-and-tan foxhounds came slowly into view, nosing out the cold trail and beginning melodiously to mourn over it. Now, striking scent, they woke up, swept

past, and, outstripping the runners, all vanished over the hill.

Run as I might, there was no catching up, and soon, losing all trace, I stopped at a farmhouse for news. There I was told that the mistress, a widow woman with a reputation for 'running' people off her place, had gone down to the spring to see who was hunting on her land. I hurried on, reached the spring, broke through a tangle of intervening greenbriar, and saw a pair of black-stockinged legs waving wildly in the air, while their owner, Miss Sapsucker, stuck half-way into a hole beneath the roots of a water-oak, endeavored to pull out her dearest hound, which was holding on to something, 'like grim death to a dead nigger.' Growlings, scratchings, and muffled cries bubbled up from the underworld. Her sister, clasping an armful of struggling dogs, — including the pointer puppy which Mr. Tracy had been trying to keep from the very name of rabbit, — crouched on an overhanging root, ready to let slip the dogs at the first bolt of the quarry. The diminutive cannoneer, resting the barrel of his field-piece in a crotch, kept attentive lookout, and the widow, who had rushed there, supposedly, to drive them off, was enthusiastically directing operations with an axe.

This scene, the very spirit of the autumnal South, remains one of my rarest hunting memories. The warm November sunlight, showering through the russet of the still-foliaged water-oak, ruddying the silver hair of the old lady with the axe, and setting in shad-

owy relief the flushed cheeks and glowing eyes of the lovely Swamp Angel, the hollow baying of the eager hounds — all a vision never fading.

On Sunday mornings, a spick-and-span red-wheeled buggy, containing two admirers from 'up the road a piece,' would drive to our front gate and hitch. The occupants spent the forenoon in abject misery on the back porch, waiting for somebody to come home from church. They seldom spoke to me, but regarded me with dark suspicion. Stiff, in best suits of undertaker's black; hair 'roached' back and so shiny with bear's grease, or something unctuous, that it shone like a crow's wing in the sunlight; mouths partly open; feet and hands increasingly in the way; red 'store' ties of the 'butterfly' pattern; tight tan shoes and nervously twirling bamboo walking-sticks — they looked a desperately uncomfortable pair of mortals. They knew that the eyes of the entire community were centred on their every action; that their faint moustaches, ties, walking-sticks, and buggy would be the chief subjects of conversation for the next week; and that the name of their respective beloveds was emblazoned in letters of flame upon their respective 'biled' shirt-bosoms. So miserable and wilted were they by dinner-time, that it would be three o'clock before the gathering of sufficient courage to ask of the Adored, sedately perched upon the edge of a distant chair, 'Miss Ellie — er, care about taking a little walk — I mean up the road, to see Aunt Bes-sie's dahlias?'

THE SCHOOL SHOP

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

THE significance of the shop in the grade school, or even in the high school, is not understood in its total bearing on the development of children and the society for which they are being prepared.

If you are content — as most schools imply by their standard processes — with society as it is, and if you expect and hope for nothing very different, then things may remain more or less as they are, with the shop in the very inferior place in which it is found, and with the people who teach in shops wholly unequal to the magnificent opportunity afforded. At the bottom of this comparative indifference to the school shop is the philosophy — a social philosophy on which the world's institutions, even of the standard democratic type, may smash up — that the hand may be dishonored with impunity. By dishonored, I mean that hand-work may be considered inferior to brain-work to such an extent that the disparity between the rewards has, in the industries, reached the elastic limit, and prompt and copious adjustments in the other direction are imperative.

There is no health or promise of longevity in any society that consists of a huge mass of Nibelungen — spiritually, mentally, and sometimes physically, underground — beating incessantly on the anvils of their monotonous tasks; and at the other end the people of Walhalla, engaged in intrigue and exploitation, in the great game of industrial production, and, as a result of it all, poisoning the air with their banalities.

Between these two extremes wanders at present a rather bewildered multitude, convinced of but one thing on the whole, namely, that climbing up into the seats of the scornful leisure class is the important issue in life, overrating the brain-worker, underrating the hand-worker, their own hands hanging, — rather limply, — rattling knives, spoons, and forks; largely uninformed, unskilled, wasted.

Too many people confess without shame that they 'can't use their hands.'

Do they know or care, I wonder, that the only reason why a brain-worker has a brain is because his ancestor, that blue-faced, grimacing, arboreal apparition, had a hand — a small, black, sinuous hand — with an opposable thumb? It picked things up and gazed intently at them in its shifty, nervous way — dropped them, picked them up, took apart anything that would come apart, and then put it together again. Got a stick and dug a hole with it; got a stone and beat nuts with it; tied the stone to the stick, and was electrified by the results. And so, painfully, agonizingly, while geologic ages crept by — under the same sun, moon, and stars that light us on our own confident way, these hands of our poor ancestors built your nest and mine, O complacent one! And will you then forget this? Is there any point of honor involved in this matter of hand-work?

Whether there is or no, *you* are involved. You cannot longer neglect the sources of sanity and strength; and these are not in brains, but in brains

plus hands. And out of brains and hands combined comes that spiritual thing which alone irrigates the life of men — the thing which, after thirty years as carpenter's son and carpenter, produced a man capable of stooping to the earth before the Magdalen, and asking that most penetrating question of the brain-workers standing there with their stones; and in his profound oriental way, telling those immortal stories of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son. Will you trace that genealogy back to the black hand of the ape and then not *reverence* that hand and all hands?

The old school system under which the writer suffered was, of course, far worse than the present one in respect to this shop question. But then the life of families was much more manual than it is now. There were no telephones or electric lights, very few theatres and these expensive, no amusement parks, no automobiles, no moving pictures; in fact, there was a very different standard of interests. It was much more common to make things that could be made than to buy them, and children did more housework. Mother was not so apt to be either a 'great lady' or an imitation of one, with a charming manner but defective discrimination. And father was not diverted by an automobile and a golf-stick to a condition of almost total futility so far as teaching his children was concerned.

Mother and father taught the boys and girls very many very important things involving both hands and brains. Since they stopped, we have Domestic Science and Manual Training in schools. But they are still occupying humble places. The school person does not yet admit the value of shops in the school. He still sees mostly the formulæ dictated by the high schools and colleges in the form of 'requirements.' To be 'educated' or not is to pass or not

pass the tests of the school people. You may be 'educated' and still be able to pass those tests; but there are many chances that you can pass them only by stultifying yourself. And also it can safely be stated that fifty per cent of the cultivatable area of children's minds is not touched at all but goes to complete waste — like a rainless land.

However that may be, it is well to consider this, that under the greenness and blossoming and fruitage of the mind there are certain very deep foundations, namely, the work of men's hands.

And if you get a generation of people to thinking that the vegetation that grows out of this soil is so superior to it that it can afford to insulate itself, why then you get a generation whose strength has clean gone out of it, like the strength of Antæus held off the earth by Hercules.

Teachers, lawyers, ministers, statesmen, writers, and business-men must be only phantoms and something less than real when they are in touch only with their own kind, and shut off from this other kind, whose opinion, though slow and sometimes inarticulate, after all is the final opinion, because the whole organic chemistry of society can be produced only by the salts which they supply. There is a very strong current in our affairs even to-day running from a region known as Feudalism, which is not any particular place in history so much as a particular area in the human heart, and one of the coldest and darkest. And this feudalistic polar current can chill a great many generous efforts in school and out.

And yet, too, hand-work needs always to be interpreted to itself, in order to feel itself an integral part of all that is beautiful and illuminative. It cannot be merely vocational; it cannot be postponed to the high-school and technical-school period. It belongs in

the elementary school, and should be given there the space and the time its importance demands, namely, as much space and time as any most favored subject. Over the door of such a school, you could then write these two words of Horace, — *'Integer vitæ,'* — meaning wholeness of life, symmetry of life, soundness of life, and, therefore, poise and strength of life.

May I describe a shop and a shopman as, let us say, they exist in the school at X.

The shop is on the ground floor, with a special yard of its own, secluded and remote from the violence of the general school grounds. Over all the walls of this shop are maps, blue prints of locomotives and cars, big colored posters of steamers and sailing vessels, old models of all sorts, but especially of ships, besides innumerable samples of the work of pupils past and present. Lathes and racks of tools, benches, shavings and lumber, a band-saw and other machine-saws.

And, strange to say, some enlightened school board allowed a great fireplace, with a big clay head of Pan plastered on the front of it by the teacher, and a potter's wheel and kiln in a corner, where people with impulses toward pots and tiles and glazes can express themselves.

It is evident that the school board is only too happy to leave this department alone, except to supply anything it wants — when and as it wants it. When you find a spring in a thirsty land, you do not fill it with mud and gravel, unless you are an average school board passing that way, dragging the clanking school-machine in a cloud of dust.

Outside this schoolroom the children have built a harbor for ships. Down to the harbor goes the village street, with the miniature houses of the community, the wharfs and wharf-buildings; and at

anchor in the 'stream' lie the model vessels: schooners, square-rigged clippers, and craft of various sorts built and rigged by boys and girls; and lovely to behold, with one perfect poem by the 'old man' — the Santa Maria of 1492. There they swing to their moorings, reflect themselves in the water, and brush against the jewel-flower leaning over the side. Here new vessels are constantly launched and old ones refitted, houses repaired and replaced, furnished, and fenced.

In the shop, locomotives and cars, airplanes, steamships and destroyers, submarines and chasers, houses and furniture, and every sort of thing that goes with this teacher's plan of manual training, are made.

'We made the harbor out of concrete,' he tells me, 'and laid out the town, and planted the things, and started the water, and, by the gods, Nature adopted it at once! Within an hour there was a water-skipper rowing himself across, and the green and brown dragon-flies did acrobatics over it, and, best of all, after we had a lot of fish in it, one day we heard the exciting rattle of the belted kingfisher — and there he sat, like an Indian chief, and, if you please, he dived in and got one of our biggest ones!'

'You see, we make houses with things in them. But we get the drawings of actual houses from architects, and scale them down, and go by the drawings. Or we make our own drawings, as we did for the simple houses of the fishing village. Girls would rather make houses than anything else, and the furniture — maybe that is unfortunate, but it is true. Their adventure is a house adventure; they seem to know it — God knows how! And think how many of them are going to be poor little 'apartment' creatures. Ah, what a shame! what a shame! All that mysterious power, and that most

exquisite aroma of the woman and her household, sterilized by these stony compressors of life — these apartments! I read recently Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago* — there was a household for you!

'So we make houses and nothing but good houses — with proportions and window-spacing *right* and roof-lines right. And then we furnish them, from cellar to attic: beds and bathtubs, looking-glasses, chairs, and tables; and we *live* in our houses, we sing in them, we love them and the grounds around them. We do everything the best way — considering our age; not the second best or the third best. I think I am more interested in girls than in boys because, after all, they are the determining factors — if they will only *stick*; if they refuse to allow the temperature of modern life to evaporate their fertility, — you know what I mean, — mental, moral, *and* physical.

'Now take this business of making ships. If you can get a feeling for ships into boys and girls, what can you get along with it? Oh, lots of things, of course, but, among them, this — the beauty of economized strength and the ugliness of waste. There is n't a thing about a ship that is not necessary, and there is n't a thing that is not compressed into the smallest dimensions compatible with the strength required. There is no technique so organic, so moulded by nature's forces, as the technique of shipbuilding. And the result is, you get about the most beautiful thing a man ever made.

"Don't waste yourselves," I tell them, "unless you want to be a scow, something to be forever towed about, a flat-chested, slab-sided drag on the universe." And then there's all the historical romance and geographical significance of ships.

'We read a good deal about old Salem, about that Derby family and

the boys they bred then, who commanded East Indiamen when they were twenty-five, — *The Clipper Ship Era*; that's a great book, — and we read all sorts of things, from Conrad and Masfield and Richard Dana.

'When I have my own school, it will be where you can look out every window on to the level, blue, flashing sea, with gulls swaying and screaming. And after school, down we tumble into all kinds of boats, with red turbans and sashes, ear-rings and knives, wooden legs and black spots, and trim the sheets for our own Treasure Island where we have things buried — especially some kind of grub.

'And here are our locomotives. We got drawings; you can't make anything produce the illusion that it's a real thing, that you're only looking at it from a long way off, unless you get proportions right. As soon as you do that, you see, even though this Pacific type six-coupled passenger locomotive is only 18 inches long, it's got weight — what? and dignity, and the atmosphere of a whole railroad. You can hear it sizzle, can't you?

'The locomotive is a wonderful symbol of human integrity. The people who make locomotives have simply got to be honest to the core. You can make plenty of things with bad spots in them which won't show up. There are too many people who could n't possibly be trusted to make a machine like this. Soundness of heart, — integrity, — that's the first requisite of the locomotive-builder.

'And we worked on Santa Marias, having got a great send-off by reading up bits of Hakluyt, and things about Prince Henry of Portugal, and an article by some fellow explaining the war — explaining how the discovery of America had taken the pressure off Europe, but now the pressure was on again. Well, I made mine as carefully as I

could, because it was a lovely subject.

'Look at her! Spain and the Cape Verde Islands! Dagos with red sashes and big pistols and knives and hairy chests. And the old man up there, smelling his way across the meridians, walking up and down, talking in low tones, day after day, two months—when, bang! a light ashore, and the land of Abraham Lincoln at daybreak.

'And there's the Fram over there, with the stack and the foreyard. The Fram of Nansen and of Amundsen — a great boat. Oh, we know all about her, and about the Thetis and the Bear and the Albatross; and we know about the men, from Dr. Franklin down, anyhow. We've read all their stuff; and what stuff it is! Isn't it funny they never get going on this sort of thing upstairs? [In the schoolrooms.]

'We read the things that Scott and Shackleton did just the other day — Shackleton going back, and back again, to get those men left behind — Shackleton is a great name in this shop. And there's the Fram standing there, with the crew down below — old Sverdrup and his boss and his folks, hard as iron and gentle as babies. There's something fit for a man to talk about when he's making the Fram — how to be brave as a lion, keen as a knife, but harmless as a dove; how to be like Nansen, Amundsen, Scott, and the rest.

'We talk of these things, and I have an idea it goes in; I don't know — nobody knows — it's all a gamble, of course. But that's what the Fram was built for — to get that idea across. What honesty and directness, and the pure fine stuff there is out in the open and among this sort of people! And look at the environment of these poor children, the quality of the days and nights of their parents. The richer they are, the worse it is: a terrible mess, that's all you can call it.

'Do you think the war has clarified

things much? Perhaps for many of those who were in it; but I don't notice much change in the people I meet, except the labor people.

'Let me give you an idea what we have to say about labor. We made four ocean steamships. There's one of them: 34 feet draft, 882 feet long, four decks above the gunwale. The Titanic. Oh, the things to talk about! Did you ever read that book, *The Truth about the Titanic*, by the man who stood all night up to his knees in Arctic water on a raft, with seventeen other men, not daring to turn their heads? And old Captain Smith: think of the things in the mind of that man as his ship struck! There's a symbol now that's interesting, — that Titanic, — rushing through the Arctic sea, between two abysses, all ablaze with light and warm with its life and power; and then that cold finger touches it, and it trembles — and stands there under the impassive stars a while. I can never forget it. How can anybody? And I feel called upon to talk to these boys and girls about the Titanic.

'But what I was going to say was this: What won the war? England's merchant marine, for one thing — with every ship carrying on her bottom plates stokers and engineers through the submarine zone; with no show at all; killed like rats; never expected to survive — doomed from the start. Rough stuff; but, Lord, what fidelity! Conspicuous bravery we know all about. Conspicuous bravery is easy compared with inconspicuous bravery.

'Did you ever read that *Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport*? Well, that's what I mean, inconspicuous fidelity to the bitter end — "to the final drinking of the *consommé*," as the Frenchman said.

'Now take tools and materials,' says this teacher. 'There must be great talk of formal discipline and all that, where textbooks are involved, because text-

books are the most uninteresting books in the world, and it is supposed by many people that the test of your character and the hope of your future consist in whether or not you are able to overcome your perfectly proper repugnance to these textbooks. But the discipline of the shop is grateful. There are exceptions — some of them known to everybody, no doubt. There are children who are congenitally averse to manual occupation; but the great majority of children crave it, even where the conditions are unattractive; and practically all of them would be deeply interested in it, if the conditions were made as congenial as they can easily be made.

‘And the value is in every single step of both plan and execution. You can plan, but cannot execute, an impracticable thing. And the practical thing to which you are reduced suppresses those extravagant fancies with which you began; in other words, disciplines your imagination. You are up against inexorable things. Tools are inexorable things. If they are n’t used exactly right, there is the evidence. A square and a level and a plumb-bob are absolutely final and positive definitions; and you rejoice with an inward joy in your surrender to the dictates of these judges of manual righteousness.

‘Materials are the most perfect medium for the experience which shall illuminate the soul and ripen the mind; for they oppose your effort, and against that beneficent and lovely resistance you work out your ideas, with patience, with forethought, with skill, with pride, with self-revelation.

‘Take wood, the stuff we use: white pine, cedar — smell that!’ — handing me a cedar-chip, — ‘and maple and birch for things that have to be harder.

“‘How did this wood come to pass; what’s the process? What did *you* have to do with it?’” That’s what I tell them. “And do you propose to *waste* this won-

derful thing that simply cries out to you to use it sympathetically?”

‘There’s hickory, now. Hickory loves to be made into the handles of tools, and parts of wagons, things that are wrenched and twisted. But most of all it wants to be made into a bow. So we made a lot of hickory bows and arrows, feather-tipped and pointed. A nice job, that arrow-making. And while we make bows and arrows, we talk about Indians and play Indians, and practice shooting at targets, and have no end of fun tracking things, with a fire and great talk of adventure. A teacher of manual training wants to know a lot of stories, and if he can tell them, he’s got his class nailed — they’ll go with him through fire and flood. A man ought to have a pretty big range in his stories, and not be afraid to take enough time for them either, provided he can put them over right. And when he can’t tell them, he can read them. Take a thing like *Wolf, the Storm-Leader*. I assure you there are parts of that thing I actually can’t read, it has such an intense appeal. And then there’s the boyhood of John Muir, for instance; and lots of good stuff besides. There’s Beebe writing astonishing things in the *Atlantic*, or McFee — fellows like that. If they used these things upstairs, I would n’t have to; but they don’t and they won’t. Do they ever think of Fabre, for instance, in connection with their nature study? Never! Never once!

‘A manual-training teacher has the best chance in the whole school to connect up with life — with ethics, with romance. Yes, I know it: even the people who have these things in them are timid about exposing them. The other kind of person, who as likely as not is the school principal, shoots off some poison-gas in the shape of “practical” things to work at. Lord, the superintendents I have known!’

They work days in this fascinating shop, and nights too; and all work is interrupted frequently for talks or for a song or a story, while the instructor smokes a pipe and sits on the floor.

But enough! Do you catch this thing? Do you see that all the pagan and Christian gods and the mystery and beauty and joy of life are bubbling up here in a human spring? And like the pool in the garden, nature loves it; and children are so a part of nature that they would come in flocks if there were room and time.

My idea in describing this teacher is to make one thing plain: that *something* of this point of view, something of the elf, of the gnome, of the kinsman with creatures, of the intense lover of the music and poise and presence of things that men make and that men do, of books and art and people, *must be in a teacher of children*. Because this is the air children's souls breathe, and the bread their minds live on. And if happiness is worth anything in this world, — and we assume that it is worth everything, — then this color must be a part of the composition.

And everything else can be added to it — only seek first this Kingdom of God. And the things that are added are those fine adjustments between brain and hand — the power to visualize clearly the job, to begin at the beginning, and move forward toward completion by sure and accurate steps, even through very intricate places.

To do it right the first time! To do it as if you had done it many times before; having done it perfectly in your mind,

there come in all those invaluable qualities that books never stimulate. For by way of the hand the mind still travels the enticing road to self-expression and self-fulfillment and to that most priceless sort of happiness which is poised upon itself.

If you say, 'How fanciful this all is: there are not enough teachers such as you describe to answer for a single city school system — and a small city at that,' the answer must be that it is necessary to discover such teachers; and the managers of normal schools and teachers' colleges should make it their particular business to select the fit from the mass and return the unfit with great care to a life involving less disaster to themselves and others. Also, and again, *teachers should be taken where found*.

And, finally, education must develop the appreciation of our common possessions. Then we should not be so insanely interested in building greater and greater barns, thereby exciting the envy of our equally greedy neighbors.

There has been but one entirely adequate characterization of the man whose genius was to lay up much goods for many days, namely, 'Thou fool!' Children are the opposite from this. The light that is in them is not darkness. They are naturally heliotropic, but they are fearfully misled. They are given compasses which point every way, and the compass they are entitled to points one way only, namely, to Beauty. For underneath Beauty is moral order, and moral order is the one thing indispensable.

THE REVOLUTIONARY INTELLECTUAL

BY J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

I

A PHENOMENON new to America is the growing sympathy among men and women of education with the ideals and methods of the revolutionary proletariat. An aristocrat deserting his class — a Gracchus, a Mirabeau — is an old, old story. That is not the present situation. What is taking place in America now — something with which Europe has long been familiar — is the formation of an intellectual *class*, revolutionary in tendency and bound together by a common antipathy for the present order of things. Although not organized, it has coherence; and it exercises power through a number of brilliantly edited journals, which, though recently established, have rapidly gained wide circulation and influence. It may be stated that the weekly which, unlike the daily and the monthly, is primarily an organ of opinion, is now largely in the hands of radicals, who are thus in a position to mobilize a large and influential section of public opinion in favor of their ideals.

The intellectuals are the one class whose power is not based on economic advantages, large numbers, or powerful organization, but on sheer ability to write, to think, and to speak. I use the word 'intellectual' in the European sense, as referring to a person of education and culture who is actively interested in radical and revolutionary movements. In this sense a scholar, no matter how learned and how devoted to his subject, is not an intellectual

if he holds conservative views. A reader of Tolstoi, Marx, Ibsen, Shaw, and Sorel, no matter how young and superficial, is an intellectual, if his views of life are radical. I use these contrasts in order to emphasize the new meaning of the word, not to disparage the intellectuals, for among them there are to be found scholars and thinkers and scientists of a high order of ability.

It was in France, at the end of the eighteenth century, that the class of intellectuals had its beginning. The philosophers and encyclopædists whose ideas so profoundly influenced the French Revolution established a tradition that writers, teachers, artists, and scientists can exercise power in society provided it is used on the side opposed to the *status quo*. In the revolutionary history of France during the nineteenth century it was generally an intellectual who led the liberal and radical forces. Thiers, Lamartine, Blanc, Simon, Hugo, Zola, Anatole France, Jaurès are names that recall great crises in French affairs. The masses have willingly followed the leadership of the intellectuals, because they are proud of having their dumbness become vocal through men of letters who are able to voice their aspirations in a manner that makes them attractive and convincing to the public generally. The French tradition has been carried over to the other nations of Europe, and there, too, the intellectuals have generally assumed the leadership of the radical forces. Nowhere has

this been more true than in Russia, where, from the very beginning of the revolutionary movement, from Herzen to Lenin, the *intelligentsia* have been in the forefront of revolutionary activity. Naturally, the universities have been the centres from which has radiated much of the influence of the intellectuals, and the student-agitator has long been a familiar figure in Europe.

In America the young college man who is an intellectual corresponds to the 'student' of Continental Europe. A generation ago he was the foe of bossism and political corruption. How many generous-hearted, eager-minded college men entered public life to purify American politics of tyranny and corruption! The activities of young America in this field led to many reform movements, especially in municipal politics, which accomplished lasting good. Then another tendency appeared — social reform. Young Americans now moved to the slums, to live among the poor as settlement workers. They studied the lives of the workers and became ardent advocates of child-labor legislation, factory reform, minimum-wage laws, and social insurance. The muck-raking movement came along and exposed the connection between an inefficient and backward political system and evil social conditions; whereupon Young America ardently embraced radical politics, in order to make our constitutional system more efficient and more responsive to the needs of the day. It helped greatly in the formation of the Progressive Party, and, what is more, it gave to that party the intellectual basis which attracted the support of all forward-looking men and women throughout the country.

The final decade of the nineteenth century is of vital importance in the intellectual history of America. The revolutionary literature of Europe came to us overnight. Matthew Arnold, John

Stuart Mill, Huxley, Lowell, Emerson, Hugo, Taine were put into handsome bookcases with closed doors. On the open shelves appeared Shaw, Wells, Nietzsche, Marx, Anatole France, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky. New American voices were also heard, — some soft, some loud, but all in the same key, — in politics, in economics, in philosophy, and in literature. The rising generation heard the new voices from Europe and America with rapt attention; and the adventurous among them felt a call to explore this new planet that swam within their ken. The old appeals to political and social reform now fell flat. Fighting bosses no longer had the romantic glamour of the days of George William Curtis. Agitation for social reform no longer had the zest of the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Reformers are now regarded as dull, unimaginative, and narrow-minded. Let anyone to-day appeal to the intelligent young college man to join a good-government club or to live in a social settlement, and the response will be a disdainful smile. The young intellectual is absorbed in the study of movements whose revolutionary tenets make political and social reform look sickly and pale, fit for maiden ladies and unsophisticated suburbanites.

The radical pace gained momentum as it proceeded. First it was Fabianism, a pink variety of Socialism; then it was Marxian Socialism; then Syndicalism; now they are flirting with Guild Socialism and Bolshevism. The much-admired Fabian, Sidney Webb, has lived to see himself denounced as a stupid tool of capitalism. The veteran Marxian scholar, Karl Kautsky, long respected as a Socialist oracle, is now derided as a dull pedant. Shaw and Wells too have now reached the end of their influence, for they no longer appeal to the rising generation of intellectuals. In reading the preface to *Heart-*

break House one becomes conscious that Shaw's pessimism is due to a feeling of loneliness. Once he gayly charged full tilt at heavily armored conventions, cheered on by an enthusiastic, if small, audience. Now he is still in the arena, but his audience has vanished.

Nor is it only in social and political matters that the intellectual has taken an advanced stand. In philosophy he avows pragmatism; in art, futurism; in poetry, *vers libre*; in psychology, psycho-analysis. The subject in which he is not in the least interested is religion. That is not even a private matter; it is no matter at all. He does not pay the church the compliment of being hostile to her. He is not filled with hatred for religion, as were the philosophers of the eighteenth century; he simply ignores it as a force incapable of good or evil.

II

The rise of the intellectual class is a phenomenon of comparatively recent times. It is my purpose to attempt to explain its origin and evolution, in the hope that a clearer understanding may be had of the important rôle that it is now playing in the world. Human emotions are generally regarded as natural and unchangeable. Few suspect that emotions, like ideas and institutions, have undergone profound changes during the long history of mankind. During the centuries preceding the French and Industrial revolutions, the emotion that dominated society and determined one's attitude toward life might be described by the word sentiment. By sentiment I mean an attachment to a person, calling, institution, or locality, not to an abstract ideal or to a clearly defined principle. Sentiment was the supreme emotion of former days. Around institutions hoary with age, about persons symbolic of power,—the

king, the priest,—men's imaginations wove a magic spell of awe and reverence. Within the confines of the mediæval town and manor there pulsed an intense emotional life, all the more intense because narrow; and it centred around the family, the guild, the commune, the province. Tradition was the bond that united the various elements among the living; it was also the bond that united the living with the dead. As generation succeeded generation, there was added layer upon layer of tradition. The older the tradition, the deeper the sentiment. Men of all temperaments, of all stations, of all ages, were insensibly permeated with this emotion. When Englishmen died for Charles I, when Frenchmen died for Louis XIV, they did not do so for love of country, or for the cause of monarchy, but because of the sentiment of loyalty to their sovereign. When the burghers of the Middle Ages rose against their lords, they were inspired by the sentiment of devotion to their commune, not by the principles of democratic government. When the explorers set sail for the New World, they were inspired by the sentiment of adventure, not by the cause of colonial expansion.

The French and Industrial revolutions destroyed, not only political and social systems, but also the power of sentiment. As these movements created new institutions, they also created a new emotion, unquestioned loyalty to principles and ideals. A man of principle, an idealist, will die for an abstraction, a cause, which in the social and political field has the same psychologic quality that dogma has in the religious field. It is absolute and true from first to last. It is of vital importance to note that a principle, unlike a sentiment, *can be realized*. On the way to realization it arouses on the part of its adherents an intense fervor; but once it

is realized, it dies as a propelling force and becomes accepted as a convention.

The nineteenth century was the Age of Principle. The dynamic changes which were taking place during that period in every department of human life compelled each generation to begin its life almost anew. Traditions, long the inspiration of past generations, now had neither a favorable soil in which to grow nor sufficient time in which to mature. Men were therefore compelled to seek new sources of inspiration, which they found in 'principles.' A traditionless society realized that the stuff of spiritual life must of necessity be a principle, first conceived as a great truth and then applied in the social order. Each generation has its own principles to formulate and to realize. That is progress.

The movements of the nineteenth century were all 'progressive.' The principle of democracy swept on till all political power was in the hands of the people. The principle of nationalism strengthened the bonds that united old nations like England and France, and created new nations like Germany, Italy, and the United States. The principle of religious freedom was realized to a degree little dreamed of by the skeptics of the Renaissance and by the Protestant Reformers. The principle of universal literacy was freely accepted and applied in the creation of national systems of education. The industrial classes, who succeeded the aristocrats as the controlling element in society, were liberal and progressive, being driven along by the dynamic society that had come into existence. They reformed and abolished, with scant regard for institutions for which there existed no rational or utilitarian basis. Something old was something no longer to be cherished, but to be thrown away. The middle-class revolutionists and reformers were doctrinaires believing in

liberty, freedom, equality, progress, which were the motive power behind their incessant activity. They were in the grip of principles, and they could have no peace until these principles were realized.

In politics nationalism and democracy were constantly to the fore; and these two principles appealed to the idealistic youth of those days with an intensity that made them undergo all manner of self-sacrifice. History is only too full of illustrations: French revolutionists fighting behind barricades; Young Germany and Young Italy agitating for free and united fatherlands; Russian nihilists conspiring against autocracy; English liberals organizing reform movements. The protagonists of these movements were the rising generation of intellectuals, the flower of bourgeois youth, who sadly lived and gladly died to realize their principles.

By the end of the nineteenth century the great ideals that had stirred the period, nationalism and democracy, were in large part attained in Western Europe; and they became accepted conventions that no one dared, or even cared, to question. An emotional void was thus created for the new generation of ardent spirits. They came into existence in a world that had once struggled but was now satiated and content. What had been a hope was now a memory. The intellectuals of the new generation could not feed on old principles as once, in the aristocratic past, they could feed on the store of sentiment accumulated throughout the ages. The older a sentiment, the richer, the nobler, the more attractive it is. But the older a principle, the more attenuated, the more ragged, the more commonplace it becomes. Can anyone imagine H. G. Wells dying for Jugo-Slavia as Byron died for Greece! Or Bernard Shaw and Anatole France fighting behind the barricades for woman suffrage! Or Max

Eastman and Edgar Lee Masters dedicating their lives to the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall? The tragedy of nationalists and democrats, according to the intellectual, lies in the fact that they have realized their ideals. Their road to freedom has become a rut.

The passionate devotion of the intellectuals to the cause of the proletariat is not due primarily to their interest in the welfare of the poor. They know little of the lives of the poor because few, very few, of them have been workmen, or have intimately associated with workmen. Nearly all intellectuals are 'artists,' in the sense that they are individuals in whom the craving for self-expression is too great to be satisfied by conventional ideals. They do not find any emotional content in 'principles' which they abhor as characteristic of bourgeois doctrinaires. They desire opportunities for the expression of their personality in all forms and in all ways, and they are as opposed to new 'principles' as to old ones. For this reason many of them have reacted against Marxian Socialism, with its rigid logic and its dogmatic formulations; and they have gone over to the newer revolutionary movements, whose appeal is more mystical than rational. To the intellectual these movements hold out enchanting prospects for self-expression. In them they see possibilities of a new and richer emotional life, because they challenge the present world-order in its entirety, and propose to build a system of society on new foundations. Primarily these revolutionary movements are economic, but it is an economics touched with emotion, a strange and haunting phenomenon. One who is bored with the life about him, if he be of an adventurous temperament, will gladly set sail for strange and unknown shores. The journey alone is full of compensation, even if no goal is reached.

III

Modern society has a tendency toward uniformity and universality. The various classes, with their special privileges or discriminations, and with their distinctive dress; the various localities, with their peculiar customs and dialects; the various racial groups, with their traditions, which existed universally in former times, have now been amalgamated into a common national body and forced into a common national mould. Once Kent was as different from Northumbria as England now is from Italy. Strange to say, the artistic temperament was much freer to express itself in the aristocratic world of the past than it is in the democratic world of to-day. Was one dissatisfied with his environment, all he had to do was to journey a few miles to find himself in a totally new world. But now the differences between countries are ever becoming smaller, and a uniform civilization is rapidly spreading throughout the world, even in picturesque Asia and savage Africa. Calcutta, Tokio, Pekin, Cairo, and Cape Town are not so different from Paris, Berlin, London, and New York as they once were.

The triumphant middle classes have imposed upon society their morals and ideas, as well as their political and economic systems. A subconscious fear has seized upon those of artistic temperament, that the world will soon become a vast prison from which there will be no escape for one who desires to express himself in his own way. The freedom of the individual established by modern society has meant that individuals are free to contract; but once the contract is made, they are limited by its terms. This freedom of contract in whatever form, whether business, professional, or matrimonial, is especially hateful to the intellectual. He deems it a cunningly devised method to

entrap the individual into a surrender of his personality. What the intellectual desires is not freedom to contract but freedom to expand. He wishes to construct a society in which responsibilities will be borne by the community, leaving the individual free to develop his personality unhampered by obligations political, economic, or family. It is against modern society and what he calls 'bourgeois ideology' that the intellectual has raised the standard of revolt. What is more natural than that he should ally himself with the mortal enemy of the present system, the proletariat?

IV

As has already been stated, the intellectual is primarily interested in the social problem as a form of self-expression. Hence he is the leading protagonist of freedom of speech and of the press. Like all other great abstract rights, freedom of speech is as frequently honored in the breach as in the observance. Since the invention of printing every generation has had to fight anew for this right. It has never been freely granted anywhere by a government to those of its opponents who desired to overthrow the existing social system. Universal literacy, popular newspapers, and cheap books have made the power of the press the chief weapon in social control. It is likewise the chief weapon of those in opposition. A printing-press is more than a match for a regiment. Through the press the agitator may address thousands, and even millions, at the same time. This enables a propaganda to spread rapidly, and organized opposition becomes infinitely more easy of accomplishment than it otherwise could be.

Formerly the government was not only the most powerfully and the most comprehensively organized force in the community: it was the only force coex-

tensive with it. Nowadays a counter-organization on the same scale can easily be set up; and though unarmed, it can reduce a government to helplessness by the simple expedient of having millions 'fold their arms' at a given signal. This is the terror of the general strike; and it brought to bay the Russian Tsar in 1905, and obliged him to call the Duma. The general strike is no 'social myth'; and any government may suddenly be brought face to face with a situation of passive resistance which can reduce its decrees to motions in a void. Freedom of the press is therefore assuming an importance little dreamed of in former days. Far more effective than censorship laws is the self-imposed censorship of the ordinary paper which steers the news into safe channels and directs public opinion through the editorial columns. So important is the press deemed to-day, that the newspaper offices were among the first to be seized by the Communists in Russia, Hungary, and Germany.

The intellectual finds that what he has to say is not welcome in the columns of the ordinary journal. On the other hand, the radical papers more than welcome his contributions because, in the first place, they pay little or nothing for them; and, in the second place, they are willing to print articles on all kinds of subjects of varied interest, such as free verse, futurism, psychoanalysis and feminism, which supplant the sporting news, society notes, and sensational stories found in regular journals. A Socialist paper filled with Socialist propaganda and labor news only would be so dull and uninteresting that even its most devoted readers would soon cease to buy it. Hence the editor throws his columns wide open to the intellectuals, many of whom are thereby given their first opportunity to write. A young man with literary talent, after his manuscript has been

rejected by conservative papers, sends it to radical ones, and finds to his delight that it is accepted. In this way the radical press becomes a sort of *salon des refusés*, and not infrequently the exhibition is of very high quality.

The sense of power that a writer has when he feels that his pen is influencing many minds makes a deep appeal to the intellectual. Through the radical press he satisfies his hunger for power and influence as well as his desire for self-expression. The intellectual has discovered that he can be far more influential as a radical than as a conservative; that only in opposition can his abilities be fully utilized and developed; and this discovery has profoundly affected the trend of his mind. The editor of the *Liberator* has a wide influence, not only over his readers, but over the community. What would he be as editor of the *Outlook*? The editor of the *London New Age*, a Guild-Socialist journal with a small circulation, is an important figure in English political journalism. What would he be as editor of the conservative *Spectator*? Bertrand Russell, long known and respected by students of philosophy, no sooner becomes an intellectual than he leaps into fame, and millions of readers in both England and America hail him as a prophet. No one would for a moment question Mr. Russell's sincerity, but would anyone question his enjoyment of his rôle as the popular author of *Proposed Roads to Freedom*?

V

Many of the intellectuals are of the class called in Europe 'the intellectual proletariat.' They are highly educated men and women who barely manage to make a living as writers, teachers, ministers, or artists. Their tastes are high, but their income is low; which conduces to a sense of irritation. I

do not say that they are discontented with their lot. On the contrary, they are well satisfied with their work and wish for nothing better than to continue in their professions. But they are irritated. At what? At the sight of their prosperous relatives and friends who have money, but neither refined taste nor intellectual aspiration.

It is an error to suppose that the poor envy the rich. A poor workingman, looking at the mansion of the millionaire, is filled, not with envy, but with curiosity. To be envious would require far more imagination than he ordinarily possesses. We envy those only who are a *little* more prosperous than we, not those who are immeasurably so. A man getting a salary of twenty dollars a week envies the one who gets fifty, not his employer, who enjoys an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year.

From all that one can judge, the ability to make money is a special gift that some possess and others do not. This gift seems to be in no way related to any other, such as scientific ability, artistic taste, intellectual acuteness, or philosophic temperament. A man may be ignorant, dull, stupid, commonplace, and yet be an excellent business man. The modern industrial system has given full rein to those possessed of a peculiar gift for making money, and it has resulted in making the *nouveau riche* a common and irritating phenomenon. Take the struggling journalist or teacher, who hears that his cousin, a shoedrummer, earned a commission of ten thousand dollars a year; or that his wife's uncle made twenty-five thousand dollars in a real-estate deal; or that his hustling school-fellow made fifty thousand in a lucky investment. All these successful ones he knows and despises as commonplace; yet they have the wherewithal to satisfy tastes such as he has, and to achieve ideals such as his.

Nature has dowered him with riches, but society has disinherited him. Being a reflective person, he sees himself in relation to the social order, and the incongruity of his position seems natural in a society that puts a premium on property. Were the existing system abolished, with it would go those who control through the possession of property. In a propertyless world who would lead, who would control, if not the man of brains and of ideas? So reasons the intellectual.

VI

De Tocqueville remarks, in his study of France before the Revolution, that the great error of the *ancien régime* was that it did not employ the philosophers; for, being free of institutional control, they developed the revolutionary ideas which inspired those who destroyed it. This was taken deeply to heart by Germany, where the *Gelehrte* were under the direct control of the government or under its strict supervision. The intellectual has not flourished in Germany. In democratic countries the atmosphere has been favorable to the growth of radicalism, either because the authorities have been liberal, or because numerous private enterprises, such as schools, journals, and societies, have been permitted to flourish entirely independent of government control.

Among the intellectuals in America three groups are to be distinguished: the 'free lances,' the poorly paid brain-workers, and the parlor revolutionists. The 'free lance' is ideally fitted to carry on the war against society. Having few or no home-ties, unattached to institutions public or private, earning his living spasmodically, caring little for public opinion, the natural enemy of everything solid and established, he is free to attack and offers no point for a counter-attack. To be held up to

scorn and contumely by the respectable merely adds to his zest in life. The 'free lances' are generally the leading spirits among the intellectuals.

Although highly skilled, the poorly paid brain-workers are now the 'submerged tenth' of the labor world. Unlike the hand-workers, they cannot very well organize trade-unions, because they are scattered in small groups over the community, not concentrated in large masses as are the industrial workers. The strike is the one powerful weapon at the command of the hand-workers; it is, in fact, the *raison d'être* of the trade-union. But a strike of brain-workers, say of teachers, would work little hardship on a community, as intellectual labor, unlike hand labor, is a luxury, not a necessity. The inconvenience that such a strike would cause the general public would be trifling compared with a strike by coal, railway, or textile workers. A teachers' strike would be broken by the children, who would gladly welcome it as an unlooked-for holiday. The brain-workers can therefore improve their lot but slowly, as they are obliged to make their appeal to the general public; and what is everybody's business is nobody's duty. Actually they are in the same economic position as the unskilled, unorganized, low-grade laborers. Having no unions to fight their battles, their salaries falling ever further behind the rapid stride of the cost of living, secretly despised by their superiors, objects of sympathetic ridicule to the public, is it any wonder that many among the 'intellectual proletariat' listen to the voice of the revolutionary siren that bids them discard the ideals which they are urged to preach and which have brought them to so sorry a lot?

Much has been said of the college professors who are influencing the minds of their students in the direction of revo-

lutionary thought. In fact, a veritable panic has been created in certain circles, for fear of what might lurk behind that calm exterior of the professor. One who is acquainted with academic life knows that these fears are groundless. As a whole there exists no more conservative-minded body of men than college professors. Everything in their environment and in their training makes for conservatism. They are attached to institutions, which tends to a corporate sense of responsibility and loyalty. They are specialists, which inclines them to be cautious and slow in accepting radical theories. Moreover, they are in the main engaged in gathering and disseminating the knowledge of the *past*, and that gives them a historic sense which makes for conservative views.

Yet now and then some professor, always a man of romantic temperament, breaks away from his traditions, environment, and intellectual moorings to venture forth into radical paths. He becomes a marked man in the academic world, and before long he makes, or is forced to make, his exit. In former days the academic martyr found himself in a sad plight. Being generally unsuited for other occupations, he drifted rapidly toward the ragged edge. But times have changed. Outside the established world of opportunity, there is growing up another world of opportunity which is offering careers open to radical talent. I refer to the radical publications, some of which pay well for contributions; to the social and educational activities of the labor-unions, and to the new schools which seek to orient themselves in the problems of the new day. A radical college professor fleeing from the wrath of his trustees is welcomed with open arms in influential circles which give him far better opportunities than those which he left behind. The martyr is crowned, not with a crown of thorns,

but with a wreath of laurel. Those who take up teaching in the labor colleges find to their surprise that they are held in profound respect by the working-men, the ancient awe of the unlettered for the learned. These institutions will before long draw to themselves scholars of distinction, who may feel that they will be freer to conduct their investigations and to express their views under the new auspices.

In the churches as in the colleges, the intellectuals now and then make their appearance, greatly disturbing the peace of mind of their congregations. The clerical intellectual is usually a man who has realized that people will no longer come to church to hear the pure gospel preached. In the country, the church has almost no rivals as a social institution. Where is one to go on Sunday — the day of recreation — to meet his fellows, if not to church? But in the cities the situation is different. There the many opportunities for social intercourse have put the church in the position of being one of many institutions — and by no means the most interesting one — which seek to bring people together. Even the eloquent preacher of doctrinal Christianity in a city church will before long find his congregation dwindling. The plain truth of the matter is that under present conditions it takes almost a moral genius to make a sermon interesting. Every possible interpretation of every text in the Bible has already been given. There is nothing new to say on the subject, and the urbanite is always eager to hear something new. That the old is true, good, and beautiful makes no difference. People may believe it and stay at home, or go to hear a popular lecturer, or go away for an outing. What is the preacher of righteousness to do? How is he to be an influence for good in the community? Or, in other words, how is he to satisfy his desire

for self-expression? At one time the preacher who attacked orthodox beliefs could attract an audience. But to-day, so little interest is there in theological matters that even heresy excites but languid interest.

The clerical intellectual has found an answer to these questions. By taking a radical stand on the social problem that is so constantly and so insistently before the public eye, he can rouse the enthusiasm of many, and they will fill his church to overflowing. From the days of Kingsley and Manning, the preacher of social righteousness has been a potent influence in the community; for, as the representative of an ancient institution, he becomes an intensely dramatic figure when he appears as the spokesman of revolutionary ideals. He may not succeed in making converts, but he certainly does succeed in bringing crowds to his church. Some go to hear him out of curiosity; some because he is an able speaker on topics that interest them; others because they devoutly believe that Christianity has another message for the world — the salvation of mankind through social action.

VII

I am now entering upon a phase of the subject that has been much discussed and little understood. I refer to what is commonly called parlor Bolshevism. It would be very easy to heap ridicule on the parlor revolutionists, and laugh them out of court as sensation-hunters, dilettante dabblers in dangerous doctrines, shallow, and superficial. But their numbers and influence are sufficiently important to warrant one in saying that parlor radicalism is a social phenomenon worthy of study.

Wherein lies the chief value of an independent income? Obviously in that it frees one from the necessity of daily labor and so gives the great desidera-

tum — leisure. The chief use of leisure among the wealthy generally is play, which takes many forms, such as golf, yachting, gambling, motoring, travel, love-making. Most wealthy people are satisfied with these forms of play and with the players. But here and there adventurous individuals among them, those gifted with a highly sensitive temperament or with more imagination than is common in their 'set,' begin to feel that there is not enough interest in the games that they have played so many times in the same way. Their fellow players bore them. Take away the zest of play and what becomes of the advantages of leisure? Indeed, what is the good of being rich!

These have discovered a new game which is endlessly interesting and feverishly exciting — to play with new ideas. The parlor revolutionists are amateurs at this game, not professionals like their poor brethren; and like amateurs, they stand to lose nothing and yet have all the fun that the game affords. A contribution to a radical journal or to a radical organization is an excellent investment, for it yields handsome returns. It brings the donors into contact with truly interesting people; it gives them the open sesame to what is to them an exotic world; it gives them a new emotion — unconventionality in thought. What fascinating people one meets at radical dinners and clubs! Once the rich were philanthropists, and patrons of welfare-workers and social reformers. But these are notoriously dull, therefore their patrons are rapidly deserting them for the intellectuals, who are brilliant, original, and interesting. A parlor revolutionist lives a richer, a fuller life than he can in his own set. He is made acquainted with the newest ideas in art, literature, and philosophy; and all this without very much effort on his part; for those who create them bring their thoughts, their

pictures, and their manuscripts directly to him. And, moreover, a parlor revolutionist is always safe. He *does* nothing.

Man is an artistic animal, and self-expression is the law of his being. In most of us this artist-quality flickers faintly; in a few it burns with a 'hard, gem-like flame.' Starved, suppressed, this artist-quality in man dies, and he becomes as the beasts of the field, a creature of habit treading well-worn

paths and abiding peacefully in the shade of his traditions. In a society such as ours, which is constantly being dislocated by industrial progress and by wars of nations and of classes, the artistic spirit, as embodied in the intellectual, finds many opportunities to express itself. By nature anarchistic, eternally at war with traditions and institutions, the intellectual is quick to step forth as the protagonist of those ideals which mean for the world a new order, and for him a new life.

THE FUTURE OF CENTRAL EUROPE

BY E. DANA DURAND

I

AMERICA is just now experiencing a wave of disillusionment about what was accomplished by the war. Among the objects we had set before us was the 'liberation of subject peoples' in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Now the dual Empire is no more. Its territories are shared by six 'national states' — not counting what has gone to Italy. But Central Europe is in the throes of great distress. Some people are beginning to question whether, after all, our enthusiasm for the right of its peoples to independence was well-placed. A clearer analysis will show, however, that the breaking-up of the old Empire was inevitable, and that the ultimate result will probably make for good.

Throughout a great part of Central Europe there is a terrible shortage of food. Everywhere clothing and fuel are desperately scarce. Transportation is

demoralized to the last degree. Manufacturing industries are largely at a standstill. By means of the strenuous efforts of American and inter-Allied commissions, coal-production has been restored in some degree, but is far below the pre-war level. The governments are forced to make huge expenditures; they have almost no revenues. To cover the deficits, they pour out floods of paper money. These countries having for the time being almost nothing to export, the value of their currency has fallen in international exchange far below even its depreciated internal value. Marks and crowns and leu and rubles and dinars count in the world-markets at ten or five or three or two per cent of their pre-war value. The governments and individuals find it almost impossible to obtain credit from private sources abroad; they have had to ap-

peal to our government for loans to pay for food. Without outside credits they cannot buy the raw materials and the equipment failing which their industries must remain half-paralyzed. Hundreds of thousands of people are thus forced into idleness.

The economic recovery which is already manifest in Western Europe, even in Germany, finds little counterpart in Central Europe. One must not, however, jump to the conclusion that the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is the chief explanation of the greater severity of the economic depression in Central Europe. In any case, the close of the war would have left this region in worse plight than its western neighbors. Greatly as Western Europe suffered from the war, Central Europe, in proportion to its ability, suffered more. It had always been poorer. It was primarily agricultural, and its lands were overpopulated. Its people lacked education. The friction of the different nationalities had militated against economic progress. The standard of production and subsistence was low. There was little margin of safety to resist the shock of war. The destruction and derangement of the long years of conflict inevitably brought the people to that sub-maintenance level which tends toward a vicious circle. Inability to produce enough tends to perpetuate inability to produce more.

There is one encouraging feature in the economic situation of Central Europe as compared with that of Western Europe. Its principal industry is agriculture, and agriculture is of all industries the surest ultimately to recover from the shock of war. Even to-day, for the most part, only the city population of Central Europe is suffering for lack of food, and the city population forms a much smaller proportion of the total in this section than in the Western countries. It will not be long before

all the states which have inherited Austrian or Hungarian territory — except, alas, German-Austria herself — can at least feed themselves. Moreover, a primarily agricultural country is not so dependent on imports as a primarily manufacturing country, and thus suffers less from demoralization of exchange.

It is, of course, true that the sudden breaking up of Austria-Hungary caused a shock which added to that of war. It meant a great overturn of the established order of business.

Within each of the states of the Dual Empire industry had been in large measure an organized unity, and between the two there were many economic and business ties. In each, railroad, banking, and insurance enterprise very generally overstepped the lines of province or nationality. Manufacturing, mining, and commercial enterprises often did the same. Vienna was as much the financial centre of Austria, and Budapest of Hungary, as New York is of the United States. Austria and Hungary had a common currency. Goods flowed freely between them. Hungary was the granary; western Austria and Bohemia the seat of manufactures and mining. Not infrequently a single business organization extended its operations throughout both states. To split into seven or eight fragments two kingdoms so organized individually and so linked together as a duality could not but mean a great disturbance of economic and business life.

The blow was the more severe because of the accompanying outburst of nationalistic separatism, not to say antagonism. The long repression had made inevitable more or less explosion of that spirit when the bonds were removed. Antagonisms had been embittered by the war. Some, at least, of the peoples had been forced to fight for the Central Powers against their will;

that was galling indeed. The flame of national spirit had been fanned too by the exaggerated war-time pronouncements of the Allies regarding the wickedness of the tyranny of the Empire over subject peoples. It was inevitable under these conditions that the new national states should seek to sever as completely as possible old business relations with Germans and Magyars, with Vienna and Budapest. It was natural, too, that the spirit of separatism should appear in considerable measure between former fellows in 'slavery' as well, and that business ties between them should very commonly be broken off.

The usual flow of commerce, capital, credit, and people from one section to another of Central Europe has, temporarily, been reduced almost to the vanishing point. By reaction, each of the new boundaries is far more of a Chinese wall than it would be if it had always existed, if the Austro-Hungarian Empire had never been.

The difficulty with which intercourse is to-day carried on may be illustrated most vividly by the case of passenger travel. Suppose, for example, that one wishes to journey from Warsaw to Paris. There is, for those who can afford to pay the fare, — very high in terms of most European currencies, — a comfortable through train three times weekly, though it takes sixty hours instead of the thirty of the old days. Before he can start, the would-be traveler must make the round of seven consulates for visés. If he has 'pull,' he may escape the long waiting-lines at these offices; otherwise he must take his weary turn. If his life-history is clear, he may get through this process in three or four days. If some official holds him the least bit suspect, he may have to wait weeks while inquiries are made all around the world.

Duly documented, the traveler at last boards the train. But passage can

be paid only to the first border. At each of the four frontiers crossed, a ticket must be purchased. If one has not provided himself with local currency, the train porters or the local Shylocks are likely to fleece him outrageously on exchange. The money difficulty is the greater because there are all sorts of restrictions on the carrying of currency. Certain kinds may not be taken into this or that country at all; others may be taken out, or through, only in limited amounts. At each frontier too there are long hours of customs and passport inspection. Trunks and hand-luggage are turned topsy-turvy. Just the other day the train from Paris to Warsaw happened to arrive at a certain border at an inconvenient hour. The officials would not get out of bed to make their inspections promptly. The conductor of the train would not wait for them to finish the process. Half the passengers had to leave their trunks behind and trust to fate that they might some day see them again.

The chances are slight that the passenger will know about all these border restrictions in advance. He is likely to be subjected to delay, or loss, or fine; or he may have to bribe heavily to get through. It seems sometimes as if the officials take a pride in displaying the new-born right of their country to hamper transit. The difficulty of language multiplies the confusion and irritation. Every frontier station is a bedlam. Passengers, worn and weary, storm and swear and weep in many tongues.

This statement is not fanciful. It is a faithful description of what happens daily, even with this great international express. The conditions of travel between countries by local trains, the only ones which carry third-class passengers, are manifold more trying still.

More serious far, though less easy to describe and less picturesque, are the hindrances to the interchange of goods

among the countries of Central Europe. The low ebb of production in all this region makes it most important that what is produced shall be used to the best advantage; that every surplus product of a given country shall be promptly exchanged for the surplus of some neighbor. Yet international trade is almost completely dammed. Of purely private commerce there is virtually none. 'Compensation contracts' must be made between governments. The return to the primitive method of barter of goods for goods is largely attributable to the unwillingness of each country to accept the fluctuating currency of the other. These compensation contracts give rise to constant recriminations. It sometimes seems that, instead of serving as stepping-stones to the resumption of normal commercial relations, they are tending toward greater estrangement.

Serious, too, is the interruption of mail and telegraphic communication, partly due to physical difficulties, but partly to the multiplication of boundaries. Letters, and even dispatches, often take weeks to go from one country to another. Not infrequently they go astray entirely. This difficulty of communication adds to the handicaps under which commerce in goods suffers.

The dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has not merely disorganized business. It has called forth new military activity which adds to the economic burdens of the people. Each of the new states has created a large army. One sees tens of thousands of troops drilling, marching, patrolling borders, digging trenches. Troop-movements require a large fraction of the utterly inadequate transportation facilities. A large part of the government expenditures goes for the army.

This creation of armies by the new national states was rendered necessary by the fact that peace had not yet been

finally assured with Germany, German Austria, and Hungary. In part, too, it was necessitated by attack or risk of attack from Bolshevik Russia. To some extent, however, the former subject peoples have directed their military preparations against one another. There has been sharp fighting between the Czechs and the Poles over Teschen. A good many hot-heads in Jugo-Slavia and Roumania are ready to go to war over the possession of the Banat; neither country is satisfied with the division of that rich district of old Hungary as made by the Peace Conference. The question of Fiume and Dalmatia has been one motive of the Serbs in building up their army.

There is no small measure of imperialistic spirit in the new states of Central Europe. When it was a question of freeing themselves from the old masters, each people was strong in proclaiming the rights of all peoples. Now there is a tendency of each to claim rights for itself, regardless of those of others. Some form of argument is always put forward, but what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. A people will lay claim to this or that territory, on the ground that they must have it for safe defense, or for economic efficiency, or because their kings once in some distant past ruled over it, or because the great estates are owned by their compatriots, or because the civilization of the district is of their creation. Every one of these arguments will be rejected when put forward by some other people in regard to territory to which the first laid claim on the ground of nationality of the inhabitants. Some of the propagandist literature is absolutely ludicrous in its inconsistency. However, the greater states of the world are in no position to throw stones at the countries of Central Europe for their imperialistic ambitions or for lack of consistency in supporting them.

This outflaming of militaristic zeal among the new states is not necessarily a sign of permanent antagonism. It is the natural accompaniment of the new independence of the peoples and of the unsettled conditions. One could not expect to scatter new boundary lines all about without calling forth much jealousy. The normal tendency will be gradually to settle down. Meanwhile, however, the military activity in Central Europe is one of the serious immediate hindrances to economic recovery.

II

Greatly as the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary has disturbed the economic life of Central Europe, it by no means follows that it was a mistake to dismember it. Some have suggested that all that was necessary was to depose the Hapsburgs and convert the Empire into a republic, thus avoiding all this tearing-up of established relations.

Such a suggestion can arise only from complete misunderstanding of the psychology of Central Europe. It overlooks the force of nationalistic sentiment. A new republic could rise when the Hohenzollerns fell, because the Hohenzollerns had not been the fundamental tie which held Germany together. One could not rise in Austria-Hungary because the Hapsburgs had been almost the only cohesive force. The Germans are one people. They speak one language. They have common traditions and institutions. They not only possess, but fully recognize, community of interests. Austria-Hungary was polyglot. Its many peoples scarcely recognized that measure of common interest which did exist. Each of the 'subject' nationalities had for centuries dreamed of liberation. They could have been forced to remain together only by substituting for the Hapsburg yoke

the yoke of some Allied dictator, backed by a powerful army. You could have called the government a republic, but it would have lacked every essential of democracy.

The force of the spirit of 'nationality' in Central Europe is not easy for an American to understand. The word itself must be given an extraordinary meaning when used here. 'Nation' is usually synonymous with 'state' or 'country,' and 'nationality' with citizenship in a nation. But for want of any other specialized term, 'nationality' has come also to be used to connote a group of people whose oneness consists, not in citizenship in a common country, but in identity of 'race, language or religion.' These three criteria, it may be noted, are those used in the treaty to distinguish those minorities in the new states whose rights are specially to be protected.

The strength of nationalism in Central Europe is the more remarkable because, as a matter of fact, the only important distinguishing feature of most nationalities in the region is language. For the most part they cannot be grouped on the basis of race or religion. Several of the peoples are divided in religious faith, yet they recognize their unity just the same. The word 'race' implies community of ancestry, carrying with it similarity in physical and mental characteristics. Of such community and similarity there is but little in most of the nationalities of Central Europe. Through the complex migrations and conquests of prehistoric times and of the middle and early modern ages, blood has become inextricably mixed. Historical research proves this, and anthropological observation and measurement confirm it. Among almost any one of the nationalities you may choose, you will find long heads and round heads, light complexions and dark, facial angles and brain

weights of widest variety. For example, a group of Poles taken at random will present as great differences among themselves as exist between them and a group of Germans or Magyars.

Language may seem a mere trick of the tongue. One can learn a new language indifferently well in a year or so. Yet, after all, it is natural enough that difference of speech should constitute a profound barrier between people. It shuts out comprehension of one another's merits, of one another's similarities. It may be illogical, but it is natural, that a person should feel resentment at his neighbor whose speech he cannot understand. One attributes to him a certain inferiority or a certain hostility; it is all his fault. Language too carries with it history and literature and drama and folk-song. It binds a people to their past. It ministers to their group-pride.

The fixity of language demarcations in Central and Eastern Europe is the more surprising to the American because of the comparatively rapid manner in which our own country usually absorbs foreign elements. Even in the case of emigration from this very region, the second generation ordinarily drops the mother-tongue altogether and becomes pretty thoroughly Americanized. Why was Austria-Hungary not able likewise to assimilate its mixed people?

The answer is threefold — reaction against attempts at compulsory assimilation, immobility of the population, and low standard of education.

Emigrants come to America, usually, eager to learn English and to become part and parcel of the national life; where it is not so, even America finds it hard to absorb them. The efforts of Germany, Russia, and Austria to suppress the national languages and institutions had precisely the opposite effect from that intended. Every child

was the more earnestly taught to use the language of his ancestors because that language was excluded from schools, newspapers, and official use.

A large proportion of the emigrants in America are widely scattered among the older American stock. Sometimes they form colonies, which delay assimilation, but even in that case they, and more especially their children, usually come into daily contact with English-speaking folk. In Central Europe there has been far less of such contact among peoples. This was partly because of their antagonistic attitude toward one another — cause and effect interacting. It was largely, however, due to that geographic immobility which is characteristic of old and dense populations. The inhabitants of all this region are predominantly agricultural. It is ages since any new lands have lain open for settlement. The peasant family tills the same soil for generations. Centuries long the small community has lived and married and begot children within itself. When people migrated, it was more apt to be to America than to the next county. What wonder that language and habits and even costume have become deeply fixed. There are villages within an hour's train-ride of Budapest where scarcely a soul can speak Magyar, and where but a handful have ever visited the metropolis.

Most important of all is the matter of education. America offers to every child, whether of native or of foreign stock, a reasonable education at public expense. Higher education is not difficult to obtain. Central Europe did not afford comparable facilities; it scarcely could, with its poverty. An efficient educational system would have served in large measure to break down the barriers of nationality. It is not merely a question of learning the tongues of neighbor peoples. A high standard of education enables people to think

more clearly, to know better the merits and the characteristics of peoples whose speech even they cannot understand, and to exercise greater self-control. Switzerland is a demonstration of the possibility of harmonious coöperation among peoples who continue to speak different languages, but among whom there is a high degree of general intelligence and education.

Whatever its origin or explanation, the spirit of nationality in Central Europe is a force to be reckoned with. We may call it illogical, we may contrast it unfavorably with love of country, but we may not disregard it. To have tried to hold Austria-Hungary together in face of it would have been the height of folly.

No doubt the exaggerated feeling of nationality will complicate the future of the new states of Central Europe. It will make more difficult that coöperation among them which would add so greatly to their prosperity. No doubt the aim should be gradually to lessen the force of the nationalistic spirit. For the time being, however, that spirit is a powerful force for progress. Given its existence, its strength, the breaking-up of the Empire into national states should mean a forward step. Small states may be weak, but a big state which lacks coherence is weaker and more inefficient. Austria-Hungary was once a necessary phenomenon. Without its compelling force Central Europe might have remained indefinitely a chaos. But it had outlived its usefulness. Beneath its enforced calm seethed a constant opposition of forces that meant loss of energy. Incentive to effort on the part of the subject peoples was dampened. They took no pride in the country's economic or social development. Competition with the dominant races was checked by the feeling that the dice were loaded. Indeed the Germans and Magyars, mistaking their

own interest, often directly repressed economic and social progress among the other peoples. In considerable measure they denied them opportunity for education, lest it might strengthen the nationalistic spirit. Development of resources in large sections of the Empire was artificially hampered, in order that they might not compete with the resources of regions occupied by the dominant races.

All this should now change for the better. The national states find in their new freedom a powerful stimulus. They are eager to make the most of themselves. Broad new schemes of popular education are being hatched. Exploitation of latent resources is planned on a colossal scale. Each capital thinks to become a great centre of art and literature and science. Many of these dreams will be slow to materialize. But the new nationalistic enthusiasm for life will not be wholly wasted. The reach must exceed the grasp. Ultimately Central Europe will need to be cured of excess of nationalism. For the time being nationalism must be the foundation on which progress builds.

III

The prospects for the future of Central Europe, however, would be brighter if there could be instituted at the outset some form of coöperative action among the new states. This is needed to protect them against one another — against an overplus of nationalism. It is needed, too, because the national boundaries have been drawn — necessarily so for the most part — in such a way that individually the states possess serious elements of weakness.

From the economic standpoint the need of coöperation grows especially out of the lack of self-sufficiency on the part of most of the states individually. They are not capable of supporting

themselves. Each lacks, partly or wholly, one or more of those fundamental resources without which it must remain dependent for its very existence on the outside world. Of course, no country of the world is able to produce everything its people would like to have. Many, however, are better equipped to supply what their people must have than are these new states of Central Europe. A small country naturally tends to have less varied resources than a large. That is why Poland, the largest of the new states, is the most nearly self-contained, and why German Austria is the worst off in this respect. Moreover, the lines of nationality in Central Europe, which now become approximately boundary lines of states, bear little relation to the geographical distribution of economic resources. When these peoples settled in that region, agricultural land was the only important factor in production.

German Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Hungary, as the map now stands, have no access to the sea. Poland gains that access only by an awkward device which, at least for some time, will hardly work smoothly. Jugo-Slavia's effective outlet to the sea is still in doubt. German Austria, Hungary, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia will all lack sufficient coal for their requirements. All of these, except perhaps Austria, will be inadequately supplied with iron ore. Austria has not sufficient agricultural land to supply her food-needs. Hungary is lacking in water-power. Akin to these weaknesses is the fact that the navigation of the Danube and of other rivers, always hampered by national boundaries, will tend now to be still more handicapped in this respect.

The Peace Conference could not have drawn the boundaries in Central Europe in widely different fashion without departing materially from the principle of nationality, and without incurring

violent opposition from the peoples concerned. The Conference might, however, justly and safely have given somewhat more weight to economic considerations, especially in those cases where the lines of population cleavage were not sharp. A better distribution of resources would have counted more for future peace, than a too slavish insistence that every particular locality should be thrown with the country of the majority of its people.

Take the case of the great Silesian coalfield, the second most important on the Continent, and far the most important in Central Europe. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Germany are the claimants. Their whole economic future depends in no small degree upon how big a slice they get. The population of different parts of the coalfield varies widely, but almost everywhere it is much mixed. The mine-workers are largely of different speech from the agricultural population. The owners of the mines are for the most part of different nationality from the employees. It was clearly a case where economic considerations should be given equal weight with those of nationality, if not more.

But the Peace Conference decided to resort to plebiscites in Upper Silesia and in Teschen. The League of Nations, which is finally to fix the boundaries, is not bound by the result of the plebiscites, but, the question having been once stirred up along national lines, the League will scarcely be able to determine it except on those lines. Even if a plebiscite were sure to represent correctly the will of the majority of the people, it is a pity that it should determine the political control of so vastly important a resource as this coalfield. If Poland, for example, wins all the plebiscite territory, she will have a huge surplus of coal for export; if Poland loses all, she will have to import a large

share of her coal-supply. The sound thing would have been for the Peace Conference itself to divide up this great coalfield, giving to each claimant a share roughly corresponding to its economic needs, and at the same time drawing the lines of demarcation with a certain amount of regard to nationality.

The folly of the Upper Silesian and Teschen plebiscites is the greater because there will always remain grave doubt whether they will record the reasoned and permanent wish of the majority. They are likely to prove a travesty. It is hard to exaggerate the turmoil into which the prospective elections have thrown the rival elements. Poland and Czecho-Slovakia came to clash of arms months ago over Teschen. In Upper Silesia there was a violent uprising. All sorts of misleading propaganda are being carried on. All sorts of illegitimate pressure are being exercised. Meetings are broken up by mobs. Vitiuperation counts far more than argument. Political strikes are of frequent occurrence. The elections by which Western states used to determine the locations of their capitals were tame affairs compared with these. The plebiscite commissions which have lately assumed control of these territories will not find it possible to stop these abuses altogether. It is quite certain that the defeated party will never accept the result in good spirit, and future conflict is much more likely than would have been the case if the boundaries had been fixed out and out by the Peace Conference.

The deficiency of the new states individually as regards natural resources demands that in considerable measure they should pool their forces.

The Austro-Hungarian plain, with its surrounding hills and mountains, together with the coastal strip along the Adriatic, constitutes in its geography and geology a natural economic unit.

Its various regions complement one another. If, by reason of the diversity of its peoples, it must be divided, then the trade among the several states ought, for their prosperity, to be unusually free from artificial restraints. Barriers to international commerce are ordinarily injurious enough, at best; they are peculiarly so in a territory like Central Europe.

Apart from any question of deficiency in resources, the comparatively small size of the Central European states in itself makes industrial coöperation among them important. They need the benefit of large-scale enterprise. Many kinds of business require for the most efficient operation a larger area than any one of these states affords. If they desire the advantages of modern methods, these countries must choose between business affiliation with some larger state, such as Germany or France or England, and affiliation among themselves. The latter is geographically more normal and politically safer. There needs to be a large measure of freedom for citizens of each state to invest capital and to conduct business in the others.

From the political standpoint there are a number of factors in the make-up of the Central European states which will tend to imperil their relations with one another, and which render particularly desirable some organization for conciliating disputes among them. Enough has already been said regarding the disposition to exaggerate the feeling of nationality. For some time to come, at any rate, there is likely to be a tendency on the part of each nation to claim more than its right, and to regard every molehill of friction with its neighbor as a mountain. This spirit may the more readily find occasion for breaking the peace by reason of the peculiar conditions within the individual states.

For one thing, that very lack of eco-

conomic self-sufficiency to which attention has been called involves danger to international peace. The absence of some important natural resource within its borders may cause one of the states to cast envious eyes on the territory of its neighbor.

Again, there is the fact that in most of these Central European countries are found important minorities of population which differ from the majority in race, language, or religion. The minority of one state is often the majority in a neighbor country, and the two may plot together against the peace. The Peace Conference, in fixing boundaries, followed the geographical distribution of nationalities conscientiously, — too much so in certain cases, as already suggested, — but it could not accomplish the impossible. While there are large 'closed' areas, the line of demarcation between them is often not sharp; the population may be mixed indiscriminately over a considerable belt. Cities are often prevaillingly different in nationality from the agricultural territory surrounding them. Even in agricultural districts there are often islets of one nationality in a surrounding sea of some other people. To have carried the principle of nationality to its utmost limits in fixing boundaries would have spotted the map with enclaves. It would have been a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The Peace Conference has sought to protect the rights of minorities by treaty provisions. It is by no means certain that this was wise. The protection of minorities tends to perpetuate their separatism. It might have been better to permit the population of each country gradually to become unified, either by the absorption of the minorities or by their emigration. Despite treaty provisions, there is bound to be considerable friction, with consequent internal loss of efficiency and external risk of intervention.

Most of the new states of Central Europe are composite geographically: that is, they comprise sections which formerly belonged to two, or even three, separate countries. The people of the sections thus brought together may be identical or closely related in nationality, but it does not necessarily follow that they will live in perfect concord. Brothers who have long lived apart may make poor business partners.

Take the case of the union of the Croats and the Slovenes with the Serbs. The three groups have to some extent a common ancestry. Their languages are similar, though by no means identical. Under the old régime Croats and Slovenes were eager enough to unite with the Serbs. But now that the new toy is got, it looks less enticing. All the time they lived under Hungary or Austria the Croats and the Slovenes were growing more different from their relatives across the Save. One must perhaps give Austria and Hungary some credit for the fact that they are better educated, more efficient, and richer than the Serbs. There has been a good deal of friction already, and there may be a good deal more. Agram is jealous of Belgrade, which is perhaps too much inclined to dictate.

The case of Transylvania is similar. The people there speak the Roumanian language, but scarcely since mediæval times had they ever lived under the same government with the Roumanians across the mountains. Over against the racial unity stands a large measure of difference in economic and cultural status. The case of the Czechs and the Slovaks is partly one of difference in nationality and partly one of difference in past geographical affiliation, the Czechs having been under Austria and the Slovaks under Hungary. The two have never had many interests in common. There have been violent conflicts between them since their union in the

new state. Many of the Slovaks want to reunite with Hungary; others to form a state of their own. Poland is much more a unit state than any of the three countries just mentioned; but even in Poland there is some temporary economic friction between the former Prussian, Russian, and Austrian sections.

The lack of harmony between formerly separate sections of the new states should normally tend to disappear gradually. The different groups should be expected to grow more alike in habits of thought. Common interests will multiply. But meanwhile for some years there will be considerable loss of internal efficiency, there will be some risk of further disintegration, and some risk that war between neighbor states may arise out of this absence of perfect cohesion among sections.

The sum of the whole matter is simply that Central Europe furnishes a complex such that no boundary lines can be satisfactory. The creation of new states on the nationality principle was essential at this stage of development, but it could not be so carried out as to please everybody. Centuries of history have made of Central Europe an intricate mass of conflicting groups, whose entire harmonization can be achieved only through centuries more. All that can be done is to hold the conflicts in check in some degree by artificial measures, until, with the slow progress of education, they are outgrown. A special feature of the situation should always be borne in mind, namely, the very general absence of natural borders in the military sense. The state which may wish to attack will need no great superiority of forces to enable it to invade its neighbor. The great plain of Central Europe, which formerly, as a single state, was almost surrounded by defending mountain-barriers, is now traversed by the boundary lines of five nations.

It is not merely, moreover, as a means of preserving the peace among themselves that the states of Central Europe need to coöperate. They need to do so also as a defense against possible aggression from greater powers outside. Germany may temporarily have abandoned her dream of a Teutonic Mitteleuropa; but she may easily dream again. A lot of weak little states would appear an easy and tempting prey. The future of Russia is a closed book; but the countries of Central Europe cannot disregard the possibility of invasion from that quarter.

Space will not permit discussion of the proper geographical scope of a Central European federation, or of the question whether there would better be two federations than one. It may be noted, however, that there is little force in the idea that racial lines need be an important factor in determining the make-up of the confederation or confederations. Geographical considerations should dominate. There is neither enough similarity nor enough mutual affection among the Slavic groups of Central Europe to make a purely Slavic union appear especially attractive to them. For instance, the Russians and the Poles have always loved one another quite as little as either loved the Germans. Russia's former championship of the Serbs was a matter of pure self-interest, not of racial feeling. Moreover, the Slavic peoples are not so distributed geographically that a combination, to the exclusion of other peoples, would be feasible. It may be suggested further that the primary criterion of the proper scope of federation should be the interest of the people of Central Europe themselves, and not the interest of outside powers. Obviously the federation should not be formed under the influence of Germany, with a view to the ultimate political domination of Central Europe; but quite as

little should it be looked upon as a device of any other great power or powers for excluding Germany from trade and investment in this region. Finally, it may be observed that if, for any reason, German Austria cannot be included in some Central European federation, she must, in all decency, be allowed to unite with Germany. She must not be left an orphan, with huge head and puny body, to be classed with Armenia as an object of public charity.

IV

Is it possible to bring about in the near future any form of coöperation, of federation, among the states of Central Europe? Hardly, without guidance and pressure from the outside. There have been movements in the direction of federation among certain political leaders in the new countries, but the animosities are just now too sharp. Doubtless in time a closer *rapprochement* could be worked out without outside intervention. It might come as the result of wars, but that is too expensive a method. It might come through the gradual progress of education among the masses, but that is too slow. Central Europe is suffering too much from disorganization every day.

It is most unfortunate that the Peace Conference did not do more at the outset to hold these peoples together. On the contrary, its slowness and indecision is in no small part responsible for the present spirit of antagonism. It took too long to fix boundaries. It left too many to be determined by strife-compelling plebiscites. It failed to insist with sufficient firmness on obedience to its decrees. It allowed various peoples to use armed force in overstepping temporary lines of demarcation that had been prescribed. All this stirred up bitterness. Various Allied commissions have done something to

restore commerce among these states, but not much.

The League of Nations should now take up this matter seriously. It will be much harder now than it would have been immediately after the Armistice to bring the countries of Central and Eastern Europe together. It is not, however, impossible at least to make a beginning. The tremendous interest which the Great Powers have in the peace and prosperity of this region, and the sacrifices which they made in order to set its peoples free, give them some right to insist that their desires in this matter be given due consideration by the new states. Of course, they could not, and they should not if they could, force peoples into coöperation if the spirit of coöperation were wholly lacking. A machine cannot move without motive power. Among many of the political leaders of the several countries, however, there is already sufficient comprehension of the advantages of coöperation to make it possible to bring them together in some fashion, by the exercise of due tact and reasonable pressure.

It will not do to attempt too close a union at the outset. It would break of its own weight. Anything resembling the centralization of our own United States is out of the question for decades to come. Central Europe must grow together gradually. There must be no attempt to crush out the nationalistic spirit. For the time being that spirit is a real asset.

The present effort should be chiefly along two lines. First, to free commerce in large measure from restriction. A thoroughgoing customs union, involving entire freedom of trade among the states composing it, may scarcely be practicable at first; but these countries should at least give one another preference as against other countries, and the commerce among them in the most

essential articles, as coal and grain, should be free from both import and export duties. In the second place, there should be a special organization for preserving peace among the Central European states — a minor league within the World League of Nations. While the greater League must always keep a watchful eye on the countries of this region, it should not be the court of first instance for discussing relations among them. They know their local problems better than the outside powers. They need the education of constant mutual contact. They should therefore be induced by the League of Nations to establish a special organization of their own for conciliating and arbitrating disputes and discussing their mutual interests. When these initial steps have been taken and have proved their worth, other measures of coöperation may gradually be introduced — a monetary union, freedom for citizens of each state to conduct business and invest capital in the others, a central railway management, and the like. Coöperation will breed more coöperation.

The plight of Central Europe is one of the many arguments in favor of the immediate adherence of the United States to the League of Nations. It is unfortunate that so much attention has been given in the discussions to the ultimate objects and the ultimate obligations of the League, and so little to its immediate tasks. The form of covenant makes far less difference than that there should be some covenant. The League will in any case be a growth, not a once-for-all creation. Meanwhile there is immediate need for constant consultation and coöperation among the nations of Europe and America, in order that the terrific aftermath of war may be outlived as soon as possible. It is profoundly to the interest of America, as well as of Europe, that she should take an active part in the solu-

tion of these immediate problems. Our position would enable us to exercise peculiarly great influence just at this time. In the particular case of Central Europe, the recognized disinterestedness of the United States would enable her, as a member of the League of Nations, to exercise more influence than any European power. The fact, too, that within our population we have enormous numbers of emigrants from this region would increase our weight in the councils affecting it. These emigrants have learned among us the advantages of unity of economic life and of political sentiment over a huge area. They could do much to sway their former compatriots in favor of coöperation among the new states.

Many Americans fancy that the problems of Central Europe are too far-removed to interest us. But the peace of Central Europe is vital to the peace of all Europe, and the peace of Europe is vital to our interests as well as to our deepest sentiments. We shall come to rue it if we think of any part of Europe as henceforth outside the sphere of our concern.

Central Europe is full of paradoxes. It is essentially a unit, yet astoundingly disunited. What is good there to-day is bad to-morrow. The Hapsburg Empire had to be, but it had to perish; and now something akin to it, but still widely different, must slowly be built up again. The spirit of nationality was a force for disruption; Central Europe must now build upon that spirit; but at the same time must begin to dig it away and substitute a broader foundation. Only as other powers recognize this paradoxical character of Central Europe, can they adopt a rational policy toward it. The League of Nations can influence greatly the political development of that region, but it cannot determine that development. The League must work with the forces that exist.

EASTERN AFRICA AS A PLAYGROUND

BY JAMES M. HUBBARD

ONE of the most important results of the war will undoubtedly be the development of Eastern Africa. This will be due mainly to the fact that, with the conquest of the German territory, the British Empire now extends in an unbroken line from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. The crying need, therefore, is for through north-to-south communication — the realization of the dream of Cecil Rhodes: the Cape-to-Cairo railway. Few, perhaps, realize that, even now, a traveler may go all the way from Cairo to the Cape, about 4200 miles, by rail, steamer, and motor-car, with the exception of a hundred miles in northern Uganda. When this vast territory is brought, by the completed railway, into close touch with the civilized world, not only the resources of the Empire, but the world's wealth, will be greatly increased. For, with a great expanse of tropic and temperate lands, it will yield every kind of product, as tea, sugar, coffee, corn, and wheat. Very recently the British Parliament has been asked to appropriate over sixteen million dollars for the development of cotton-growing land in the Sudan. Extensive undeveloped mineral wealth exists in some regions. The need of the world for all these products is now so great, that these almost uninhabited regions will soon be filled with European and Asiatic cultivators of the soil and workers in the forests and mines.

But it will be a surprise to many to learn that the first need of the new railway will be, not the transportation of

the products of Eastern Africa, but the carrying of passengers. This was emphasized by leading British authorities at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Dwelling on the fact that 'a rapidly growing demand has sprung up in recent years for winter resorts, where people of sufficient means and leisure can be certain of finding warmth, health, recreation, and interest, without having to face a long and inclement journey by sea,' it was shown that, if improved facilities for traveling can be provided, 'all these requirements can be met to the full in Africa.'

If the seeker after rest reaches the head-waters of the Nile, where are what Ptolemy called the Mountains of the Moon, he will find himself in the most beautiful and mysterious region in all the world. Its inaccessibility has been so great that comparatively few have visited it; but from the accounts of those who have succeeded in reaching it, together with the pictures accompanying them, one gets a vivid impression of its entrancing beauty and interest.

The culminating place is Lake Kivu, some sixty miles long by thirty broad, five thousand feet above sea-level, with shores reaching up to ten thousand feet. There are numerous islands, of one of which it is said, 'Wau would make a simply idyllic haven of retreat for dwellers in great cities who were in need of rest.' In full view from it are the sky-towering mountains; and of one, 18,000 feet high, it is said, 'Her glorious crown

flashed back the ruby and the diamond to the sun; and in her diadem of snow were the purple of the jacinth, the blue of the amethystine fire, the brilliance of the crystal, and the soft shining of the opal.'

To the north of the lake is a cluster of active volcanoes, the eruption of one being described thus: 'Fireworks of glowing rock and stone flashed up high in the air. A column of smoke, illuminated brightly by the fiery reflection of the outbreak, rose slowly up to dizzy heights, and then expanded mushroom-like for many miles around.' The light of the eruptions was so great at that time, that, at night, though many miles distant, one could read by it. Apparently there is no danger from them, as at the time they were observed the overflow was confined to the craters. An especial attraction for those seeking restoration of health and strength is the hot springs, with valuable medicinal qualities, which are to be found here.

The wonderful vegetable growth of this region in trees and plants, it would be impossible to describe in a few words. The whole space in the forests, from the ground to the tops of the trees, is filled with an overwhelming mass of green. No wood is to be seen, but only soft, luxuriant foliage. The valleys are buried for miles under the blooms of millions of violets and immortelles. Red and white daisies, large white dahlias, and the numerous orchids make them look like great gardens. Lobelias rise up like immense candles, often to the height of a man. The most beautiful and surprising of all the vegetation are, possibly, the tree ferns, with their slender stems, thirty feet or more in height, more like palms than ferns. The trees, many of them with great red blossoms, are full of sunbirds, parrots, and numberless other species. A most entrancing sight is the wealth of butterflies, 'with their glorious, delicate, me-

tallic-gleaming colors, or their creamy, velvety black wings decked with striking green or bronze golden hues.'

Of the intensely interesting animal life, unsurpassed in numbers and variety in any part of the world, it is impossible to give an adequate impression. One may get some idea of its variety and interest and uniqueness, however, from the experience of a traveler on the Uganda railway who saw, on the trip up from the coast, gazelles, zebras, giraffes, ostriches, lions, and a rhinoceros. According to the latest available accounts, this mountain region is practically uninhabited. But the land directly adjoining Lake Kivu on the south is well cultivated by industrious and peaceful natives, who, from the descriptions of them, would seem to rank highest among the Africans untouched by white civilization. Not far away will be found some of the most primitive of human races, the pygmies.

There can be little doubt, then, of the truth of the assertion that the first use of the completed Cape-to-Cairo railway will be the transportation of travelers. Many of them will unquestionably go to this, the least known and, in some respects, the most interesting part of the world, 'where natural spectacles of wonderful beauty and impressiveness are to be found in constant succession.' Every variety of climate exists here except that of the frozen seas of the Poles. The wearied seeker after rest may sit quietly in his shelter and watch the changing color of the distant scenery. Or he may study the wonderful variety of flowers and plants in the grass close by him, and constantly find some new and beautiful blossom. Or he may climb to some nearby and easily accessible height, and get an unexpected view of snow-clad mountains with vivid colors. But especially may he go and sit quietly on the edge of the forest, and wait patiently for an ele-

phant, or a lion, or a giraffe to come out and go down to the lake shore.

All this is true of the region of the Mountains of the Moon, but it does not exhaust the special interest of the East Africa soon to be opened to the world. One of those most familiar with the whole of this interesting part of the British Empire says of it: 'Geograph-

ers, archæologists, ethnologists, botanists, and scientific men generally can find the widest fields for study, while persons of more commercial tastes cannot fail to be both interested and impressed by the mining and other resources of the Dark Continent, and by the methods which are being employed to develop them.'

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IS ALIVE

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

I

IN spite of the failure of the United States to ratify the compact, the League of Nations is alive. It is a going concern. Its machinery is being completed, and its influence is spreading. All the countries that were neutral during the war have joined, including Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. Every country in South America, except Ecuador, is now a member of the League. Even the two countries which have been more or less under our particular care — Liberia and Panama — have not waited for the United States, but have joined with the others. Outside of Russia and the Central Empires of Europe, Portugal and Roumania are the only important countries that have not yet come in, and their accession is now merely a matter of weeks. China's accession is included in the Austrian treaty which will shortly be signed. It is probable that Germany and Austria will be admitted as soon as their internal conditions permit; and if ever a stable government is adopted in Rus-

sia, that country, too, will undoubtedly be invited to accede.

Meanwhile the League is rapidly assuming its duties. Through commissioners it has taken over the control of Danzig and the Saar Valley Basin, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles; it has started the organization of the Court of International Justice; it has assumed its responsibilities for the minority peoples of Poland under the terms of the Polish treaty; it is advising and supporting the International Labor Office which has been constituted under its ægis. Its finances, guaranteed by its constituent members, are now on a satisfactory budget basis. Already the Council of the League, which is its executive committee, has held meetings in London and Paris, while the Assembly, representative of all the member nations, will hold its first conference at a comparatively early date. The permanent Secretariat of the League, with temporary headquarters in London, has been at work for nearly a year on

the machinery of organization, and the buildings which it occupies are centres of international business in which the representatives of many nations are participating. The head of the treaty registry is a Uruguayan; the director of the political section is a Frenchman, and of the economic section, an Englishman; a Norwegian is in charge of the administrative commissions under the League, and a Japanese heads the division of international bureaus; the director of financial administration is a Canadian; the head of the section on transit and communications is an Italian; a Dutchman is chief of the legal division. In addition there are Belgians, Greeks, Spaniards, Swedes, Swiss, Australians, Jugo-Slavs, Danes, and other nationalities — all at work on the common problem of harmonizing international relations in the interests of the human family.

A visitor at the League's headquarters in London is struck, not only by the variety of work that is being undertaken, but by its practical applicability to matters of vital concern. In one department, treaties and agreements are being registered and published, marking the end of the evil days of hidden diplomacy. In another section, studies are being made of the movement of raw materials and coal, and plans are being formulated for more equitable distribution. Still another section is at work on problems and conventions relating to international communications, such as wireless and cable despatches. Here is a group preparing the terms under which colonies will be given by mandate, and the provisions by which trade and commerce will be secured to other members of the League besides the mandatory power. Here is a group working on plans for international coöperation in the elimination of the opium traffic. Here is another section that is in touch with the political

events of the world, so that a tribal movement in Beluchistan, a strike in Roumania, or an election in Japan or South Africa is immediately registered with the Secretariat. Henceforth the world can be wise before the event rather than after it, and a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand can be given a true interpretation.

II

One who examines the minutes of the meetings of the League Council and the proposed programme of the first meeting of the Assembly is impressed by the fact that political questions, such as constituted the bulk of the work of the Paris Conference, are here subordinated to larger considerations of human welfare. It is not boundaries or indemnities, but food and coal and health, which concern the League authorities. Theirs is the task, not of determining the privileges and rights of victorious allies, but of discovering and applying the remedial measures necessary to keep a shattered world alive. Where the Paris Conference sat down with a map and a ruler to make a new heaven and a new earth, the League officials are taking first steps to protect vast populations from starvation and disease, and to reestablish the economic life of the world. 'The ravages inflicted by disease upon the underfed populations of Central Europe have reached appalling proportions,' said the acting President of the League Council, in a letter of appeal to the Red Cross societies in Geneva. 'Men, women and children are dying by thousands, and over vast areas there are neither medical appliances nor medical skill sufficient to cope with the horrors by which we are faced. To your great body I make appeal. Surely there has never been an occasion calling more insistently for action.'

Similarly, the devastating spread of typhus in Poland was the subject of Council action at a recent meeting. 'The matter is one of such magnitude,' said the resolution adopted by the Council, 'and bears on the welfare of so many countries, that it seems eminently a subject with which the League of Nations should deal.' A health conference, made up of representatives of the several members of the League, was therefore asked to handle the emergency temporarily and to submit plans for united official action.

The International Health Office of the League of Nations will indeed be one of its most important sub-divisions, and already the plans of its organization and function are practically completed. For health is not a local or even a national concern. Influenza knows no boundaries, and the germs of polyomyelitis laugh at geographical frontiers. Disease is the common enemy of mankind, and only through joint counsel and action can it be successfully fought. Just as the Allies needed a united command to ensure victory, so the human family needs leadership to cope with world-wide sources of disease and death.

It was with this in mind that Article XXIII was written into the Covenant, imposing upon the members of the League the obligation 'to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease'; and it is around this article that the new Health Office has been built. Operating through an international committee of public health experts, and representative of world-wide medical opinion, it will maintain its permanent staff at the seat of the League. Its purpose, as defined in the carefully matured plans of the League's committee which has been working on it, is to bring the administrative health authorities of different countries into closer relationship with each other; to organize means of more

rapid interchange of information and swifter action in matters where immediate precautions against disease are required; and, finally, to provide machinery for securing or revising international agreements for administrative action in matters of health. Thus it will act as a clearing-house for regulations, orders, and official reports, and will issue bulletins and statistics on questions of public health; it will collect and distribute information as to the existence and prevalence of such diseases as cholera, plague, yellow fever, typhus, small-pox, and influenza, and will call special conferences of the health authorities of neighboring countries to determine the official action to be taken; it will promote international arrangements for the prevention of the spread of epidemics in undeveloped or more primitive countries and colonies, in cases where joint action by more than one power is necessary; and, finally, it will work for the revision of international sanitary conventions, so that they may be brought up to date on questions of epidemiology, and adjusted to post-bellum political geography.

It is this kind of work — in the interests of the human family — that the League was created to perform. Its primary purpose is to lead in the fight against common enemies of mankind, such as disease and hunger.

III

No one who has not been in Europe within the last few months can understand the extent of its social and industrial collapse. As the British Minister of Education recently stated, civilization has literally fallen to pieces in many parts of Europe. Authenticated reports of cannibalism from Armenia are matched by similar reports from Austria; and in other districts where food conditions are not so

immediately appalling, the populations have reached a depth of misery and despair that is no less terrible than Euripides's description of the passing of Troy. In practically every country in Europe except Great Britain food-production has sharply declined, and it is estimated that the population of Europe is now 100,000,000 greater than can be supported without imports. Land has fallen out of cultivation and has been starved of fertilizers for five years. Ten to twenty millions of male workers in the prime of life have been lost, and a larger proportion of children, of the aged, and of women, who produce less than they consume, has been left. The production of coal has fallen off to such an extent that Europe now has less than 65 per cent of her actual requirements, with the result that over wide areas, particularly in Central and Eastern Europe, factories are shut down and unemployment is common.

Though a year and a half has elapsed since the Armistice, manufacturers in Central Europe are still without raw materials. Cotton, wool, and rubber — to mention only three of the principal commodities required by Germany, Austria, and Poland — are practically unobtainable there, with the consequence that, even if there were coal to run the factories, there would be nothing for them to work on. The dislocation in the rates of exchange has disorganized the markets and destroyed the basis of international trade. Rotterdam is choked with cotton, and the Port of London is full of wool for which there are no buyers, because, although Europe is desperate for these materials, the unbalanced exchange makes it impossible for her to pay for them. Nor, because of her political and economic insecurity, can she borrow enough for her needs, for industrial instability and social unrest destroy the very foundations of credit.

The situation is therefore running in a vicious circle: political chaos can be averted only by restarting the industrial machine; industrial processes cannot be resumed without the import of raw materials; raw materials cannot be bought except upon credit; credit cannot be extended except upon conditions of political security. Meanwhile, with transportation systems disorganized, with railroad lines, locomotives, and cars damaged and destroyed, with no working capital, with currency debased in some areas almost to the point of worthlessness, with productivity everywhere demoralized as a result of war psychosis, with all countries staggering under a weight of indebtedness practically beyond calculation, Europe is utterly crushed, and the situation is growing worse rather than better, so that we are face to face with appalling disaster, which, unless averted, will interpret itself, as Mr. Hoover has repeatedly warned, in loss of life on a scale hitherto undreamed of.

What salvation has the League of Nations for this situation? What hand can it take in the solution of the problem? That a remedy must be found if civilization is to be saved from shipwreck is obvious. Equally obvious is the fact that the impending disaster is one which concerns, not Europe alone, but the whole world. For the time is long since past when any country can isolate itself from the economic security or chaos of the rest of the world. Nations are joined together in an intricate network of intercourse and commerce which involves the possibility of existence for more than half the people on the globe; and with every year that passes the developments of science bring the human family into increasingly closer relationships. North and South America are as intimately bound to the fate of Europe in everything that relates to industrial prosperity or

demoralization as New York is bound to New England. No Chinese wall can guard the Western Hemisphere from the consequences of economic disintegration or social collapse in the Eastern Hemisphere. A movement in India or Lapland reverberates in America and New Zealand, just as under-production in England and France, or financial disorganization in Germany and Austria, has its repercussions in every state of our union.

The matter therefore concerns the family of nations sitting in common council, and it is perhaps providential that in this supreme crisis in human history the organization of the League of Nations should be ready at hand. That its leaders are conscious of their responsibility is obvious to anyone who knows the work of the Secretariat or follows the meetings of the Council. The economic section of the League has for many months been engaged in a world-wide study of such questions as coal, production, markets, and food and, the movement of raw materials. At the first meeting of the Assembly, representing the people of the world, a full report will be ready, showing where the human family that occupies the earth finds itself as regards solvency or bankruptcy in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty — a balance-sheet, if you please, of industrial and social assets and liabilities, as a basis of discussion for the sons of men! Will anything practical come of the discussion? No one can tell. But surely it is the common-sense approach to solution; and in an open exchange of opinion by the world's leaders an atmosphere of solidarity may be created, — a spirit of human kinship in the face of common peril, — which may serve to dissolve many of the obstacles which now seem insuperable.

But the League has not waited for the results of the Assembly conference.

The situation is too pressing to brook delay, and immediate measures are necessary. The first proposition, therefore, to which the League has addressed itself, as a practical step toward solution, is the opening up of Russia. Russia is the granary of Europe, its greatest source of cereals, and one of its largest reservoirs of essential raw materials. With Russia isolated from the normal industrial system there is no hope of recovery for Europe. The blockade of Russia and the policy of the *cordon sanitaire* have proved far more disastrous to the rest of Europe than to Russia herself. Somehow or other Russia must be reinstated in the processes of international trade and commerce; a means must be found of stimulating her production and making available to the rest of Europe her exportable surplus of food and raw materials.

Up to this time the policy of the Allies in handling the Russian problems has been shaped largely by a fear of Bolshevism. There has been but little attempt to learn the real facts of the situation; certainly no official, systematic study has been made of the plans and results of the Soviet government. We have been trying to solve the problem in the dark, without accurate information or analysis.

It is this defect that the League of Nations has proposed to correct. A recent meeting of the League's Council made provision for sending to Russia a commission of investigation, consisting of ten members and a staff of advisers and experts, 'to obtain impartial and authoritative information regarding the conditions now prevailing in that country.' 'It is hoped,' said the telegram of invitation to the members of the commission, 'that special attention will be paid to administrative, economic, financial, and transport problems, and that general labor questions will not be neglected.'

At the present writing (April 24), no answer has been received from the Soviet government as to whether such a commission of inquiry will be admitted to Russia; but the proposal constitutes the first business-like approach to the Russian question. With the facts ascertained, a positive policy of adjustment can take the place of a policy of ignorance, and the government of Russia can be recognized on some basis that will make possible the restarting of the processes of trade at the earliest possible moment.

IV

The League has taken another step which is even more directly related to the problem of economic rehabilitation. At a meeting of the Council held late in February it was decided to summon at an early date an international financial conference of the governments chiefly concerned, 'to study the financial crisis, and to look for the means of remedying it and of mitigating the dangerous consequences arising from it.' The conference, which is called to meet at Brussels, will be attended by three delegates from each government, one of them representing the Ministry of Finance directly, and the other two being bankers or financiers. At the present writing, the plans for the conference, which will occur early in June, are well advanced, and an enormous amount of study and research has been given to its preparation. Each government participating has supplied full information on such subjects as its budget figures, financial policy, domestic and foreign debt, foreign loans outstanding, gold and silver holdings, circulation of currency issues, proposed methods of bringing current expenditures within the compass of receipts, production and trade statistics, and the like. In fact, the conference will sit down with a

complete analysis before it of the financial and industrial condition of each of the leading nations, and of the policies which these nations have in mind for the future.

The nature of the conference cannot of course be accurately forecast, but if the carefully laid plans of its supporters do not miscarry, it will have far-reaching results. These results fall roughly under three heads, and are so important to the future stability of the world as to merit at least a brief discussion in this paper.

In the first place, it is hoped that the conference will make clear and vivid to every nation of the world the inescapable fact that there can be no social or industrial future for any country which adopts a permanent policy of meeting its current expenditure by a continuous inflation of its circulation, or by increasing its interest-bearing debts. In too many European countries the printing-press as a means of creating wealth has literally taken the place of taxation, with results interpretable in soaring prices and disorganized trade relations. Evil practices, begun of necessity, perhaps, during the war, are to-day continued through weakness and timidity and the fear of governments to face their people with the truth. 'No country can be considered solvent,' said a recent conference of bankers in Amsterdam, 'that will not or cannot bring its current expenditure within the compass of its receipts from taxation and other regular income. This principle must clearly be brought home to the peoples of all countries; for it will be impossible otherwise to arouse them from a dream of false hopes and illusions to the recognition of hard facts.'

To accomplish this end is one of the chief purposes of the League's financial conference; and it is the intention of its leaders to have it unmistakably understood that a recalcitrant country which

refuses immediately to mend its ways is outside the pale so far as credits or other remedial measures are concerned.

The second purpose which the conference hopes to accomplish, or at least to influence, is the fixation of the amount of the German indemnity. The undermined character of this item is one of the great disturbing factors in Europe's industrial equilibrium. The vague and fantastic ideas as to the paying power of Germany which are contained in the reparations section of the Treaty of Versailles not only destroy her productive capacity by robbing her of an industrial incentive, but, by fostering false hopes, and keeping as live assets on the national balance-sheets items which can never be collected, they postpone the day of financial reorganization in the creditor countries. It is therefore no more than prudent policy and wise statesmanship for each nation to submit the assets on its balance-sheet to careful scrutiny, and to write off those that are based on impossible hypotheses. In drawing up a financial forecast that will stand the test of the next few years, it is important that there be no concealment of the facts and no illusions as to the paying power of debtors. The grave difficulties of the future can be minimized, if not avoided, by greater daring to face the truth to-day.

So far as the German situation is concerned, the argument is equally sound. Whatever we may think of Germany, her industrial solvency is essential to the salvation of Europe. One cannot place a rotten apple in a bowl of apples and keep the decay from spreading. As the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington recently said, there is no more logical or practical step toward solving their own reconstruction problems than for the Allies to give value to their indemnity claims against Germany by reducing them to a determinate amount

which Germany may reasonably be expected to pay, 'and then for Germany to issue obligations for such amount and be set free to work it out. This would increase Germany's capacity to pay, restore confidence, and improve the trade and commerce of the world.'

The third object which the League's financial conference hopes to achieve is the creation of some machinery for the extension of credit to the impoverished countries of Europe. A considerable body of opinion in America seems to be inclined to dismiss this project with the reflection that if Europe 'got down to work' and 'balanced its production and consumption,' credits would not be necessary. Even so well informed a man as Mr. Carter Glass has not resisted the temptation to generalize upon the necessity of the governments of Europe 'increasing their production as much as possible.' In a recent letter, widely quoted in Europe and containing much sound advice, he speaks of 'the resumption of industrial life and activity' as being one of the factors of 'relief.' The statement is, of course, true; but how is Europe to resume? It is like telling a starving man that he will feel better as soon as he begins to eat. The information is well meant, but its only effect is to irritate the sufferer. The cotton mills of Czecho-Slovakia are closed and one third of its working population is idle because, although, as we have seen, there is plenty of cotton in European ports, Czecho-Slovakia, because of the depreciation of her currency, has no way of paying for it. Similarly, the industries of Austria and Poland are absolutely paralyzed — with resulting unemployment and suffering on an unprecedented scale — because these countries are unable to pay for the initial import of such commodities as hides, oil-seeds, tin, copper, and jute. Until these commodities are received, the mills cannot turn out

their finished products; and until the export of these products begins, the industrial life of these stricken nations cannot be reestablished.

Something must be done to prime the pump, — to start the machinery, — and the League's financial conference has no more important task before it than to devise such a plan. Whether these credits shall be governmental or commercial, on what security they shall be based, the length of their term, how they shall be apportioned — to these and other critical and contentious questions an answer must be found. The absence from the conference of the United States in any official capacity makes the solution all the more difficult; indeed, some believe that it makes it impossible; but there can be no further delay, for the crisis is real, and catastrophe looms ahead unless remedial measures can be put in motion.

These then are the three principal points to which the League's conference will devote itself: the deflation of currency, the definition of Germany's obligations, and the establishment of a credit system. How far the conference will succeed in reaching sane conclusions along these lines cannot, of course, be foretold. On the second point, hostile opposition may be expected from France, whose long sufferings make it impossible for her as yet to see events otherwise than through bloodshot eyes. Objection on this point, too, may be encountered from the Reparations Commission, which is the final authority in its determination. But the economic forces of the world are working on the side of the League, and against their irresistible influence even hate and national pride must give way.

V

It is impossible to leave the subject of the League's work without mention of

disarmament. The word disarmament has become the symbol of a new hope in the world, the promise of a better fortune for mankind. In spite of increased army and navy estimates, it is the dream of common peoples everywhere in Europe. Mr. Winston Churchill and Admiral Jellicoe no more represent the ambitions and opinions of the mass of men and women in England than Millerand and Foch represent them in France. The *people* of Europe are sick to death of armaments and wars, and release from their crushing burden, under the direction of the League of Nations, is eagerly awaited. Even as regards Europe's leaders, the signs of the times are not wanting. Only recently the Danish Minister of Defense, in a strong plea for immediate disarmament, advocated the abolition of conscription and the dismantling of the fortifications of Copenhagen; and even Mr. Lloyd George has referred to the reduction of armed forces as an essential measure if the League of Nations is to be anything else than 'a sham and a scrap of paper.'

Meanwhile the first practical step toward armament reduction has been taken by the new Saint-Germain Convention, signed by the Allied and Associated powers, in which it is agreed that no arms or ammunition of any kind are to be exported, except under license, into certain specified areas of the world's surface — most of Africa, the Arabian Peninsula, Transcaucasia, Persia, Gwadar, and such continental parts of Asia as were included in the old Turkish Empire. For the control of the arms-traffic in these territories, as well as in the mandatory areas, the Secretariat of the League of Nations has established a central office where adequate supervision can be maintained.

But this is, of course, only a beginning, and affects but slightly the problem of world reduction of armed forces.

The heart of the situation, so far as League is concerned, lies in Articles VIII and IX of the Covenant, which provide for a permanent commission to advise the Council on military and naval matters, including disarmament. To the creation and constitution of this commission the Secretariat of the League has already given much time and study, and the plans for its launching are to be presented to the Council for approval at an early date.

The approach to a reduction in armaments is therefore practically established. How is the fact actually to be accomplished? It is here that we run into difficulties. If there were in the world some great, disinterested, democratic power, with no warlike traditions to maintain, with no far-flung empire to protect, with no territorial ambitions to be satisfied, such a power, by sheer force of leadership and the contagion of ideas, could compel the universal adoption of a policy of progressive disarmament. No other government could withstand the irresistible persuasion of its example. With the common opinion of peoples as a fulcrum, and the machinery of the League of Nations as a lever, it could lift the old order from its foundations. But where is there such a nation? Surely not France or England under their present régimes. And America? But America has gone over to the other side. She has repudiated the League of

Nations, and by a coincidence almost sinister announces her plans for 'the world's biggest navy.' There is no present hope of such leadership here. 'Relief would be found in disarmament,' wrote the Secretary of our Treasury in a letter of advice to Europe on the rehabilitation of her industrial life. The grim irony of this pious counsel has not been overlooked in Europe. How much more effective would such admonition be if the nation which Mr. Glass represented were not itself raising the stakes in the gamble of armaments, and jeopardizing the peace of the world by rejecting the League!

In a recently published book by the Chief General Staff Officer of the Tank Corps of the British army, occurs this enthusiastic description of the use of tanks in the *next* war: 'Fleets of fast-moving tanks, equipped with tons of liquid gas, against which the enemy will probably have no means of protection, will cross frontiers and obliterate every living thing in the fields and farms, villages and cities of the enemy's country.'

It is for humanity to choose now which road it wants to take. Will it follow the flag of the old order or the standard of the League of Nations? Under one, the complete breakdown of civilization and the self-extermination of mankind are only a matter of time; the other leads to unexplored fields of human coöperation and creative labor.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BROADWAY

FOUR of us sat beside a lovely and secluded little lake amid the Berkshire Hills, and debated the vexed question, Is Broadway beautiful? The summer wind ruffled the lake, and brought to our nostrils that delicious odor of fresh water lapping pine roots, to our ears its delicious murmur. Broadway seemed far distant, almost as a dream.

We were evenly divided on the question at issue. The landscape-gardener and horticultural expert, a gentle soul and lover of flowers left to grow in their own sweet way, was passionate on the subject. The incandescent picture-gallery and fireworks display high above the street (of course, we were discussing Broadway at night, no one contending it has any beauty by day) to him was vulgar, hideous, and even socially criminal, since it represented on the most lavish scale our national custom of wasteful competitive advertising. He was, somewhat less passionately, backed up by the doctor and hospital organizer. On the other side, were the electrical engineer (perhaps quite naturally!) and myself.

Like most arguments, this one ended with each contestant even more firmly fixed in his original conviction. Indeed, as we left at last the piney grove by the lake-side, and walked home past a particularly charming natural border of sumach, I noted that the landscape-gardener stifled his impulse to share my enthusiasm. He had a doubt now whether anything I admired could be beautiful.

We were, of course, arguing the unarguable, a mistake not infrequently

made. Keats is authority for the statement that it is sufficient to know that beauty is truth, truth beauty — a statement which upon consideration gets you nowhere, particularly in the case of Broadway. What has truth got to do with advertising? The landscape-gardener, in his own field, would say that truth is nature's way of planting; follow that, and you achieve beauty. Yet nature never sowed patchwork-quilted fields, which, seen from a hill-top, are unquestionably beautiful; nor endless even rows of gladioli, like great striped carpets.

There is, certainly, nothing natural about Broadway at night, in the sense that it is in any way an imitation of nature. But there is nothing natural, for the matter of that, about an incandescent bulb. Its nearest approach in nature is a Bartlett pear. On the other hand, Broadway at night is profoundly natural. If the evolution of signboards lining American railroads and highways from coast to coast, of placards adorning all our steam and trolley cars, of advertising pages supporting all our newspapers and magazines, is an expression of national development and character; and if the invention of the electric light and the development of electric power are signs of the national resourcefulness and instinct to make the most of physical forces (as we are assured is the case); then what is more natural, more an honest and inevitable race-expression, than Broadway at night? It is evolution blazing its reality from the housetops. It is racial truth. Therefore it is beauty — *vide* Keats.

Saying this, I was accused of sophistry; so I fell back upon the impression-

ist method (the application of the impressionist method to argumentation has yet to be worked scientifically), and declared that Broadway was beautiful for me, and that was enough. I considered the adventure of my soul among the masterpieces of electric draughtsmanship, and found them good. My reactions were such as things beautiful inspire. It was at this point that somebody looked at his watch and suggested that it was time to start for home.

Barbaric is the adjective some people apply to Broadway. But it is at least a jolly barbarity. I stood the other night looking northward from Forty-second Street, into a narrowing cañon of illumination. Against the sky huge electric kittens pursued an endless thread; six gnome-like figures underneath a canopy of colored lights practised calisthenics, grinning amiably the while; a gentleman forty feet tall stood unashamed against the subordinated stars, clad in an electric union suit; a vast toothbrush was pyrotechnically prophylactic; at last, walling in the vista where Broadway turned, a giant blood-red bull reared his golden horns. And these signs were but a few amid the myriad, some pictorial, vast, and static, some restlessly appearing and disappearing, some merely the blazing names of this or that theatre and play or player.

Keats said that his name was writ in water, but the name of the Broadway star is writ in fire. He obeys the ancient stellar injunction to twinkle. Out of all this welter of illumination, from curb-line to sky, beneath and between which the endless black stream of cabs and cars and sidewalk throngs moves like a slow river, the eye, after all, picks out far less the individual sign than the general radiance and lacy pattern of gold. When the individual sign does hold the attention, it is less to remind us of its artistic limitations of design than of its quaint relation, through the

thing it advertises, to our national life. It makes us smile — at least, it makes me smile. Why, for instance, when so many jaws in the thousands of faces streaming past on the curb below are busily at work upon a piece of gum, should not the six gum-sprites overhead dance with joy? It is highly fitting. It is, indeed, symbolic. Why, again, when so many thousand motor-cars are passing in endless streams on the asphalt below; when the possession of a motor-car is so essential to the happiness of the average man; when the discussion of motor-cars is the one topic upon which you can start a safe conversation with any stranger in the Pullman smoker — why, then, should not a vast motor-car revolve its incandescent wheels aloft, advertising not so much any particular make of car, as the absorbing national passion?

We glorify folk-music, folk-dancing, all such spontaneous expressions in art of the soul of a people. The Broadway signs are our folk-art writ in fire on the sky. They are quite as worthy of attention, perhaps, as the songs of the Cumberland mountaineers, or the square dances of the seventeenth-century British peasant.

I was tramping the streets of Newark once, with an artist, each of us looking for his particular kind of 'copy.' Suddenly the artist stopped and pulled out his sketch-book. I looked in vain for the picturesque view which intrigued him, seeing only a bit of the Free Public Library, and that half hidden by a pole laden with wires. He flashed his scorn in reply to my question.

'Why,' said he, 'look at all those criss-crossed lines of wires, and the fine, dark upright made by the pole itself! Get in your bit of semi-classic architecture through that fascinating foreground, and you have something!' Whereupon his pencil flew to work.

I had later to admit the beauty of

his woodcut, though I am still opposed to overhead wires. But Broadway at night shows nothing so harsh as poles and wires. Its criss-crossed designs are formed by living lights, designs which are deepened by the dark sky behind them, softened by the haze of their own radiance, made living and lively with color and motion. A wet night on Broadway! How the asphalt glistens with a thousand golden reflections! How the great signs up aloft stab into the mist till, like King Arthur's helmet, they make all the night a stream of fire! How they dim and flash and dim again when the mist is low, or the thick snow is driving past, swirled through the cañoned street! How they seem to lift their radiance to the low roof of the sky above, turning it a dully glowing red! How they call to the spirit, proclaiming crowds, proclaiming mirth and the escape from care into the joyous world of make-believe, of dance and song!

Thunder against Broadway never so hard, call it crude and callous, reckless and extravagant, thoughtless and dissipated; brand its blazing bulls and dancing gum-sprites as the last word in economic idiocy; play the Puritan and the prude, or play the æsthete and the recluse — it is little I care. When I turn into Broadway by night and am bathed in its Babylonian radiance, I want to shout with joy, it is so gay and beautiful. I melt into the river of pleasure-seekers; slowly I flow along to my chosen theatre; before I have even entered the portal, I am in the mood for a play. If I had to reach it through a pine grove or a gallery of Rembrandts, I should never get there, or want to enter if I did. No, Broadway is profoundly right — and therefore beautiful!

— AND WAY-STATIONS

If fate had been different, I feel that I might have loved a railway station.

Even now, in spite of all, I still love the great terminals — South Station, with its spreading train-shed where wreaths of smoke festoon themselves at twilight high up in the shadows of the roof, and the Grand Central, that stunning compromise between a tabernacle and a department store. There the trains come in, each in its separate appointed groove, as in a bowling-alley. Each one is securely captured for you before you are expected to take it. Yes, in the great cities you can take a train. At a way-station, you must catch it.

The responsibility of catching my own train is just one straw too much. Experience has taught me that the most outlandish episodes of my life are fated to take place at the brink of the railway-track; not that I ever lose trains or take the wrong ones, but simply because in the tense air of a way-station my mentality is at its lowest ebb.

The events that have befallen me in these times of unbalance have proved to me two things about a station platform. In the first place, it is the ideal site for a spiritual débâcle. You do not need to court disaster there: the place naturally breeds it. The switchings and hootings of troubled freight trains, the cyclone of the express, the presence of rapid powerful things quite beyond your control, the haste, the crowd — all provide the makings of calamity.

And in the second place, I have learned that the fewer people you bring to see you off, the better your chances for a smooth retreat.

One wintry morning, for example, I had just settled myself in the coziest corner of the early train. The other passengers, evidently business men, were absorbed in their newspapers. Everything promised well. But outside on the platform, fate, unknown to me, was preparing a crisis. My sister, whom I had rashly allowed to see me off, suddenly remembered that she had

my heavy coat over her arm, and ran back to give it to me. The train was about to start. Rushing up to the brakeman she gasped, 'Are you going on this train? *She* left her coat.'

'What's she look like?' inquired the gay young brakeman, grasping the coat and swinging gracefully on the step.

'Brown hair, brown suit —'

'What's her first name?'

'Margaret Olcott,' wailed my sister; then, thinking that because he asked my first name he thought me a little girl, she added with a last desperate inspiration, 'She's twenty-nine years old.'

In marched the delighted brakeman, down through those ranks of traveling-men; and as he laid the coat in my astonished arms, he remarked in a clear baritone, 'She said it was for Margaret Olcott, twenty-nine years old.'

Now did or did not that trainful of gentlemen think they knew my age? All the way to our destination somebody or other would give way to his memories and the mirth would break out afresh. Meanwhile I revolved in my mind the various happy things that I might have said to the merry brakeman. I might have told him that the coat was twenty-nine years old, I being older. But everybody knows how the unavailing afterthoughts press upon one. The point that concerns us here is the fact that at the critical moment, within the station confines, I was the prey of luckless circumstance.

Of all people whom I care to impress favorably, I suppose that my young brother just returned from France would qualify as chief. I was in process of catching a train one morning lately, and thought that he might possibly come down to see me off. Up and down the platform I paced, watching the distant crowds. Sure enough, the familiar uniform appeared at last in the subway. It walked like my brother, and the leather leggings were very like; but

still I hesitated because I could not clearly see his face. Just then he turned and saw me, and flung up an arm to wave. At that, of course, I was sure, and flinging up my own arm into the air, I waved back. He began to shout something that I could not hear, and to apprise him of that fact, I took a firm hold of each ear, bent them out to the windward, flapped them briskly, and gave a sisterly grin. At that instant, I felt a firm hand on my arm, and heard the voice of my real brother beside me, inquiring what I thought I was doing. The stranger in the subway had been shouting and waving to friends of his own beyond me in the train. And on the heels of this event, to have to board the train myself and leave a garrulous brother at large in town to spread the story among our delighted friends, unchecked — it was almost more than I could bear.

But the most poignant regret of all comes when one has, in one's irresponsible state, wounded or affrighted the innocent bystander. We were just boarding the train one night after a very stirring lecture by Professor George Herbert Palmer. We were all enthusiastic, but I was holding forth. The gentleman behind us in the train put down his newspaper and seemed to be listening. I lowered my voice, but I still felt his observing eye upon me. Suddenly he leaned forward and asked in cordial tones, 'I beg pardon, but is this Dorothea Slade?'

The spell of the train-shed was upon me; I never dreamed that he thought I *was* Dorothea Slade; I thought that he was asking if it was she whom we were discussing. And so I replied graciously, 'No, this is George Herbert Palmer,' and went on conversing with my friends. Not until we were well beyond the precincts of the station did I gather what it was that my friends were laughing about, or why the courtly

gentleman behind us had gone back so precipitately to the newspaper.

But a protracted catalogue of such incidents could only give the reader pain. Whether the essence of the spirit of way-stations is centred in the steam, the tracks, or the soft coal, I do not know. I think it is a blend, and elemental in effect, for I know that children feel it. I was left one day for a moment alone on a platform with two small Dutch-cut children, the youngest in a little leather harness of which his mother handed me the reins while she went for tickets. The sinister influence of the way-station was all about us, and all my resources were as nothing for antidotes against that spell. Off went the eldest child, hopping toward the tracks, and at the same moment the little boy in his leather harness curled up both fat legs and hung suspended from my hand, rotating rapidly in the air. To be seen in public with a bevy of borrowed children is no trial; it may even be an appealing picture if the grouping is right. But there should be a Madonna element about it. Ideally the child should nestle. To be found on a station platform, with one nimble infant in full retreat, obviously escaping your hated presence, and with another, unable to get away, hanging head downward at the end of a leather thong — this sort of thing is absolutely in keeping with the spirit of the way-station.

In fact, if I were to design a crest for way-stations, it should have smoke sable, with an accommodation train passant, and underneath, no motto at all; for no dead language could do justice to the soul of the way-station, and its native language is profane.

TO HORSE

'A duck,' we used to read in the primer at school, 'a duck is a long low animal, covered with feathers.' Simi-

larly, a horse is a long high animal, covered with confusion. I speak of the horse as we find him in the patriotic parade, where a brass band precedes him, an unaccustomed rider surmounts him, and a drum corps brings up his rear. A military parade is incomplete without its mounted guard; but I hold that there should be compulsory military training for the horse.

On the eve of our most recent patriotic procession, the Legion voted to treble the number of its mounted effectives. All overseas officers should join the mounted guard. All overseas officers were instantly up in arms. A horse was something that we personally had never bestriden. In spite of our desperate veto, the motion was carried by acclamation, and we were told that well-bred and competent horses would appear punctually just before the time for falling in. We were instructed to go to a certain corner of a side street, select our favorite form of horse from the collection we would see there, and ride him up to the green.

My mother, who had enjoyed riding in her girlhood, gave me a few quiet hints. Some horses, she said, had been trained to obey certain signals, and some to obey the exact opposite. Some would go faster if you reined them in, and others would slow down. Some waited for light touches of their master's hand or foot, and others for their master's voice. You had to study your horse as an individual.

I was glad to hear a little inside gossip of this sort, and made my way alone to the place appointed, skillfully dodging friends. The fence behind the garage was fringed with horses securely tied, and the top of the fence was fringed with a row of small boys, waiting. I approached the line of horses, and glanced judicially down the row. Books on 'Reading Character At Sight', I remembered, made a great point of the

distinctions between blond and brunette, concave and convex profiles, the glance of the eye, and the manner of shaking hands. I could tell at a glance that the hand-shake of these horses would be firm and full of decision.

'Which of these horses,' said I to the gang on the fence, 'would you take?'

'This one!' said an eager spokesman. 'He did n't move a muscle since they hitched him.'

The recommendation drew me instantly. Repose of manner is an estimable trait in a horse.

I looked my animal over with an artist's eye. He was a slender creature, with that spare type of beauty that we associate with the Airedale dog. He was not, I was glad to see, a blond. I closed the inspection, and prepared to mount.

From which side does one conventionally mount a horse? I remembered that Douglas Fairbanks habitually avoids this dilemma by mounting from above — from the roof of a Mexican monastery, or the fire-escape of an apartment house. From these points he lands, perpendicularly. With this ideal in mind, I got on, clamped my legs against the sides of my horse, and walked him out into the street.

When I say that I walked him out into the street, I use the English language as I have seen it used in books; but I confess that the phrase would never have occurred to me independently. I felt at no time that afternoon any sensation of walking my horse or of doing anything else decisive with him. He walked, to be sure, dipping his head and rearing it, like a mechanical swan. But I did not feel that I was walking him. I missed the sensation of direct control that one has with a machine. When you get upon a horse you cut yourself off from accurately calculable connection with the world. He is an independent personality. His feet are on the ground, and yours are not.

I bow to literary convention, therefore, when I say that I walked my horse.

As we took our places in the ranks, I discovered that my horse would stand well, if I would let him droop his long neck and close his eyes. If, however, I drew up the reins to brace his head, he took it for a signal to start, and I had to take it all back, hastily. With the relaxed rein he bowed again, his square head bent in silent prayer.

With the approach of the band, however, he woke with a start. He reared tentatively. I discouraged that. Then he curled his body in semicircular formation, a sort of sidelong squirm. I straightened him out with a fatherly slap on the flank.

It was time to start. The band led off. The other horses started forward in docile files, but not mine. If that band was going away, he would be the last person to pursue it. Instead of going forward, he backed. He backed and backed. There is no emergency brake on a horse. He would have backed to the end of the parade, through the Knights of Columbus, the Red Cross, the Elks, the D.A.R., the Fire Department, and the Salvation Army, if it had not been for the drum corps that led the infantry. The drum corps behind him was as terrifying as the band in front. To avoid the drum corps, he had to spend part of his time going away from it. Thus his progress was a little on the principle of the pendulum: he backed from the band until he had to flee before the drums.

The ranks of my friends were demoralized by needless mirth. Army life dulls the sensibilities to the spectacle of suffering. They could do nothing to help me, except to make a clear passage for me as I alternately backed from the brasses and escaped from the drum corps. Vibrating in this way, I could only address my horse with words of feigned affection, and try to strike a

position equidistant from all military music. The crowds in the street began to regard my actions as a sort of decorative manoeuvre, so regular was my advance and retirement. And then the band stopped playing for a little. Instantly my horse took his place in the ranks, marched serenely, arched his slim neck, glanced about. All was as it should be.

My place was just behind the marshal, supposedly to act as his aide. He had not noticed my absence from my post, but now he turned his head, hastily.

'Just slip back, will you,' he said, 'and tell Monroe not to forget the orders at the reviewing stand.'

I opened my mouth to explain my disqualifications as courier; but at that moment the band struck up, and my charger backed precipitately. The marshal, seeing my swift obedience, faced front, and I was left steadily receding, no time to explain, and the drum corps behind us was taking a rest. There was no reason for my horse ever to stop backing, unless he should back around the world until he heard the band behind him again. As I backed through the ranks of infantry, I shouted the marshal's message to the officer of the day. I had to talk fast — ships that pass in the night. Then I put my whole mind on my horse. I tried every signal I could devise. Some horses wait for light touches from the master's hand or foot, my mother said. I touched my animal here and there, back of the ear, at the base of the brain. I kicked a little. I jerked the reins in every direction, in Morse Code and Continental, and to the tune of S O S. My horse understood no codes.

The Knights of Columbus were now making room for me with howls of sympathetic glee. Must I back through the Red Cross, where my sisters were, and

into the Daughters of the Revolution float, where my mother sat with a group of ladies around the spinning-wheel? The Red Cross had a band, if it would only play. It struck up just in time. My horse instantly became a fugitive in the right direction. On we sped, the reviewing stand almost in sight. Could I make the cavalry in time?

Heaven was kind. The drum corps had not begun to play. Through their ranks we cantered, my horse and I, and into the midst of my companions. At a signal, all bands and all drums struck up at once. My horse, in stable equilibrium at last, daring not to run forward, or to run backward, or to bolt to either side, fell into step and marched. Deafening cheers, flying handkerchiefs; my horse and I stole past, held in the ranks by a delicate balance of four-cornered fear. If you fear something behind you and something in front of you and things on both sides of you, and if your fear of all the points of the compass is precisely equal, you move with the movements of the globe. My horse and I moved that way past the reviewing stand.

My father, beaming down from the group on the stand, was pleased. Later he told me how well I sat my horse.

But that evening I had a talk with my mother, as man to man. I told her the various things that my horse had done; how he went to and fro, going to, when I urged him fro, and going fro when I urged him not to.

'Probably he had been trained to obey the opposite signals,' said my mother. 'You must study your horse as an individual.'

My horse was an individual. I studied him as such. I am quite willing to believe that he had been trained to obey the opposite signals. But I cannot stifle one last question in my mind: signals opposite to what?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Everyone who reads the *Atlantic* knows **Margaret Prescott Montague** of West Virginia. 'Uncle Sam' is the expression of that intense love of country and of race which is with her an elemental passion. The 'Elderly Gentleman' of **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's** narrative may be guessed by the judicious reader. Which of the rest of us, we wonder, can hope for such a biographer. **Wilson Follett**, an American essayist and critic, is well known to readers of the *Atlantic*. 'The Dive,' his first venture in the field of fiction, we printed last winter.

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Agnes Repplier, of Philadelphia, has for a generation adorned American letters. How many of the readers of her *Atlantic* essays have taken home with them her life of her old friend Dr. White? To have done justice to such a man would be distinction enough, without the dozen volumes upon which her permanent reputation rests. **Dorothy Leonard**, a young American poet, sends us this sonnet from western New York. **Dallas Lore Sharp** is Professor of English at Boston University. His much-debated article, 'Patrons of Democracy,' in the November *Atlantic*, has recently been enlarged, revised, and published in book form by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * *

Charles Bernard Nordhoff the young California airman, who described, in their season, for our readers his varied and thrilling experiences in the Aviation Service in France is now traveling in the South Seas. Under date of March 12, he writes to the editor from Rarotonga in the Cook Islands:—

I drifted over here . . . on my way to an island in the north, an idyllic sort of place from all accounts, where I hope to spend some time among the more or less unspoiled people. . . . This South Pacific is incredibly large, and the difficulties of getting about cannot be exaggerated. . . . My only regret, since I have been on the Islands, is that I did not come here many years ago—the idea of living anywhere else seems absurd to me.

I always hated clothes, cold weather, and hypocrisy, none of which exist here in noticeable quantities. . . . To get away from people who talk about money and business is worth a far longer trip than this.

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Among the multitudinous ejaculatory comments on *Opal's Journal*, a dozen notes ask the editor quite naively and pleasantly whether he did not alter or remodel it into its present delectable form. It is a good deal like asking a commercial gentleman whether he did not really 'raise' a note to make the figures look a little handsomer; but we will pass over the ingenuousness of the inquiry and say once more, with emphasis, that the diary is printed, word for word, except for change of names and omissions, as the child wrote it, and that the original manuscript has been submitted over and over again to rigid and competent scrutiny. Moreover, for six months past, the author has been in familiar association with the editor, who, week by week, has watched the reconstruction of her story into its exact original form. **Alice Brown**, poet, playwright, essayist, and writer of fiction, has been an occasional but welcome contributor to the *Atlantic* for close to thirty years. **George E. Clough** sends us his first contribution from far-away Manitoba. **Annie Winsor Allen** has taught and studied girls and boys for a full generation.

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Abbie Farwell Brown is a well-known editor and author of both prose and verse, whose home is in Boston. Many of her volumes are for children. **Cary Gamble Lowndes**, a new contributor, is a banker of Baltimore. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer whose striking papers on the teaching of Geography and History we printed in the February and March numbers respectively.

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J. Salwyn Schapiro is Professor of History in the College of the City of New York.

E. Dana Durand, former Director of the Census, has been Professor of Statistics and Agricultural Economics at the University of Minnesota since 1913. Having served in the U.S. Food Administration under Mr. Hoover during the war, he is now connected with the U.S. Legation at Warsaw, acting as adviser to the Polish Food Ministry. We have not in Poland a more competent observer. **James M. Hubbard**, a retired Congregationalist minister, was for many years connected with the *Youth's Companion* and with the *Nation*. **Raymond B. Fosdick** was during the war Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities of the War and Navy Departments, and had general charge of the welfare work for soldiers and sailors, both here and overseas. He was appointed Under-Secretary-General of the League of Nations, by Sir Eric Drummond, in May, 1919, but resigned when it became apparent that the United States was not likely to become an early member of the League. He is now practising law in New York City.

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The following highly interesting letter from the Flowery Kingdom reaches this office in the wake of Dr. Clark's recent paper on 'The Rising Tide in Japan.'

This year the agitation for universal suffrage is more violent than last year and more persistent. The people engaging in it evidently have more funds than they had before. Then the number of the members of the Diet who are supporting it this year is far larger than it was last year. Some people say that the Kenseikai and Kokuminto, with the disgruntled members of the Seiyukwai, will be able to get their bill passed through the lower house. In that event Parliament will be dissolved. Such threats have been made, I understand, and while, when that has happened before, the government party has always come back with more seats, there is this time the conviction that the government will lose out, because of the wider interest taken in the cause of universal suffrage. In spite of all the newspaper talk and the parades and the speeches, it seems to me that the great masses of the people are as yet little concerned in their rights and privileges. They have too much the attitude of specialists, interested and skilled in their one line and indifferent to all else. The laboring men have waked up to the fact that they will not attain their desires unless they have the vote, and they are the one part of the common people who are taking an active part in the demonstrations. I would like to know where the money is coming from to stage all this agitation. It is not coming from the labor

organizations. We know that they have no funds. Maybe it is coming from the pockets of some of the 'practical politicians.'

I wonder if you have heard anything of the Tokyo Imperial University trouble. In complete contrast to the universal-suffrage agitation, in this case we have an illustration of how greatly free speech and free thought, in fact, have been and are being curtailed. The present cabinet has been praised the world round as being 'progressive,' 'democratic,' the first one whose leader is a 'commoner,' etc., etc.; but since I have been in Japan there has never been a time when the newspapers have been oftener suppressed, or official orders given to stop publishing certain news. One of the assistant professors in the Tokyo University published in the university magazine a translation and criticism of some work of Prince Krapotkin. A student organization of the conservative class of students, led by Dr. Uesugi, started a big commotion over Professor Morito's fearful daring (?). The educational department got excited and retired Professor Morito from the active list, and also the publisher of the university magazine. Then the police put their fist in it, and hauled the brother up for trial in the courts, on the charge of violation of the press law and for writing things subversive of the constitution. The trial is being conducted in camera. In addition to the lawyers, Dr. Miyake of the magazine *Japan and the Japanese*, Dr. Yoshino of the University, Dr. Takano, adviser of the Yuaikai, and Professor Isao Abe of Waseda, have made speeches for the defence. Professor Morito and Professor Ouchi, the publisher, are very popular now. The foolishness of the whole business is apparent when we remember that the works of Krapotkin have been translated into Japanese long ere this, and have been on sale in all the bookstores.

Business is still on the boom in Japan and prices are still rising. The index-price now is 416, with early 1902 as 100. Salaries are being raised all around; the allowances which were given last year are to be made a regular part of the salary. Railroad rates have gone up again, so that now it costs me just twice what it did two years ago. I was interested in looking over the financial reports of some of the big companies for the last six months of the year. The cotton-spinning company, Kanegafuchi Mills, whose head was the capitalists' representative at the International Labor Conference at Washington, and who was so active in asking for special treatment for Japan because it is so backward, paid a 70 per cent dividend. Just think of it, getting back about three fourths of your capital in six months! It looks like infant industries are waxing fat and kicking. Another spinning company in Fukushima declared an 80 per cent dividend. The Nippon Wool Manufacturing Company amassed such large profits that they were able to give a bonus to their employees of 3,000 per cent on monthly wages. Clerks received an amount equaling 20 to 30 months' salaries. Generally conditions are still very good, and the boom still continues.

This letter, in sharp contrast to many popular magazine articles, is well worth printing.

AKRON, OHIO, April 4, 1920.

THE EDITOR THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MY DEAR SIR,—

There have come to my attention of late some several articles dealing with the methods for hiring labor of corporations. And in that these generally run so very counter to my experiences in finding work, I am moved to write a few words on conditions as I have found them.

Some weeks ago I found it imperative that I get a job. Having no especial training that would be of value in the world of manufacture or commerce, I realized that it was a job, not a position, that I must seek. There is an old saying, that if you want money, go to where money is. So I came to Akron, for there is work being done, and to be done here. The home factories of the two largest rubber and tire companies in the world, and of several other large rubber factories, assure work if one wishes it.

But is one to be met at the gate by the official hirer, a large pipe in his mouth, to be sworn at and told to move ahead? Is there no hint of common courtesy as the new man makes his acquaintance with the people to whom he would barter his strength and any skill he may acquire? If you believe all you read of conditions in the iron factories, in the Stock Yards and in other lines of trade, we are to expect the worst. I reached Akron on a Friday afternoon. Saturday morning, I went to a large plant. At the gates, a man in the uniform of the company police directed me to the employment office. And no policeman could have been more kindly about it. It was as though he did himself a favor by doing one for me.

But I knew nothing more about tires and tire-building than I had learned from a series of blow-outs on the road to Indianapolis. For what should I apply? There are five trained men at this factory whose work is the hiring of labor. To one of these I went, and told him of my wants. He answered that they had no opening at the moment; that perhaps I could be given work Monday. But my point is that he was all kindness and courtesy; not gruff, morose and stolid.

So I went to a second company, this time the Goodrich. Here the same attention was given me, and here I was given work. A chance acquaintance had advised that I ask to learn to finish tires, and for this work I applied, and was taken on. But first I was asked of my education and training; then I was given a physical examination, and finally a rooming bureau helped me to find suitable rooms. Further I was told that after twelve weeks in the employ of the company I would receive life insurance to the value of \$500, and a sickness and disability insurance that would pay me two-thirds of my wage in case of sickness. All this without charge to me, all without request on my part. Could a man ask more?

But what of wage? I was paid at the rate of fifty cents an hour, eight-hour day, pay and a half for overtime, and double pay for work on Sundays or holidays. And as soon as I could acquire skill enough to enable me to earn more at piece-rates, I would be taken off the fifty-cent rate, and put at piece-work.

Well, it developed after two weeks of work that I was not heavy enough, nor apt enough to be able to qualify soon for piece-work. So my foreman put me on lighter work, where, after two weeks, I am able to earn about six dollars in my shift.

Now I don't know; things may be as I read they are in other kinds of work. I am inclined to doubt that they are. Labor is too in demand, that corporations can afford to treat men so. But certainly every man is given every reasonable opportunity in the rubber plants of Akron.

Very sincerely,

ERNEST NEWLAND.

* * *

Echoes of the boarding-school discussion still reach us. Here is an informing bit of comment.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

This boarding-school discussion of late in the *Atlantic* has interested me greatly, and I don't like to let it pass without saying a word. This past mid-year has just completed my four years at a Massachusetts boarding-school—Mount Hermon, to be explicit. Through many experiences of my own there, I can agree absolutely with Mr. Parmelee and Mr. Cozzens. If you will pardon a personal reference—I have had many times precisely the same experience with my Victrola that Mr. Parmelee mentions. Among several 'rag' and 'jazz' records which I despised, I had a few good records, which I loved. Although the other fellows never openly ridiculed me for playing them, I always felt that they were laughing behind my back, and consequently I dreaded to show that my tastes were any different from those of the rest of the 'gang'; possibly I was over-sensitive about it. But that was true, not only of music, but of all the finer things. Being the son of an architect and a student of architecture, I loved art and beautiful things, and tried to absorb and surround myself with them. My painful efforts at decorating my little room after my conception of good taste were scoffed at by my companions, who lived in rooms garnished with magazine-cover girls and rah-rah pennants.

While I am on the subject of boarding-schools, I should like to refer to Mr. Cozzens's article in the March *Atlantic*. He mentions the adoption of the 'self-help' system at his school, where each student puts in an hour a day at some assigned task, thus appreciably lowering the expense of board and tuition. I am from a school where this idea is carried even further. There, each student is required to do two hours of work a day, a total of thirteen and one half hours a week, the task

varying, not from day to day, as at Mr. Cozzens's school, but from term to term, thus giving every boy a taste of good, hard, monotonous work, which can do no one harm. And, of course, the result of this work is very noticeable in the tuition fee, thus enabling boys of more limited means to enjoy the superior benefits of a private school. The boy who has been through that school has done a little bit of everything: he has dug ditches, tended cows, done garden-work, washed dishes, done house-work, cooked, waited at table, worked in a steam laundry, tended library, done clerical work, and even taught classes in emergencies; and all without interfering with the academic work. That school stands very high in the estimation of the colleges and the College Entrance Board. The graduate of that school is not afraid of work, knows how to work, and, what's more, has worked. Nothing can offer better training and discipline than genuine labor.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH B. WATTERSON.

* * *

This airy commendation gave us, as any lady might be sure it would, unfeigned pleasure.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You are, largely through your Contributor's Column, I think, the most human and personal publication that I know. I wonder how many others always read the last of the Column before anything else?

The other night I dreamed a dream. There was a Federated Church luncheon at the Y.M.C.A., and I was there, sitting at an almost empty table, with no one I knew near me. Presently an old gentleman sat down opposite, bowing to me in a very courtly manner as he did so. He looked quite like the picture we usually see of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the round, smooth face, the quizzically humorous mouth, yet with Emerson's thoughtful brow. He was about sixty, and I can only repeat my first impression, that he was a *gentleman*, with all possible culture and polish. He spoke to me, some remark about the weather or luncheon, and I answered, blushing, with my heart in my mouth, for I cannot carry on a creditable conversation except with someone who insists on doing all the talking, and this my companion obviously would not do. Moreover, — need I say it? — I was very anxious that he should approve of me.

A miracle happened. He talked, and I talked! When I awoke, I could remember nothing that was said, but I know that for over half an hour we had a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul' far more deep and brilliant than any I have ever heard. At last, regretfully, we rose to go. After the best manner of introducing yourself to visitors at church, I told him my name. With another bow, he gave me his card. I read, engraved in neat script, 'Mr. Atlantic.' I realized instantly that it was you, my friend, with whom I had lunched, that you really were a vivid, living personality. There the dream ended.

Very sincerely yours,

MYRA R. SUTER.

No reader of the *Atlantic* will soon forget Madame Ponafidine, and many have inquired of her fate. We have long feared for it, and this letter (dated February 12, 1920) from a lady with the American Missions in Turkey, transmitted through the kindness of Miss Florence Baldwin of New York, confirms the cruelty of our apprehension.

Do you remember my friends in Russia, the Ponafidines? The Bolsheviks killed two of the sons and put Mr. and Mrs. Ponafidine on a little place, and made Mrs. Ponafidine work the ground for a living. Mr. Ponafidine was too old and ill to help. Then they came and killed Mr. Ponafidine, and later killed Mrs. Ponafidine. It seems unbelievable. They were such very charming people and were such good friends of mine. Only one son escaped, and he was away. He is in the 'White Army,' and I should think he would feel like fighting till his last breath to stop this terrible condition in Russia.

* * *

A WORD TO OSTRICH-AMERICANS

Unwisdom, it seems to us, dwells in the minds of those who will not listen to their opposites, no matter how broad the gulf between. There is always weakness in ignorance and a man is twice armed who knows his adversary's point of attack. These commonplaces from the Book of Common Sense are in our mind as we reflect on half-a-dozen letters sharply rebuking the *Atlantic* for callousness, un-Americanism, pro-Germanism, and general outrageousness in printing two recent articles reflecting on the policies of the United States: one by a Russian philosopher who, during the war, sympathized with the cause of the Entente, the other by a well-known German who, however extreme certain of his statements seem to us, is of the moderate sort. The object of those papers was, of course, to bring home to Americans that their own point of view was not patently right to all the world, as the more self-righteous of us would think, and to make them realize the existence of opinions which, however wrong they may be, are in Europe increasingly believed. It is difficult to be serious with those who believe that the *Atlantic* would swallow whole Count Keyserling and Dr. Rohrbach, but that these men's opinions are representative of much that is verily believed in Europe is an unpleasant but important fact.